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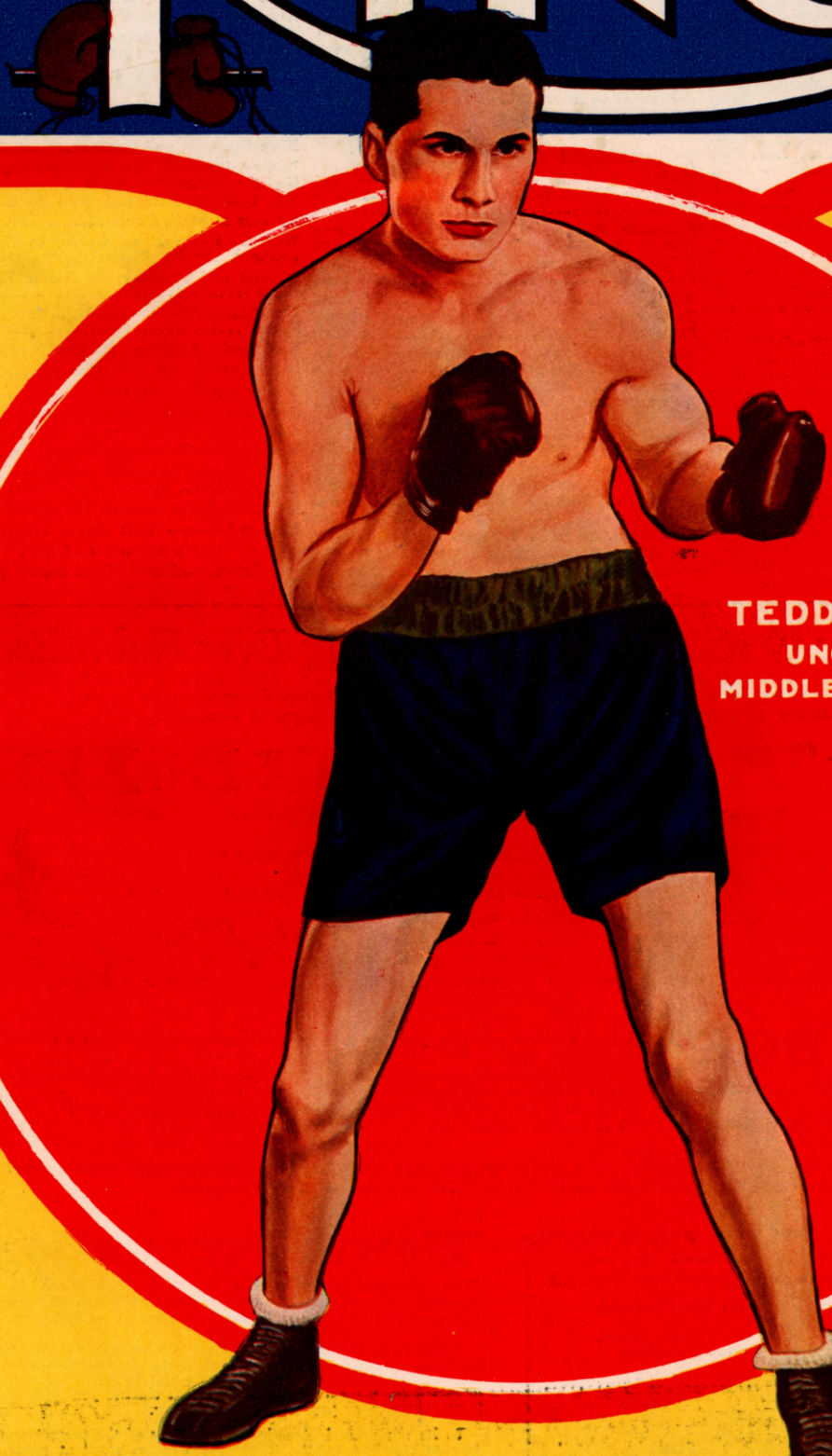

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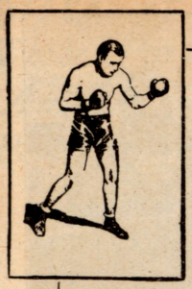

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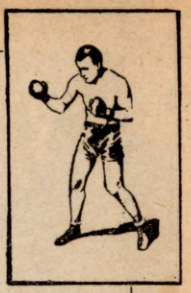

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XII **JANUARY, 1934** **No. 12**

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In Our Next Issue

Annually, for the last ten years, "The Ring" has compiled a rating of world boxers that has been the last word in selections. Throughout this long stretch, "The Ring's Annual Ranking of Boxers" has stood the test with close to eighty-five per cent of its choices coming through. That's an astounding record and proves that "The Ring's" method of compilation, based on ratings allotted the boxers by sixty-two of our correspondents throughout the world, stands without a flaw.

Annually, the eyes of the boxing world are focused on the February issue of "The Ring" for the year's rankings and in our next issue, you'll again find the All-America choice.

As was the case last year, The Editor of this publication, Nat Fleischer, will compile the list. He will be aided by those keen students of boxing, Eddie Borden, Daniel M. Daniel, A. D. Phillips, "Tex" Austin and "The Ring" writers from all sections of the world. Thus you will get a rating that will surpass any other.

Watch for it. If you are a manager, and your boy is honored in the lot, you should get sufficient copies to mail to all the leading promoters. There is no greater publicity a fighter can get than to have his name appear in "'The Ring's' Annual Ranking of Boxers."

In addition, there will be heaps of photographs of the year's leading fighters, pictures of the best contests and the usual high class articles by the world's leading fistic and wrestling experts.

The issue of the year—that's what The February "Ring" will be.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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A SCENE IN THE BILLY BRENNAN-TOMMY WHITE CONTEST

Malachi Hogan, the referee, is seen within the ring with his hands in his pockets. The above shows the fifth round of the fight on the shores of Lake Michigan. The sand at first was firm, but was soon churned up and gave the stronger and heavier Brennan an advantage. After the sixteenth round, a heavy rain set in and continued throughout the fight.

Boxing's Golden Era

IT isn't often—not more than once in a dog's age—that the pugilistic realm is stirred to its depths by the exploits of a really outstanding boxer who was not a world title-holder. It is seldom, indeed, that one who is less than a champion can command the high respect and attention and world-wide admiration of fight fans.

Such a character there was—a mere boy—who put himself on the pugilistic map back in 1889, and for eleven years—until 1900—continued to be the talk of the fistic world. His name was Tommy White, and his home was Chicago. Tommy still lives in the Windy City, where he is an honored, respected citizen, working for the city. Though he is sixty-four years old, those who know him still discuss his great ring exploits.

When it came to personal popularity, to being the center of pugilistic discussions, Tommy had even the greatest of the ring idols backed into the shadows. Why? Because this lad, at the age of sixteen, outpointed or held to draws men of long ring experience who should have beaten him to a pulp and, for eleven years, continued to do that same thing while an amazed fight-following gasped. He performed feats that were simply astounding and that is why his popularity has continued to this day. Tommy claimed the featherweight crown at 126 pounds at a time when there was a dispute over the weight limit and, at that weight, he was a marvel.

[Recently this publication had a story on Australian Billy Murphy, whom White twice fought—once winning in thirty-two rounds, and the second time engaging in a twenty-round draw—and following the publication of that story, THE RING received a letter from White, in which Tommy showered praise on the Australian wonder. Following the receipt of that letter, THE RING publisher asked Tommy to write a story on his career for us, and herewith is his own story, as written by Tommy, himself.—Editor's note.]

* * *

I WAS born on January 29, 1869, at Wauconda, Lake County, Illinois. When I was eight years of age, my parents moved to Chicago, where I attended the public schools, had one year of high school, and spent one year in business college.

When fifteen years of age, I was a messenger boy for a brokerage firm on the Board of Trade, and during the three years I was employed there, I became familiar with the methods of the grain marts and the New York Stock Exchange.

There was a large and well-appointed gymnasium in the Board of Trade for the benefit of the members, which the clerks were allowed to use after 3:30 P.M., and I was one who never missed my daily exercise.

Tom Chandler, then a prominent middleweight from Boston, was boxing instructor there, and it was from him that I learned to "hit and get away." My first appearance was at an athletic meet given by the Board members, in which I met a chap named Jack Johnson—and won a medal.

About that time, Harry Gilmore, a well-known lightweight from Canada and one of the cleverest boxers in the sport, opened a gymnasium and gave weekly exhibitions by his pupils at McGurn's handball court on the North Side of town. If no "outsiders" were available, the pupils boxed with each other, but Harry always managed to find "outsiders" who were willing to

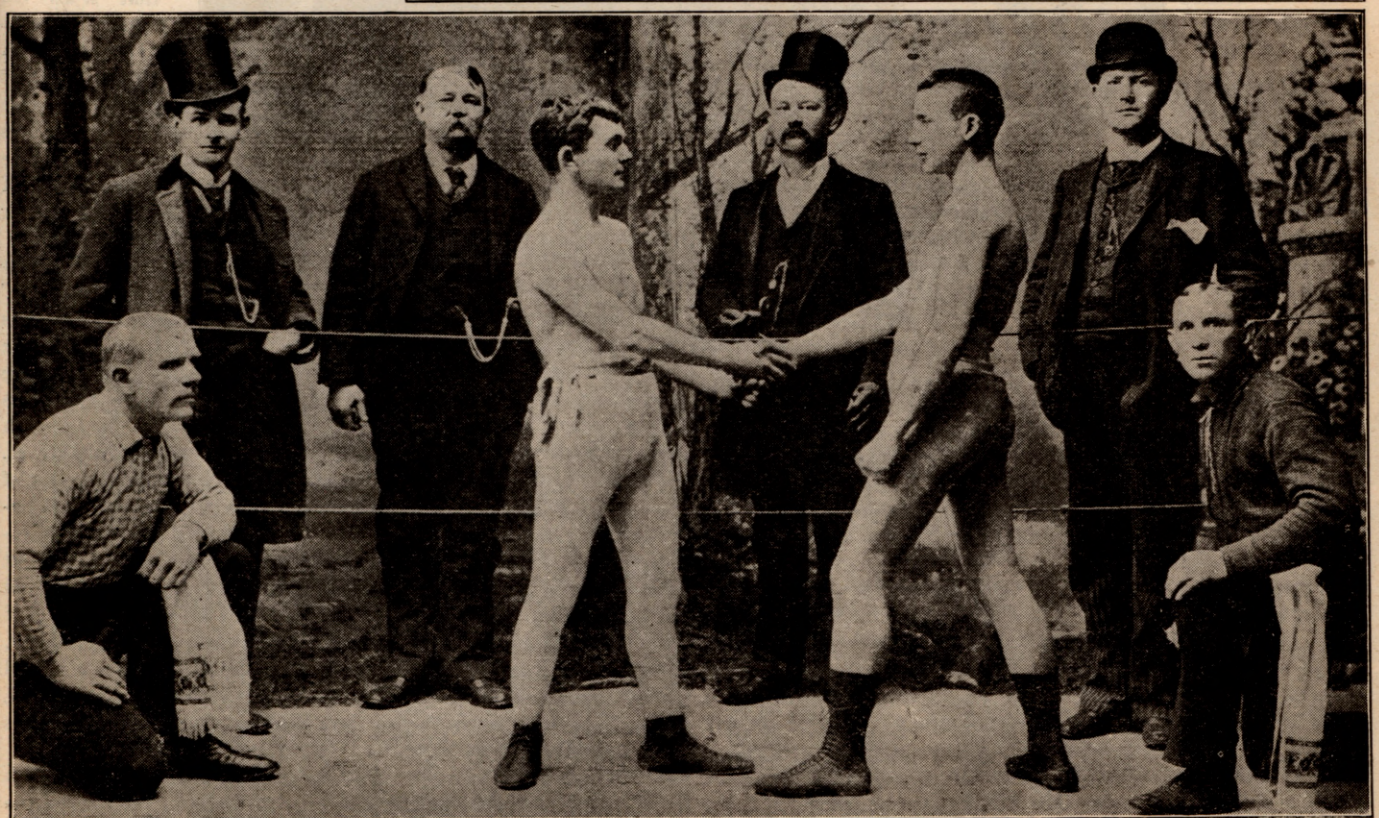
Story of Tommy White's Career Recalls An Unsurpassed Period in American Ring History

By TOMMY WHITE

take a chance, with the result that his pupils received a real practical education in boxing.

The handball court was twenty-two feet wide and two ropes, twenty feet apart, were stretched from wall to wall, thus making a "ring" twenty-two by twenty feet. As I look back at the old place, the two side walls serving in lieu of ropes, and the hard, bare floor (it being long before the days of padded floors), I wonder how we escaped a fatality, as all our contests were fought with two-ounce gloves, and many a poor fellow's

Billy Brennan versus Tommy White, finish fight, 43 rounds, fought with skin-tight gloves at Pines Station, Indiana, May 21, 1890. Time: 2 hours and 51 minutes. In group left to right: J. McInerney, Harry Gilmore, Tommy White, Mike Queenan, Jim Bardell, and Billy Brennan. Brennan died about a year later from injuries received in a fight with Frank Gerrard at Battery "D," Chicago. The above picture was taken just before the contest of Brennan and White started.



This picture shows the weighing in at 128 pounds on the afternoon of the contest between Tommy White and Dan Daly, a finish bout with two-ounce gloves that lasted 91 rounds and did not end until after six hours and three minutes of terrific milling. The bout took place at South Omaha, Nebr., on December 6, 1890, for a purse of $500. In the group in the ring from left to right are seen Pat Allen, Daly, White, and Harry Gilmore.

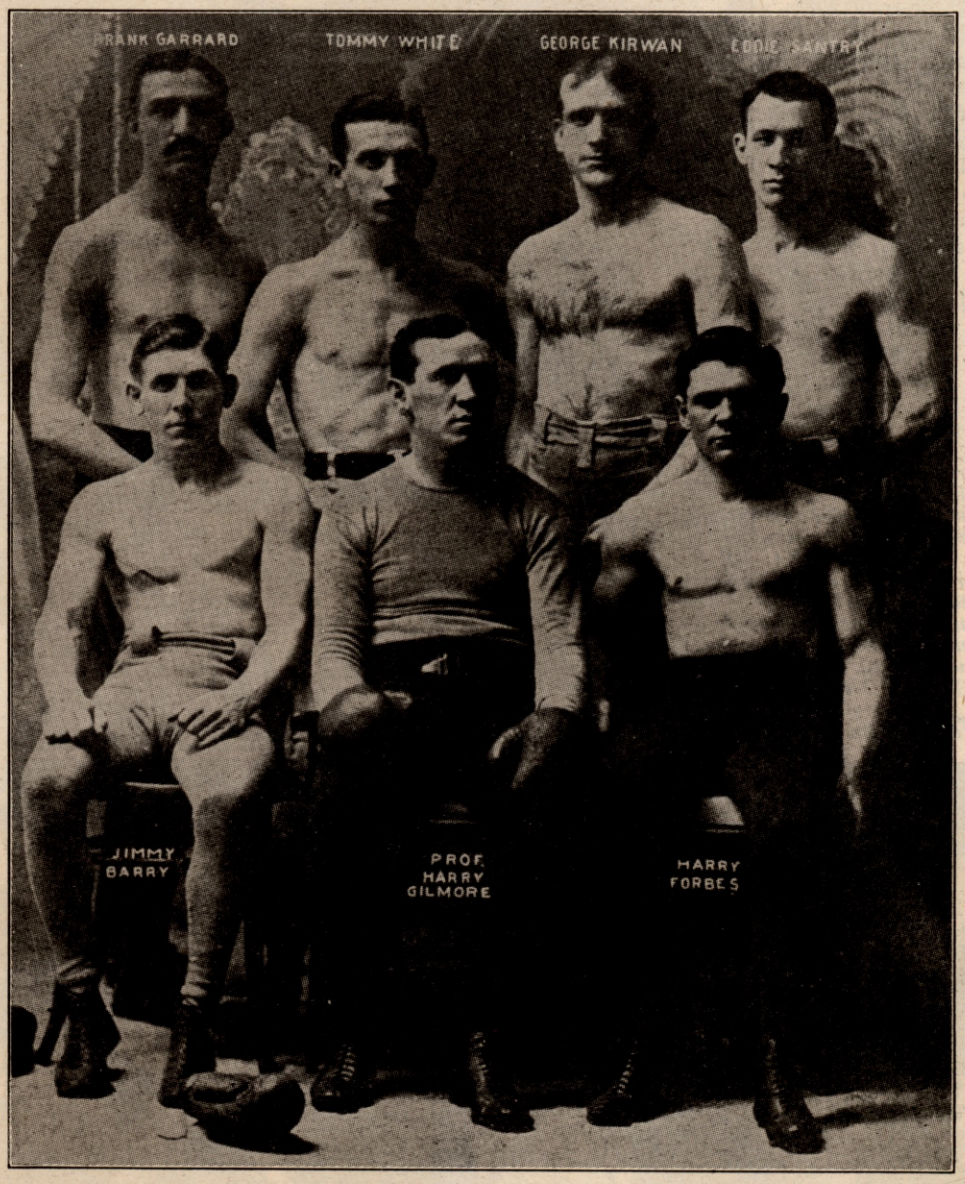
head hit the floor solidly—which meant the finish of that contest. Amphitheater seats at each end of the hall would accommodate about two hundred people, yet close to five hundred crowded in occasionally when prominent men were on the program.

* * *

I WAS then five feet, seven inches tall, and quite adept with my fists. Being a bit more clever than the average kid, it was my hard luck to be compelled to concede considerable weight to opponents who would agree to meet me, because, being hit by a fellow who was taller and heavier than you with a two-ounce glove, was anything but a jolly good joke.

Harry Gilmore, God bless the old fellow, who is still active in ring work in California, was a stickler for cleverness, and his only advice to a pupil about to fight was, "Don't let him hit you."

From the fact that you were wearing two-ounce gloves, this bit of advice seemed almost unnecessary, yet to be hit when it might have been avoided was always the prelude to a "call-down" from Harry. It was this environment that made for fast, tricky, and skilful boxing for which his pupils became famous. Included among them was the great Jimmy Barry, the greatest of all bantamweight boxers; Harry Forbes, who became bantamweight champion on the retirement of Barry; Eddie Santry, who defeated some of the best featherweights in the country, including Ben Jordan, champion of England; Con Doyle, a remarkable welterweight of that time, who died when near the top; Billy Stift, a great middleweight; and, later on, Packey McFarland, one of the world's cleverest lightweights, in addition to a horde of other men of more than local reputation.



Harry Gilmore's pupils, previous to the time they became famous. Top row: Frank Garrard, Tommy White, the 126-lb. champion, George Kirwan, Eddie Santry, who defeated Ben Jordan, champion of England; sitting: Jimmy Barry, world's bantamweight champion, Harry Gilmore, instructor and manager, and Harry Forbes, who became bantamweight champion after the retirement of Barry.

When Gilmore fancied I had the necessary experience, he matched me with Tommy Morgan, who was considered the featherweight champion of the state, the battle to be fought in "private," with "skin" gloves and a side stake of one hundred dollars. I might add here that "skin" gloves were worn only to circumvent the law, so a thin horsehide glove, with the fingers cut off, was worn, thus making it a "glove" fight and only a misdemeanor; whereas, a bare-fist fight would be a felony and punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary if arrested and convicted.

* * *

WE fought on a cold winter morning on the floor of a dance pavilion in a grove outside of Chicago, and I won after fighting fifty-four rounds—three hours and thirty-five minutes. Although many fight "historians" record it a "draw," and so the Andrews' record book has it, I clearly gained the verdict that day.

Following that contest, I fought twice within six days, and both bouts were with the same man, Tommy Brennan. On January 5, 1890, I knocked out Tommy in three rounds and, six days later, I repeated in the same number.

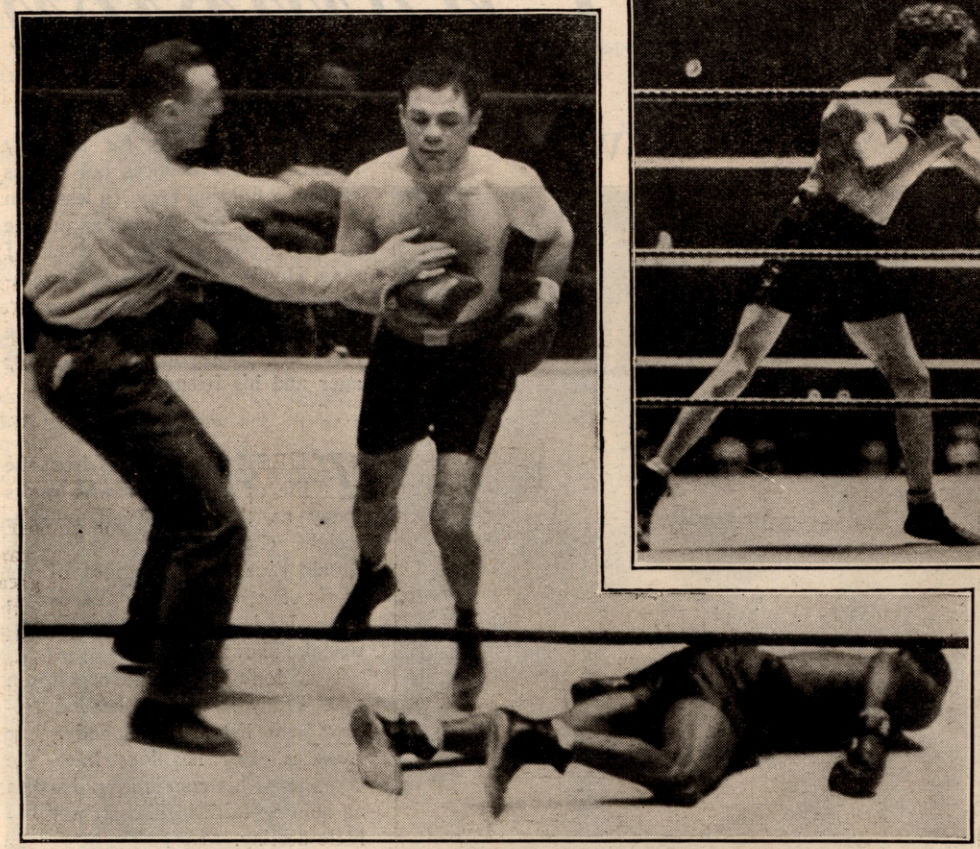
Then came one of my greatest battles, that with Billy Brennan at Pine Station, Mo., May 21 of that same year. Billy was much bigger and heavier than I was, but in those days that was not taken into consideration. A good fighter was supposed to take his chances against anyone within range of his weight or height.

That contest was a "finish" affair and was fought on the shore of Lake Michigan, on the sand, with "skin" gloves. The last two hours of the fight were contested during a driving rain. The fight lasted forty-three rounds—two hours and fifty-one minutes—and I was forced to concede him the victory. In both those bouts I fought with the vim of a grown veteran instead of a youngster, and my strength and endurance against those older, heavier and more experienced fighters stirred the fans to wild enthusiasm, and thereafter my activities were closely watched by followers of fisticuffs.

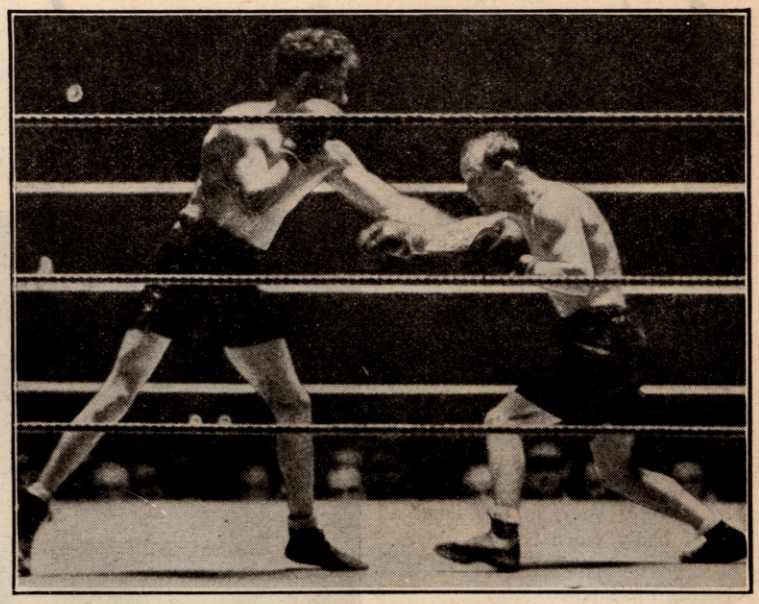
My hard luck continued into the next fight, which was with the great George Siddons, considered at that time as one of the leading featherweights in the sport. It was staged on August 3, 1890, at Thayer, Ind., and what a hot mill that was!

Siddons was a man who held Solly *(Continued on page 43)*

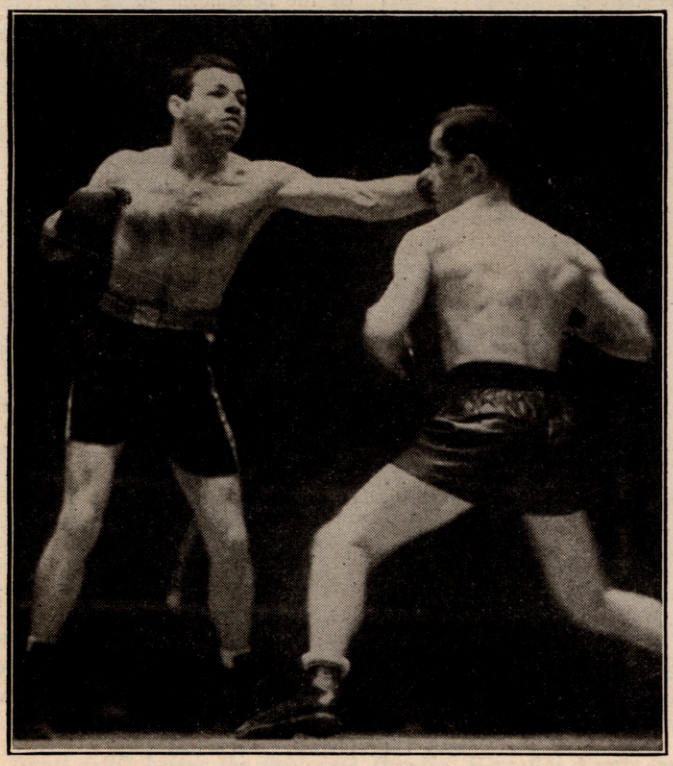
Recent Camera Shots



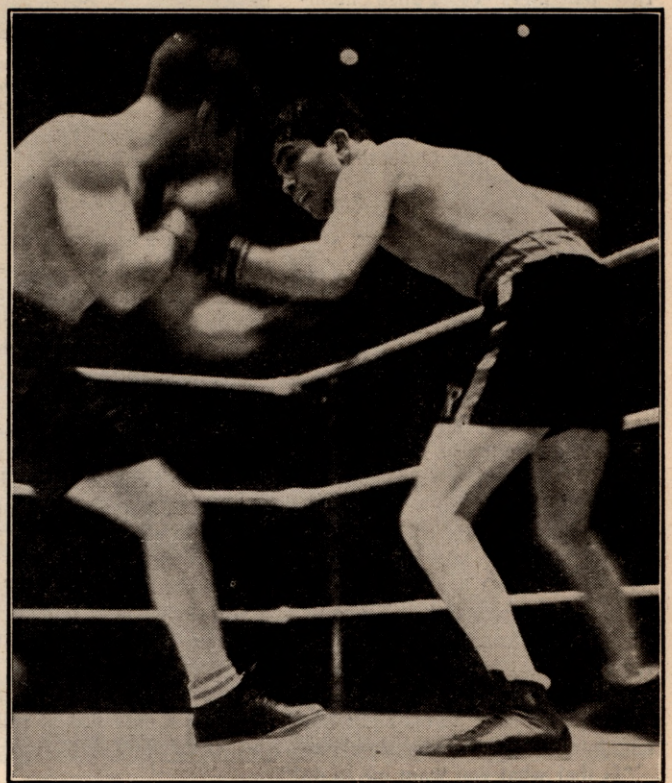
The knockout of Kid Chocolate by Tony Canzoneri. It was the Chocolate "Bon Bon's" first kayo in 211 bouts.



Midget Wolgast, right, and Jackie Brown, British Flyweight King, in their recent contest in Albert Hall, London. The American won the bout, but the world title was not at stake as neither Brown nor the Midget scaled within the class limit. Wolgast surely does look the part of a midget in this photo.



The fight that gained for Canzoneri a shot at Kid Chocolate. Tony, left, jabbing Frankie Klick's nose with a perfect left.



Barney Ross, right, shooting his left to Sammy Fuller's chin and cocking his right for a one-two blow.

TEDDY YAROSZ, *Uncrowned Champion*

By WILBUR WOOD

"YOU'VE been fighting again," said the father.

"Yes," admitted the lad, his hand straying to the blue-black spot under his eye.

"Where are those gloves?"

The boy did not answer. They were not his boxing gloves. He had borrowed them from a chum.

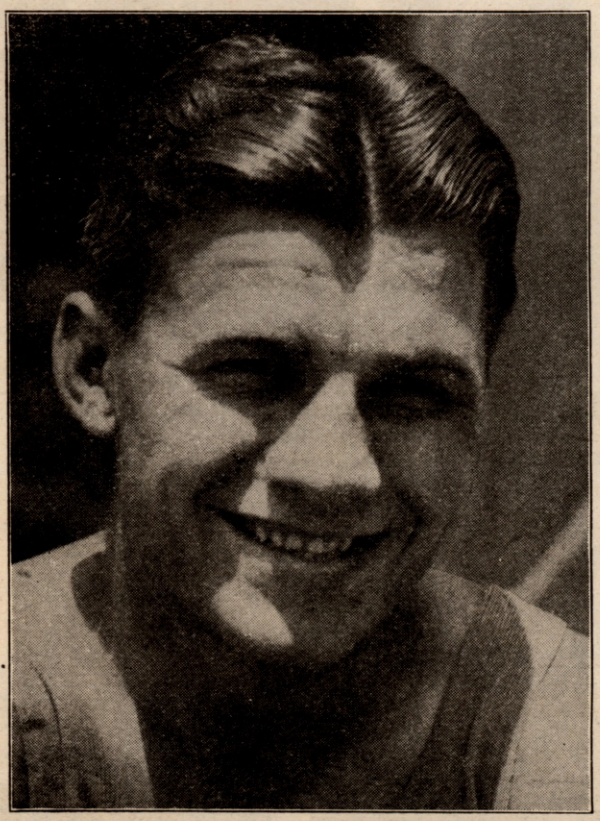
"Never mind. I'll find 'em," promised the father.

He went upstairs, to the attic. True to his word, he came down a few minutes later, in one hand a set of badly worn boxing gloves.

"Come on, son," said the father, opening the kitchen door.

They went to the woodshed back of their dwelling in Monaca, a small town not far from Pittsburgh. The father took a hatchet and chopped the gloves to bits. Then he put down the hatchet and turned to the boy, who, without a murmur, took the usual punishment meted out to disobedient small boys in the privacy of the woodshed.

That is an incident from the early life of Thaddeus (Teddy) Yarosz, one of the six sons and two daughters of Polish immigrants. The father, for some reason, strongly prejudiced against the idea of any of his boys fighting with gloves, died a few years later. Young Thaddeus, free to indulge his passion for the Queensberry sport, made the most of his opportunity.



The smile of victory. Here's a snapshot of Teddy, taken when he defeated Vince Dundee, now middleweight king, for the second time.

* * *

HERE'S another scene, after a lapse of a few more years. Young Thaddeus, now known as Teddy, has passed through the amateur phase of his ring life and is in a dressing room in the Public Hall in Cleveland, awaiting the call to step into the ring for a fight with Sammy Slaughter, hard-hitting Negro middleweight. It is a match that figures to make or break Yarosz as a fighter.

Ray Foutts, his manager, is with him. For days everyone has been telling Foutts he has overmatched his fighter, that Slaughter will knock out the young man from Monaca. Foutts is worried. He sees the fruits of several years of arduous labor wiped out by one punch on the chin. For the thousandth time he entreats Yarosz to be careful.

"Keep that left hand high and bury your chin behind your left shoulder," he pleads. "This fellow is a terrific puncher with his right hand. Promise me you'll be careful, at least for the first few rounds.

Yarosz has listened to these pleas without comment. He gets up. He leans back on his right heel, his left arm extended at full length, chin tucked under shoulder.

"Is that what you want me to do?"

"That's it," says Foutts.

So the call for action comes and they go out and get into the ring. The bell rings for the first round. Yarosz bounces out of his corner, a fighting fury. In less than a minute he hits Slaughter on the chin, dropping him for a count of nine. He goes on and gives Slaughter the worst beating of his career.

That's Teddy's answer to the fears and misgivings of his manager and his friends.

* * *

THESE two incidents from the life of the fighter who ranks today as the uncrowned middleweight champion of the world, should give you some idea of the stuff of which Teddy Yarosz is made. He is a real fighter, make no mistake about that.

Now don't jump to the conclusion that Teddy is a swell-headed fellow who listens to nobody. Far from it. But he does have the courage of his convictions. He has an abiding faith in himself and his fistic destiny.

When he was just a little shaver and his father chopped up the boxing gloves with which he sparred with his brother and the other boys of the neighborhood, he had it in his mind that, some day, he would be a champion. He had the same faith in himself when he boxed Slaughter. He has it whenever he enters a ring and it is that faith that enabled him to beat Vince Dundee, present champion, twice.

But there is nothing of the swell-head in his make-up.

Listen to the testimony of his manager, Ray Foutts, a fine mentor, a gentleman who handles Yarosz much on the style of the famed old-time managers:

"Teddy Yarosz is the finest boy I ever knew. A cleaner living youngster never laced on a glove. He has absolutely no bad habits. He stays away from girls, because he believes that girls and boxing do not mix well. He is the most even-tempered, unassuming, bashful kid I ever have known. He never has given me a headache or a word of back talk since I took him in tow. But with all his shyness outside the ring, he is a terror when that bell rings and he has that so-called killer instinct."

* * *

PITTSBURGH has had its ring heroes in the past, perhaps more than its share. The Steel City produced three middleweight champions—Frank Klaus, George Chip and Harry Greb—and a host of other fighters who made their mark, boys like Jack and Pete Zivic, Cuddy DeMarco and Johnny Ray. Can it be that Yarosz will be the fourth middleweight champ from Pittsburgh?

None of the Smoky City favorites ever had such a hold on Pittsburgh fight fans as has this modest son of Polish immigrants. He is an idol, no less, the greatest drawing card Pittsburgh has

produced. The largest crowd ever to see a fight there turned out when Teddy boxed Vince Dundee.

Again Foutts is stressing to his boxer, in the dressing room before the fight, the importance of the bout, the cunning of his foeman, the fact that Dundee has obtained a good line on him by watching him defeat Freddy Polo and Al Rossi in Newark, Dundee's home town.

At last Foutts stops talking. Yarosz, who has listened respectfully enough, gets up, smiles, stretches, and says:

"Shucks—just another fight."

So he stepped out and showed Vince Dundee more leather than the lanky Newark jumping-jack had ever before seen, and won off by himself.

What are you going to do with a guy like that? That's exactly the question Vince Dundee, now officially champion of the division, and a lot of others, are asking themselves.

* * *

WE refer to Yarosz as the uncrowned middleweight champion. Why? Because, during the last few months he twice has decisively defeated Vince Dundee, generally considered prior to his meetings with Yarosz to be the best of the 160-pounders. Teddy's first victory over Dundee was in Pittsburgh on August 21, 1933. The second was scored in Newark, Dundee's own back yard, on September 18, 1933. Dundee then beat Yarosz to a match with Lou Brouillard, holder of the title, and acquired the championship. But that does not alter the fact that Yarosz definitely has shown himself to be Dundee's master.

There is but one flaw in Yarosz's claim to be known as the uncrowned champion. That is the decision rendered against him in favor of Young Terry of Trenton in Newark on October 25, 1933. Three of the four Newark newspapers, as well as the United Press representative, denounced the verdict against Yarosz as a monstrous miscarriage of justice. Terry is a Newark favorite.

We can quote only briefly here from the newspaper denunciations of the decision.

Willie Ratner, well-known boxing expert, said in the Newark *Evening News:* "The decision Referee Jack Phelan gave Young Terry over Teddy Yarosz Wednesday night at the Armory takes its place with the many other rank fight verdicts for which this state long has been notorious and ridiculous throughout the country."

Says Anthony Marenghi, in the Newark *Star-Eagle:* "Phelan's decision was at wide divergence with the writer's, who scored nine rounds for Yarosz."

Listen to G. A. Falzer of the Newark *Call:* "As the writer judged the fight, Yarosz won by a country mile."

(*Continued on page* 46)

"Skull drill" before the fight with Dundee. Here Ray Foutts, manager of Yarosz, is warning him against Vince's rope tricks, while Teddy's sparring mates listen in. Left to right—"General" Burrow, Frankie Portland, Teddy Yarosz, Manager Foutts, Eddie Yarosz, trainer; Frankie Catanese.

An Old-Timer's Slant on

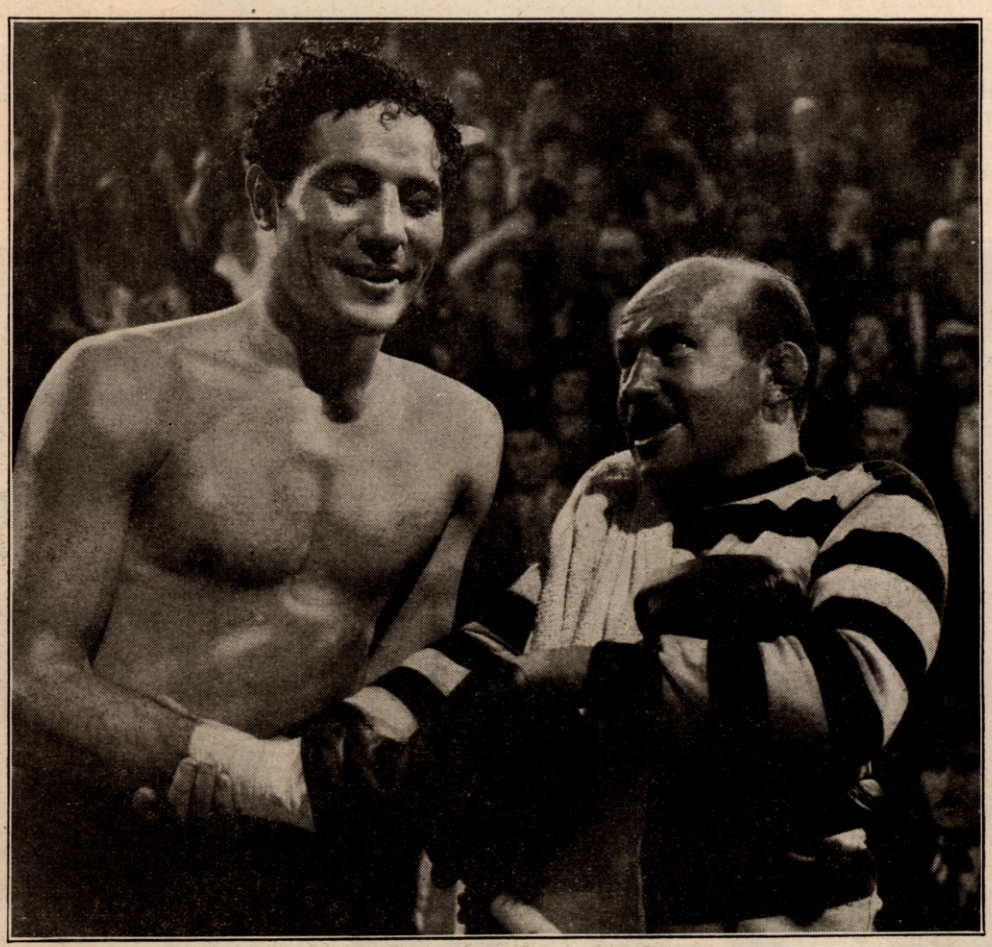
THERE is no caution in my momentarily tempestuous mind. Getting immediately into the subject, I'll tell you, with no furtiveness or reservations, that Max Baer will whale the everlasting Italian sunsets and dawns and other daylights out of this commonly called Venetian vastness, otherwise Primo Carnera, present holder of the heavyweight championship.

Adding only as a possible safeguard, in lawyer language, *if and when!*

Working for a week in a picture with these astonishing fighting men, I had an excellent opportunity to judge them as they really are, in all sorts of moods, frames of mind, complexes, and what not. It was an eight-hour day at the movie studio, and I had them under observation almost every single minute of that time, hence may well feel that I'm capable of giving RING readers an expert opinion.

And, accumulating my conclusions in a neat, terse little sentence, I'll say before going farther: BAER HAS PRIMO LICKED RIGHT NOW!

When the actual formalities and the flub-dub have been gone through with, it will be an astonishing battle, but a brief one, perhaps not over seven or eight rounds, should these gladiators meet, and when it is all over, the Venetian Gondolier will be heaving heavy sighs on the canvas. And my prediction is that the bout will be the first resurrection of the million-dollar gate, if Jack Dempsey is the promoter.



A scene from **The Prize Fighter and the Lady,** *showing Max Baer and Vinc Barnett, who takes the part of an old-time pug who seconds Baer.*

* * *

THIS Livermore ex-meat-trimmer and liver-slicer WILL BECOME CHAMPION FIGHTER OF THE WORLD through a few simple expediences, several bits of plain psychology, chief of which are:

1. Baer JUST KNOWS he can lick the Italian. He doesn't just THINK so. He KNOWS it.

2. This ego that the blithesome ex-butcher totes, while not exactly offensive, is astonishingly convincing. Ego is a fighting man's *finest asset,* whether offensive or just modestly apparent.

3. Carnera is secretly and deeply impressed with this young man's sublime gall and freshness, his unheard-of breeziness, his amazing and limitless energy. Carnera has said secretly that he believes Baer will be a hard man to beat. He never had a better-founded idea.

4. Advantage in bigness that apparently is Carnera's is not that at all. Baer is not only quite big enough with his 210 pounds and 6 feet 3 inches, but he is far better in build than the too bulky Carnera and his 265 pounds. Corbett was only 185 when he won the title and Fitzsimmons was more than ten pounds lighter than that when he, in turn, took the title from Jim.

5. And this is the biggest point of all that I would bring out. Carnera, whether through physical conformation about the chest and shoulders, or because of a crystallization of an early habit, is strictly what I would call a round-arm puncher. There is just a suspicion of this at times, but often it is quite pronounced, especially when he is a bit hurried in his boxing. Baer is absolutely and strictly a straight hitter from both sides.

It is just simple mathematics. A straight line generally is described as "the shortest distance between two points." Such is the Baer system of punching. Carnera detours, even if ever so slightly, at times. The advantage is obvious. It takes no mathematics. And Baer has at least two inches the better of it in reach. I saw them outstretched, back to back.

* * *

HISTORY repeats itself frequently. The straight puncher always has the advantage over the curve tosser, swinger, hooker, or what you will, all other conditions being nearly equal. Forty-one years ago, Jim Corbett's stiletto-like left nullified John L. Sullivan's ponderous swings. And on down through the decades, until we see, but a short time back, Gene Tunney twice found it astonishingly easy figuring with a Jack Dempsey who hooked too much.

From Sullivan, never a champion under the Queensberry code, to Corbett and on down to current days, the skill of the straight puncher has prevailed. Corbett, first of the "polite" boxers, made a truck horse of John L. and his roundhouse delivery.

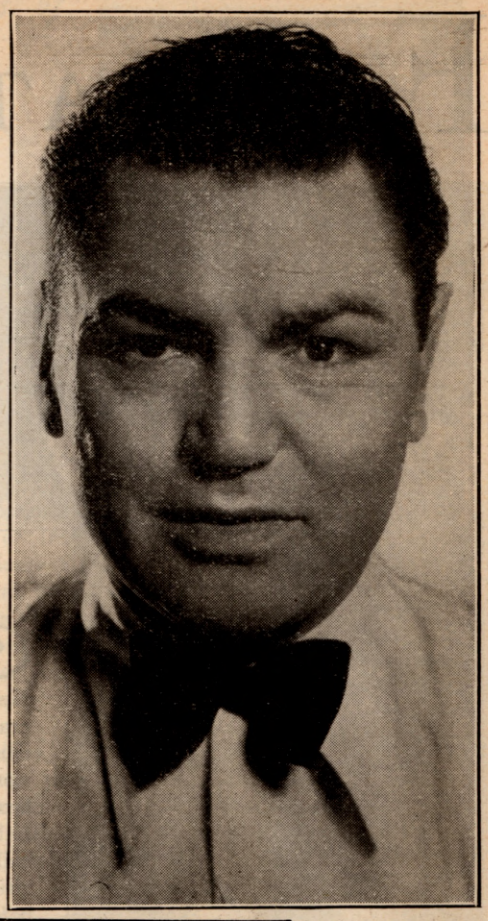
Fitzsimmons hit with a short left in sharpshooter style, and his work was backgrounded with a degree of trickery that gave his six-inch punches terrific and killing force.

Jeffries, big, crushing, murderous in his sheer immensity, took

Primo and Max

By ED. W. SMITH

One of the world's greatest referees in the days of the famous ring warriors, who acted as one of the "judges" in The Prize Fighter and the Lady.



Jack Dempsey, who referees the Baer-Carnera bout in the flickers.

a long time to fell the foe but generally did it finally and convincingly; a juggernaut of such tremendousness as to be a finality of all human power.

Johnson was a straight puncher of high skill who had that great natural deftness quite common among the great colored fighters of yesteryear. He could block and hit with the same arm and almost with the same motion. He was simply impregnable defensively, wearing the opposition to exhaustion through patience and a sneering resistance. He seldom if ever swung.

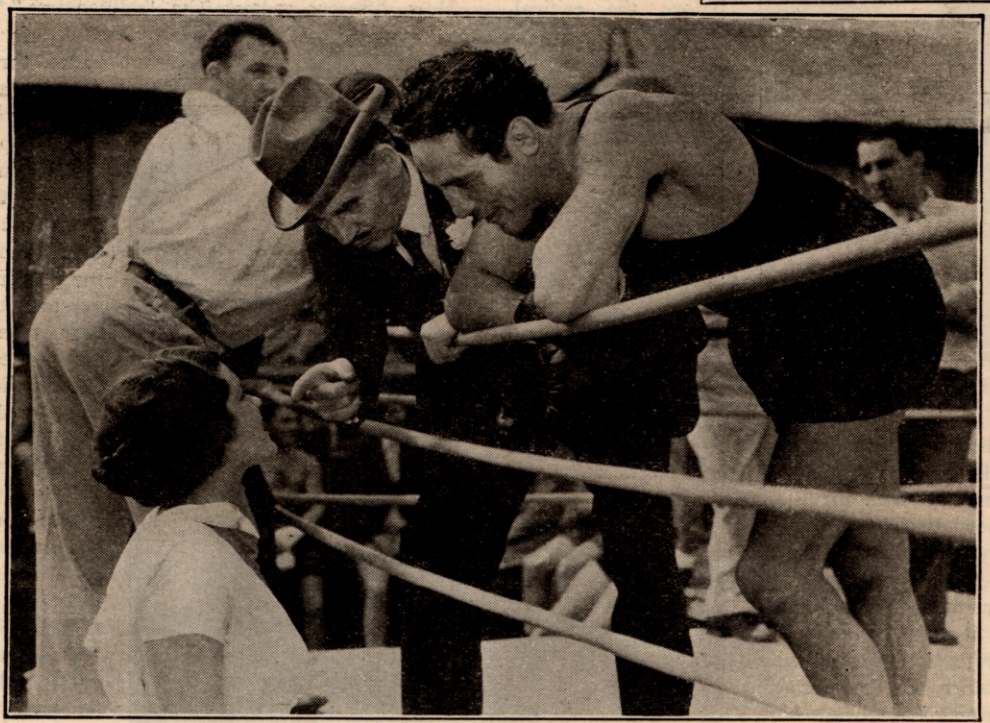
Tommy Burns was a swinger and didn't last long. Willard, cumbersome, better than he looked or they thought he was, had an astonishingly good left, straight as an arrow. Dempsey hooked a lot with his left, and his straight right to the body was the weapon that won and kept him the title for a long time. His style was peerless, but he finally lost his sense of direction when the old legs went flooey.

Tunney was the master of skill, stuck 'em out straight and got rare results although he wasn't showy enough for the mob. Hence Dempsey was greater in defeat than was Gene in victory. It's that way often in the sports game.

Sharkey was good in spots but never the real class, as witness his terrible foozle with the tiny Mickey Walker.

* * *

AND now it's Carnera, the heavy clubber, who to my notion is not going to be such a killer when he looks across the ring at that mean scoundrel from the butcher shop. Note, please, some of the rather ordinary men who have gone rather long routes with the "Preem" and that, too, without any particular personal inconvenience.



Another scene from The Prize Fighter and the Lady, *showing Myrna Loy, the leading lady; Walter Huston, who acts as Baer's manager; and Baer, himself.*

After all, the athletic human is not so far removed from the great race horse in lines. When we say a human is "built for speed," we refer in a vague way to the lines carried by a thoroughbred. If a horseman looked at Carnera, he would murmur "too leggy" and refuse to make a bid for him if he were on the auction block. Strange about those colossal thighs and all-too-thick ankles! Carnera will show you a lot of speed afoot, about as nimble a pair of heels as you could wish for.

But can he sustain that speed over a distance of ground! He certainly will not with a straight puncher like Baer climbing all over that huge frame of his. At the pace at which Baer will carry him, that thickness below will get terribly draggy. After all, legs are about sixty per cent of a ring fight, and Baer has the best pair I've seen on a heavyweight in many's the year.

This psychological angle of the situation is intriguing, no end. When Max Baer jumped to his feet to greet Primo Carnera in their first meeting, out in Hollywood, he yelled, "Hello, you big gigolo!" at the same time mussing, with a none-too-gentle hand, the champion's thatch of hair. This audacity fairly staggered the huge Italian. Champions are not used to being greeted with such familiarity especially from the chief contender and out-and-out challenger.

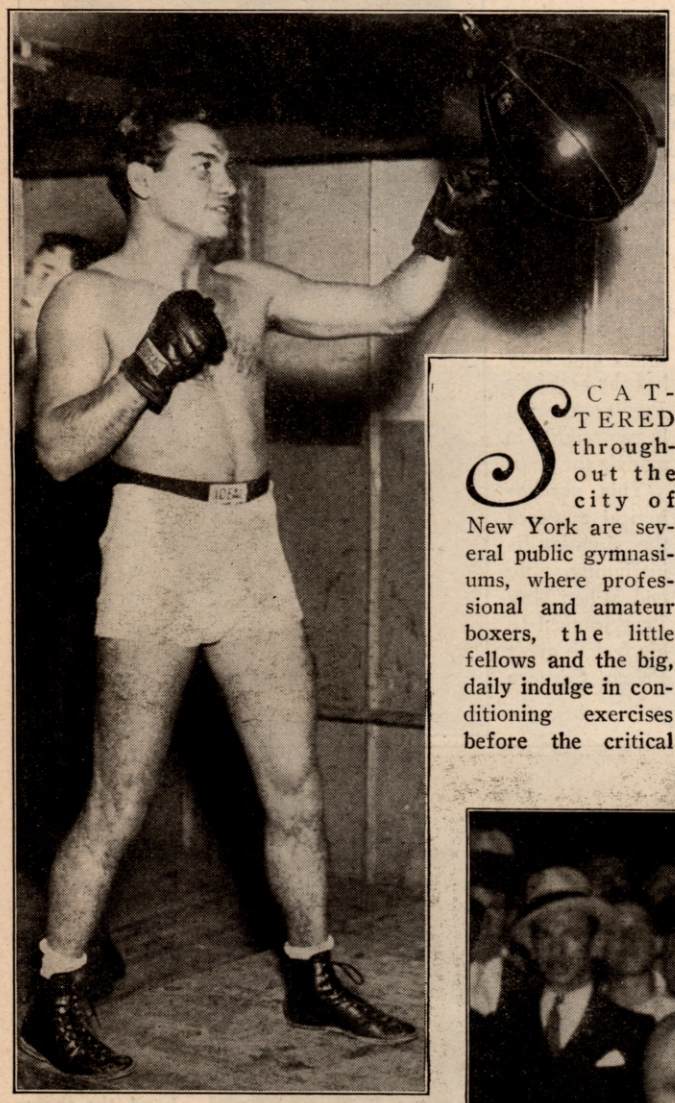
The big man's rather bullfroggy eye popped, then glared, his mouth sprang open unpleasantly, and he flashed a decidedly sour expression of surly belligerence.

* * *

THERE was a general though somewhat nervous laugh from the little group in that studio room. Primo caught a trace of the humor of the thing. Slowly he realized that something was expected of him. So he reached out a huge paw, gave Max's curly wig a quick stroke, sniffed at his hand, and just grunted: "Perfumed grease, huh?"

Then and there Baer got the jump on the big fellow, absolutely took the play right away from him, (*Continued on page* 42)

FASCINATING SPECTACLE



Tony Canzoneri punching the light bag at the start of his workout

SCATTERED throughout the city of New York are several public gymnasiums, where professional and amateur boxers, the little fellows and the big, daily indulge in conditioning exercises before the critical eyes of large audiences of ringwise persons—newspaper boxing writers, managers, officials connected with the State Athletic Commission, Broadway racketeers and sure-thing gamblers, and just plain hangers-on.

These "gyms" are magnets for the idly curious as well as for those whose business brings them into close contact with the throwers of leather, for the spectacle of a fighter in training has always been to humans what bait is to a fish—an irresistible lure.

This uncontrollable impulse to view a fighter in the training throes is no new thing. Ever since boxing first saw the light of day, the dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast has found enjoyment in watching the training stunts of famed pugilists. In the bare-knuckle days, only a handful of favorites were permitted to attend a training session, but, in more recent years, anyone who has the price of admission may see as many as from twenty to one hundred boys go through their paces daily over a stretch of three hours in any gymnasium where boxers do their preliminary work. The same holds true for those who are interested in wrestling.

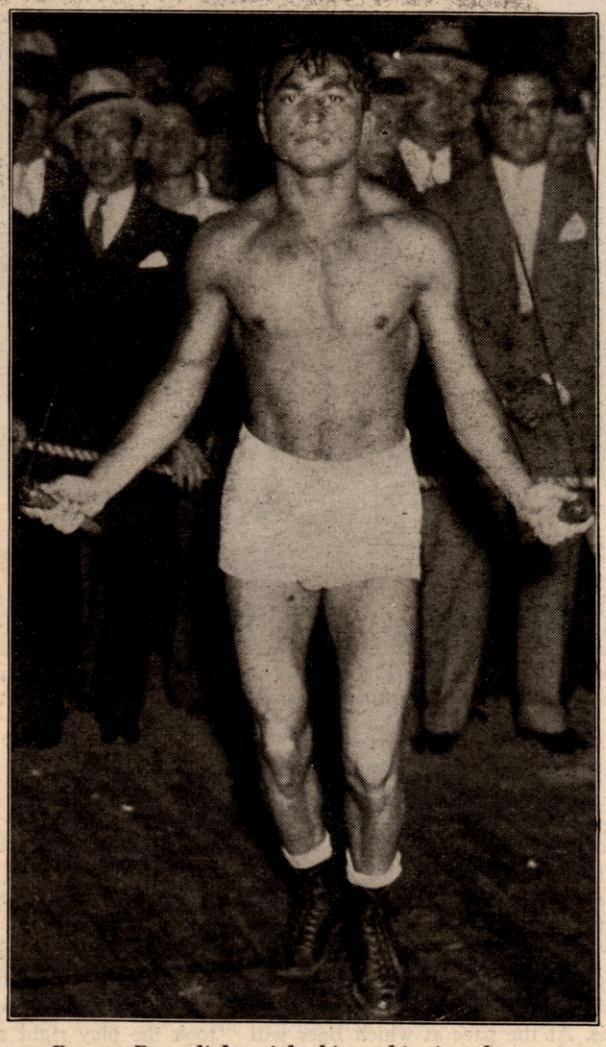
* * *

WHERE prior to the World War, when the training ground of a nationally known fighter was "sacred" territory, outsiders would suffer indignities and rebuffs when they attempted to view the workouts, today the public is welcome at all camps. Seldom is a private session staged. The last time that was tried in recent years was when Georges Carpentier was in training at Manhasset Bay for his bout with Dempsey, and he attempted to withhold his true condition and ability from the public by keeping reporters and spectators away from his camp. But the indignities which he suffered as a result convinced him, and his mentors and those who followed him, that it is safest to let the public in for the "secrets."

In the old days it was rather amusing to see men of prominence use all kinds of influence in an attempt to get within the barn where a fighter was in training. And when they did get by the strong-armed men who guarded the entrance, it was still more amusing to see them squeeze against the wall of training quarters and, following tradition, remain as quiet as a mouse.

In those days such a spectator was afraid to attract attention, yet he was an ardent fan and to curb his feelings was no cinch. He seemed to fear attracting attention, hence he gazed pop-eyed at the pugilists but said nothing.

How different today! The "millionaires," the few that are still left, announce in advance, through the publicity departments of a fight club, that they will make the trip to a camp on such-and-such a day, and invite as their "guests" the movie cameramen, just to make certain that the ballyhoo will be of the proper kind. When they get to the scene of action, they take great pains to make themselves conspicuous in the front rows and then, by shaking hands with the gladiators and discussing the day's workouts with the scribes—for publication, of course—they put the ballyhoo across.



Barney Ross, lightweight king, skipping the rope.

* * *

WHERE in the past the spectators were invited guests only, today, the public pays a fee of from twenty-five cents to a dollar—and sometimes even more—depending on the name of the fighter who is to exhibit his wares. Jack Kearns inaugurated the high fee for training camp admission and, since Dempsey's first defense of his title, that system has been in vogue. In recent years, Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling, perfected the system, not only by obtaining palatial headquarters for Max and

Training Periods Lure Persons From All Walks of Life to City Gyms

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

his sparring mates, but also for the scribes, in addition to which he had special indoor and outdoor gymnasiums fitted out for his charge. And, when an important personage was to appear at the camp to look Herr Maxie over, the admission fee invariably was sky-rocketed from fifty cents to $1.50.

* * *

GENE TUNNEY was the one conspicuous exception to this modern practice. He always rebelled against exacting a fee to see him in action in the training camp. This was because Tunney, an independent fellow, with a mind of his own, did not wish to put himself under obligation to a set of cash customers.

To do so would have made it necessary for him to work out on days when the weather was unfavorable. As he preferred not to toil at all when the weather was adverse, and never hesitated to call off a sparring session when he was so inclined, Tunney tabooed the admission fee.

To not a few of these spectators the weird movements of the perspiring fighter are as a sealed book. They know in a general way that the bag-punching, on big and small bag, the boxing, and the shadow boxing, are part of a system to improve the "wind" and inure the frame to fatiguing exercises, but as to what especial purpose is served by each of the several branches of training work, they are ignorant to a great extent.

Fighters in this era are more pampered than they were when Corbett, Fitz and others of their day were in the spotlight. They have a thousand conveniences that the old-time warriors never knew. Yet it is doubtful if the 1933 brand of pugilist is much of an improvement if, indeed, any, over the sort who were performing back in 1903, and even a quarter of a century before that.

* * *

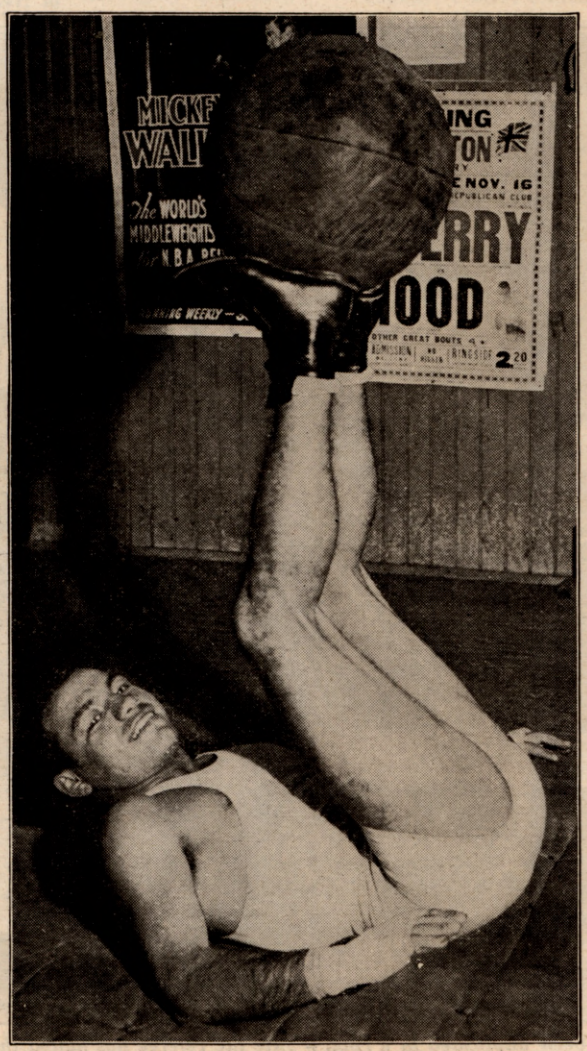
THE most popular forms of exercise, and those which enter into the schedule of most pugilists, are walking and running in the open air, punching the big and little bags, using the pulleys, rope skipping, shadow boxing and special exercises in addition to sparring!

This is the routine that prevails today. In addition, of course, to road work. From the heavyweights down, all up-to-date scrappers use the light bag and sand bag, and rope skipping, and then engage in daily jousts with sparring partners to perfect their timing of blows and their judgment of distance and to improve their wind. Before the sparring, they invariably take up shadow work.

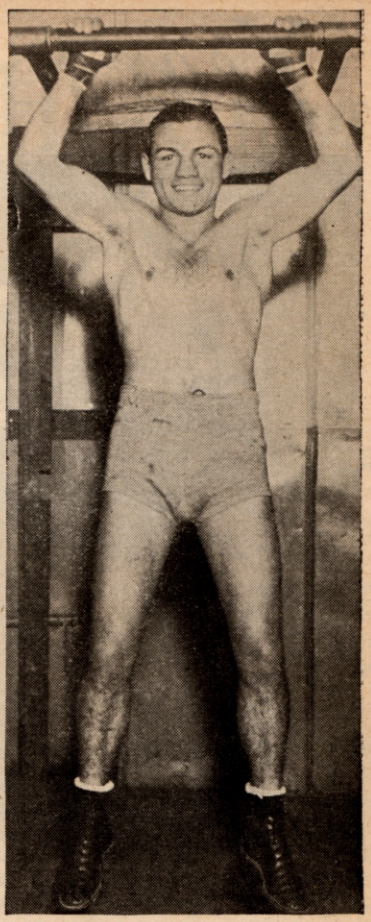
The percentage of pugilists who keep themselves in good condition in and out of season is lamentably small. It is the practice, once the rigors of training have relaxed and the contest, for which preparation had been made, has become a thing of the past, to indulge the appetite with all the things that were forbidden during the days of strict regimen.

Highly seasoned food, liquors, late hours, and all the other excesses which await a class of men who are petted and courted, help to undo what regular work and diet accomplish. Hence, managers of this era insist on obedience to dieting and sleep and, with few exceptions, they get it. Maxie Rosenbloom, who likes late hours and dislikes bossing, is an exception.

It is almost needless to relate that, among the modern fighters, are many who break training with a loud and resonant report as soon as an important bout is over; but the rank and file of present-day leather pushers are sensible fellows, who realize the importance of perfect physical condition, and who constantly strive to keep themselves tuned up to concert pitch.



Here's a good leg and abdominal exercise. Canzoneri balancing and tossing a twenty-pound medicine ball.



Think it's easy? Try to chin the bar forty times, as does Canzoneri daily in his gymnasium workout.

* * *

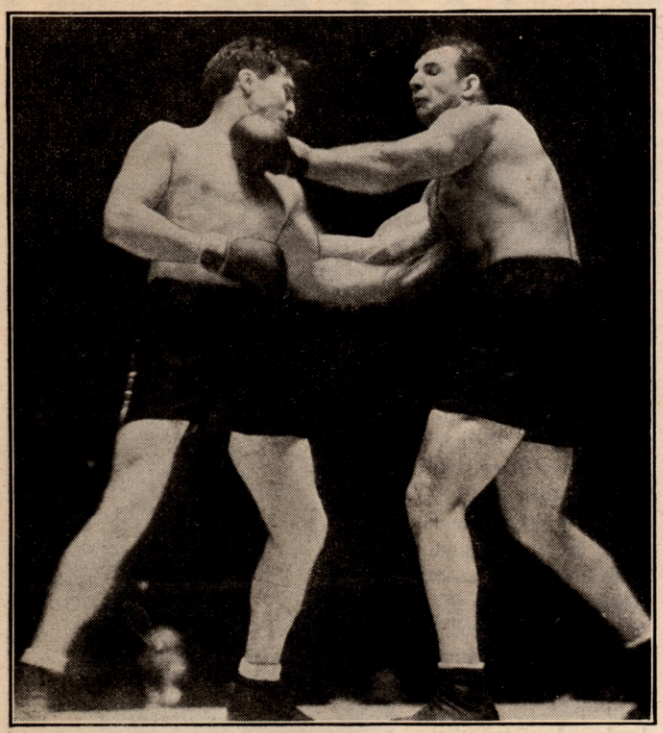
AS for their conditioning stunts, they remain about the same as those that were in vogue when Corbett was in his prime, except that the workouts are far less intensive. Where Corbett would work six hours, a fighter today takes a two-hour drill, primarily because he doesn't have to condition himself for distance or finish fights.

The modern boxer goes in for road work, but not on a substantial scale. He uses the pulleys and the wrist machines and he prides himself upon his skill at drumming the light bag and jolting the heavy one.

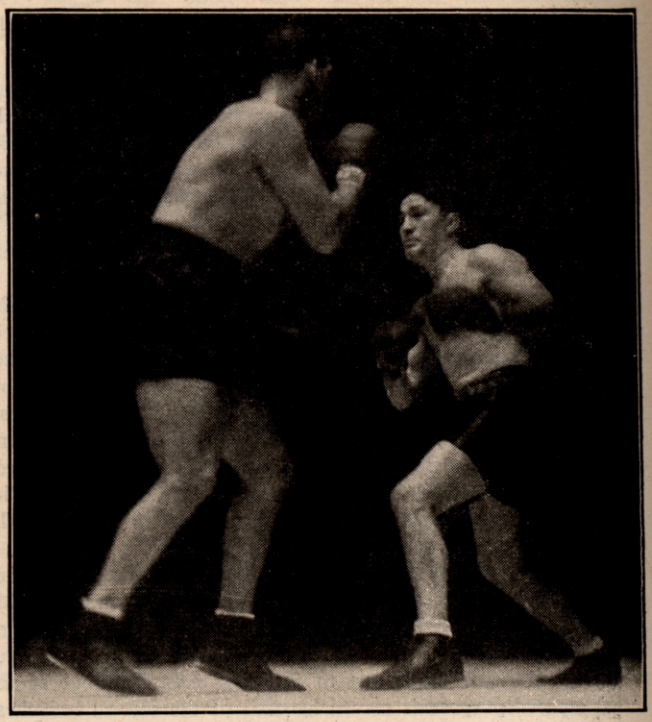
Sparring with paid recipients is a most prominent feature of modern training methods. Add to this certain calisthenic exercises, calculated to strengthen the legs and stomach muscles, and you will find that getting a boxer into prime condition, fit to wage the fight of his life, isn't so very different today from what it was nearly three decades ago.

(Continued on page 44)

Year's Most Disputed Bout



Tommy sinks a beauty into Ray's stomach and the giant winces. Ray's left missed its intended mark.



Ray Impellitiere, largest fighter in captivity (left), and Tommy Loughran, sparring for an opening in fourth round of their bout at New York Coliseum.

Here's a scene that has never before been duplicated in a ring. While the referee has halted the bout in the sixth, Loughran refuses to obey the referee, Pete Hartley, who is talking to him and examining his wounded lip. Ray is receiving advice from his manager, Harry Lenny, and Joe Smith, Tommy's mentor is urging Lenny to permit his fighter to go on with the mill. And it did—contrary to the rules of boxing.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Ray Impellitiere Beat Loughran in Six Rounds. Loughran Gained a Five-Round Verdict Over Ray. Neusel's Presence Adds Interest to Boxing Here.

THE recent action of the New York State Boxing Commissioners in overruling the verdict of Referee Pete Hartley in the bout between Ray Impellitiere and Tommy Loughran has brought to THE RING several hundred letters from readers in various parts of the country, some asking whether such procedure was contrary to the rules of boxing, others if, in my opinion, the interests of the sport were not best served by the reversal of the edict halting the fight, and still others whether a commission or commissioner is superior to the referee once a bout gets under way.

I'm glad that such queries were put to THE RING for general discussion, because it gives me an opportunity to tackle every angle of this most intricate problem and leave it to the wisdom of our readers to decide for themselves the merits of the case. For the benefit of those who may not be thoroughly acquainted with the situation that arose in that bout, let me say that a terrific long, right-hand uppercut had opened a deep gash in Tommy's lower lip on the left-hand side of the mouth and, with the blood gushing from the wound, Hartley ordered a halt to the contest. Not once, but three times, Hartley stopped the fight, but on each occasion, Loughran refused to permit it to end in that fashion and insisted on continuing.

Whereupon the referee, after the third attempt, pushed Tommy aside and ordered his opponent to his corner. And there is where all the trouble started.

* * *

WITH Tommy waving frantically, leaping in the air, and performing other antics, the crowd jeered and yelled for a reversal of the referee's verdict, and in that the gathering was aided by General Phelan, the chairman of the Boxing Commission, and Bill Brown, junior member, both of whom commanded Hartley to have activities resumed.

For one minute and forty-two seconds, the commotion continued, and at the end of that period, the battle was resumed for just three seconds when the bell sounded, ending the round. And then came a most astonishing spurt by the veteran Tommy. He won every round thereafter and, by the unanimous vote of the judges, he gained the decision. Even the referee gave him the fight, six rounds to two, and two even.

Thus the man who had lost the fight in the sixth round by official verdict of the referee won that same mill. Strange, indeed, for fisticuffs, yet true, nevertheless! Occasions when a referee has been overruled in the ring are so scarce, they can be recalled only with great difficulty. My records show that only three times in modern ring history has this been done, two of the three by officials whose knowledge of boxing could be counted on the ten fingers of their hands. That is why the Loughran-Impellitiere mill has aroused such widespread international interest.

* * *

OFFHAND, my answer to all the queries sent by an army of RING readers is that, strictly speaking, Tommy Loughran lost the fight when the referee ordered the men to their corners in the sixth round. Had Pete Hartley refused to obey the command of the boxing commission, he would have been perfectly within his rights. It is an axiom of the ring that once a fight starts the third man is in sole control of the situations that may arise and if, in his judgment, even though that judgment be in error, he sees fit to halt the bout, his verdict should stand.

That, so far as strict adherence to rules of boxing is concerned. But, here we strike a snag. What about the thousands who have paid their good money to see a bout? What about the sport that has been hit so hard through depression, crooked deals, incompetent officials and waltzing boxers?

Shouldn't that be considered?

I am a stickler for rules. It always has been my contention that rules were made to be obeyed, yet circumstances have arisen at times when I felt like kicking myself for being so strong on written and unwritten codes. And such was my feeling when I saw Pete Hartley put the damper on Loughran's comeback by halting him because of a bleeding lip!

Candidly, I must confess that, by reversing Hartley, the boxing board saved the sport and averted a riot, because, by his actions, the erstwhile Durable Dane had placed boxing in jeopardy through the use of exceedingly poor judgment. When one considers that Pete, in his fighting days, most often was battered from pillar to post and would combat any move on the part of a referee to halt a contest in which he was a participant, I wonder why he so frequently is ready to stop a fight when an eye, ear, or lip is bleeding! Funny, how soft he has become since joining the ranks of the referees! In stopping Loughran, Hartley acted contrary to the rules of New York, which stipulate that he should first have consulted the medico before taking drastic action. That Pete didn't do.

* * *

IT has always been the law of the ring that a referee can be called to account for his actions after a fight is over, but not during a contest, yet the New York Commission, and the members of similar organizations in other states, maintain that this has all been changed by the legislative powers granted the commissioners and by the legislative acts that created the boards.

It is the contention of General Phelan and his colleagues on the Empire State commission that the referee is subservient to the orders of the board at all times and that if, in the opinion of a commissioner present at a contest, the acts of the third man are contrary to the best interests of boxing, they may be overruled. That, declare the General and his co-members, is their prerogative and they will act accordingly at all times when the future of the sport in New York demands it. In that stand, however, I disagree with the honorable gentlemen. The referee is, and should always be, the sole boss while the contest is going on. The authority of the commission is transferred to the referee once the fight starts.

* * *

FORTUNATELY, in many states, the officials are men who cannot be reached, whose honesty and competence cannot be questioned, as in the case of New York's members. But for the good of boxing, I feel it is a misuse of power for any official to interfere with the third man in the ring. He always has been in sole charge within the ropes and should continue to be so ordained.

The argument has been raised why, if higher courts reverse the decisions of the lower courts, should not a higher board of

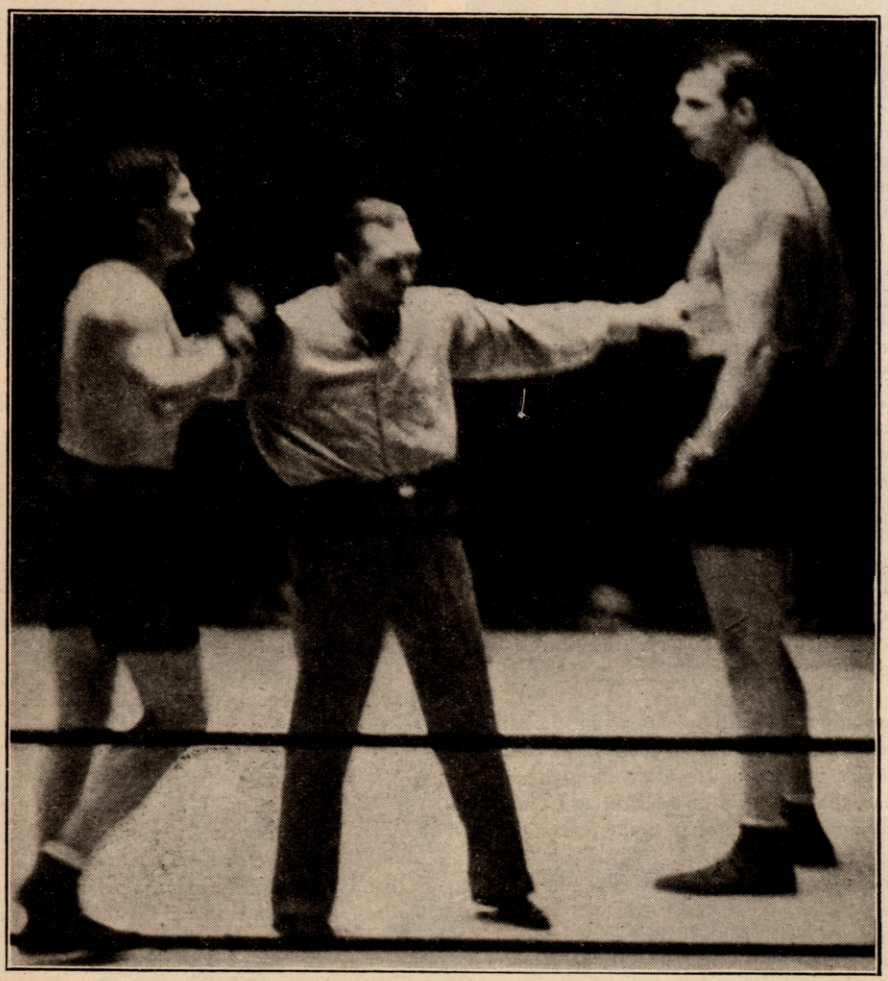
boxing control, the state commission, overrule unjust verdicts of its hirelings, the referees. That's another question worthy of debate in this constructive argumentation.

I am in favor at all times of anything that will help boxing, but, to aid the sport, there must be no flaws in the remedy suggested. It is my opinion that, despite the fact that the reversal of Pete Hartley's decision reacted in favor of boxing in New York and vindicated the judgment of the commission, it paved the way for danger. From now on, we are likely to see the third man overruled by every Tom-Dick-and-Harry official seeking publicity, and for that reason, I am against such procedure.

* * *

IT is my contention that, if the boxing commission appoints officials whose nervousness or incompetence places the sport in jeopardy, that board should stand the criticism that must be hurled when such a blunder as Hartley committed is enacted. As the boxing writers of New York so often have stated, there are plenty of efficient referees in the state whose ability has never been questioned without the necessity of appointing referees just to satisfy some politician. If the proper officials are placed in charge, there would be no need for official interference by the commission.

So there, you see, is the second answer to the queries. The General, whose mandate to continue the fight brought about the reversal of the verdict and enabled the fight fans to see that for which they had paid, had his judgment fully vindicated, for after that sixth round, Loughran, whose plea had been answered, not only took the play away from Impellitiere by scoring heavily in the last four rounds, but also prevented Ray from reopening the wound even once in those four sessions.



Referee Pete Hartley halting the fight between Loughran and Impellitiere in the sixth round, despite Tommy's furious protests.

* * *

UNDER commission rule, therefore, boxing now stands as a sport wherein the third man in the ring no longer controls the situation within the squared circle, but is subject to the whims of the officials outside the ring. True, such a procedure might be of tremendous help to boxing, as it was in the Loughran-Impellitiere bout, but let's glance a step farther and see how such a ruling might affect the game adversely.

By taking the responsibility from the third man, boxing commissioners open the way to an abuse that may create such a scandal that it might even kill the sport. For example, what would happen in a locality where the commission is not composed of such fine, upright, honorable gentlemen as in New York? Only recently, in the Middle West, a commissioner, not satisfied that the referee had awarded a proper decision, reversed the verdict after it had been rendered, and then had an announcement made, to cover up his ignorance, that the third man had erred in counting his points.

On another occasion within the past two months, a commissioner in an eastern state ordered the referee to halt a bout because he was not satisfied that the fighters were doing their best. The referee balked at this interference with his duties and refused to obey the order. And justly so. He was within his rights. Yet he suffered dismissal for his failure to satisfy an incompetent commissioner.

When a commissioner finds it necessary to intervene while a bout is in progress, he automatically serves notice on the public that the third man, appointed by the commission, is incompetent, and that being the case, he should be eliminated from further consideration. There are not sufficient clubs staging shows in New York to accommodate half of the referees and judges carried on the list, and it would be serving the sport best to do away with all but about twenty—the most competent. That's a far better way to aid the game than by overruling the officials.

If the New York Commission, or any other boxing board, decides to follow the plan adopted at the Loughran - Impellitiere affair, then I believe it would be best for such body to adopt a rule to the effect that a reversal of the referee's decision may be made only by a member of the Boxing Commission if present, and not by any deputy commissioner or inspectors. Thus, at least, proper responsibility would be placed in the hands of only the "higher ups," and it would do away with the usual talk of collusion. In cases where the commissioners are not present, the deputy should not be empowered to alter a verdict or to interfere with the third man. He should be asked to report on incompetence, and the commission then could act on such a case according to its best judgment.

* * *

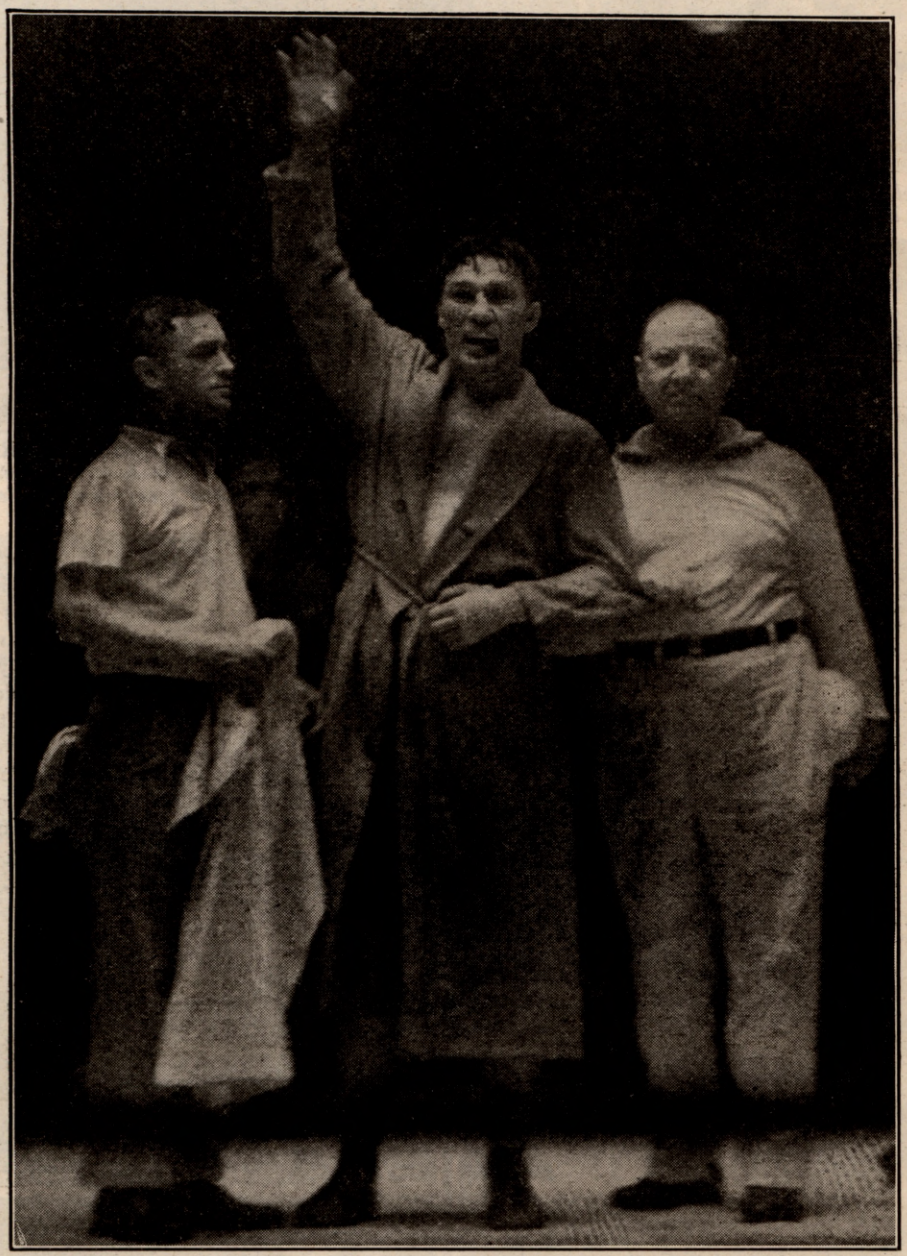
REGARDLESS of the official decision at the end of the tenth round, Ray Impellitiere has the satisfaction of knowing that he beat Loughran on a technical knockout and then lost a decision in a bout that went five rounds, one of only three seconds' duration. Yes, siree—that's the way that bout stands if we adhere to boxing rules. Whatever happened after Hartley's blunder, the fact remains that the bout between Ray and Tommy ended in 1.55 of the sixth round, with the young Peekskill giant the victor, no matter how it was done, or why it

was done, and therefore the boxing fans at the New York Coliseum, for the first time in American or world ring history, saw a fighter, who was stopped through a blunder of the referee, rest for about a minute and a half and then defeat his same opponent in another contest of five rounds, the first of which only lasted three seconds. In short, the fight fans saw two bouts by the same fellows for one admission.

If I were Harry Lenny, in the record books that are to be printed this year, I would turn over to the compilers Impellitiere's record to read as follows: "November 23, 1933—Impellitiere won from Tommy Loughran, 6 rounds; referee stopped bout. November 23, 1933—Impellitiere lost to Tommy Loughran, 5 rounds, the first one of which went only 3 seconds. Decision."

* * *

SO much for that part of the discussion. Now for a word on the fight itself. There can be no doubt that, judged on the full ten rounds, Loughran won handily. My score card showed him in the lead six, three and one even, but at the time that the bout was halted, I had Ray in the lead, three to two, with one even. I do not think that Harry Lenny, the man who brought out the Peekskill giant, missed an opportunity in not whisking Ray out of the ring when the decision was given him officially by the referee, because by abiding by the ruling of the commission, he showed true sportsmanship and gained a horde of admirers for his fighter. Yet one wouldn't have blamed Lenny in the least had he taken the stand which a Jack Kearns or Joe Jacobs would have stood pat on—that of refusing to allow the fighter to continue.



Here is Tommy, happy as a lark, waving to the fans who cheered him, following his victory over Impellitiere. The crowd was with Tommy, who scaled seventy pounds less than his opponent. Note the black spot on Tommy's lips, where he was cut. Joe Smith, his manager, prevented further bleeding from the sixth to the tenth round.

Impellitiere will go a long way. He has been trained to use a snappy right uppercut that's a corker and has a fine jab, but he still lacks confidence and has a lot to learn about stepping in at opportune moments. But for a young man who has had only twelve fights he gave a remarkable performance. Ray was startlingly impressive when he started to mix matters with Tommy and throw punches. But when he stood off and tried to box the Master of Boxing, he failed.

For a youngster, Impellitiere proved that all his manager has been saying about him is not mere ballyhoo. Ray, in a year from now, will be a better all-round fighter than Primo Carnera is now. I think, if given plenty of work, Ray will emerge as a challenger for world honors in twelve months.

Ray can box nicely. He uses a straight left effectively, and he has courage. He is not afraid to take a hefty wallop.

As for Loughran, he again proved that he is one of the three ranking fighters in the heavyweight division. For a boxer who has been in the professional field for fifteen years, Tommy is a marvel. Against Impellitiere he showed the cleverness of the Tommy who astounded all, prior to the knockout he received at the hands of Sharkey.

Tommy has come back with a bang and deserves preference in leading bouts. He should be given an opportunity to replenish the fortune he lost through bank failures, for there isn't a more popular fighter in the world than he. In the Impellitiere contest, his feinting was a masterpiece and the way he threw lefts and rights was a revelation.

How the fans feel about his success was attested by the wild ovation which greeted his victory. Had he lost the fight and his chances for furthering his position through the incompetent act of Hartley, it would have been just too bad.

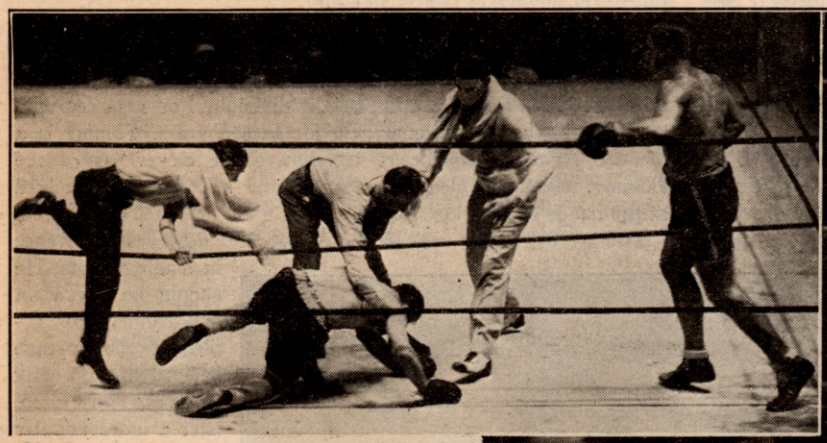
As for Impellitiere, although I am of the opinion that the fight had ended when Hartley decided to stop it, I think Ray has earned greater prestige by losing than he would have had, had Hartley's award stood.

* * *

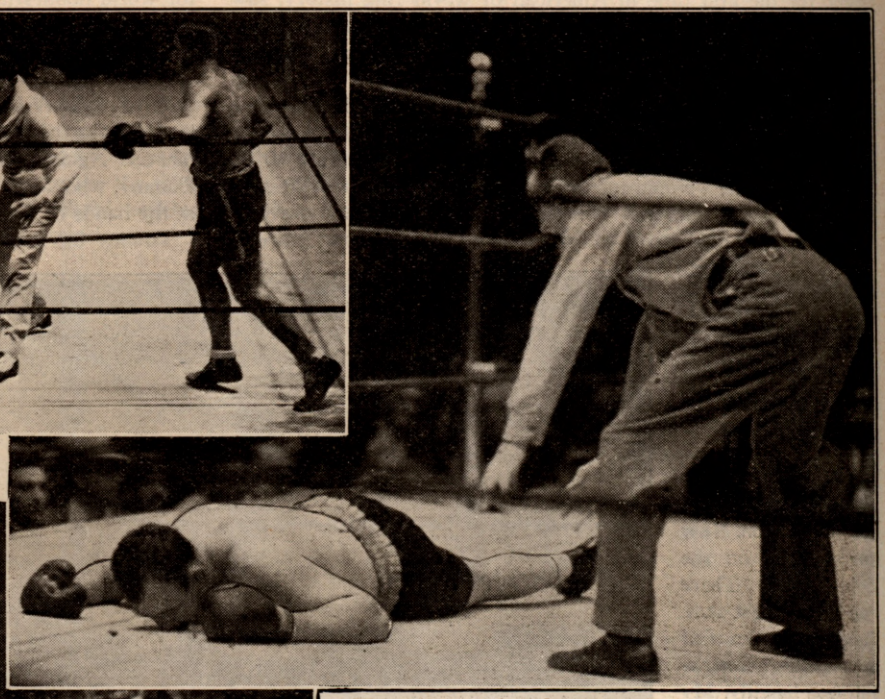
WHILE on the subject of heavyweights, it is timely to remark here that the appearance of two such good boys as Impellitiere and Walter Neusel, the German, has added considerable interest to the sport. In fact, if Harry Lenny's giant comes through, as experts are confident he will, then boxing in this country is due for a big boom. Both Neusel and Ray are of the type that pleases, and, if each can be built up for the next outdoor season, there should not be a dearth of good heavyweight contests for the open-air arenas.

Neusel, at this writing, has scored two successive knock-outs in two starts, one against Les Kennedy in the sixth and one against Stanley Poreda in the tenth. Neusel's fine work to date is not surprising to me, for THE RING, through my columns and those of my European correspondents, (*Continued on page* 47)

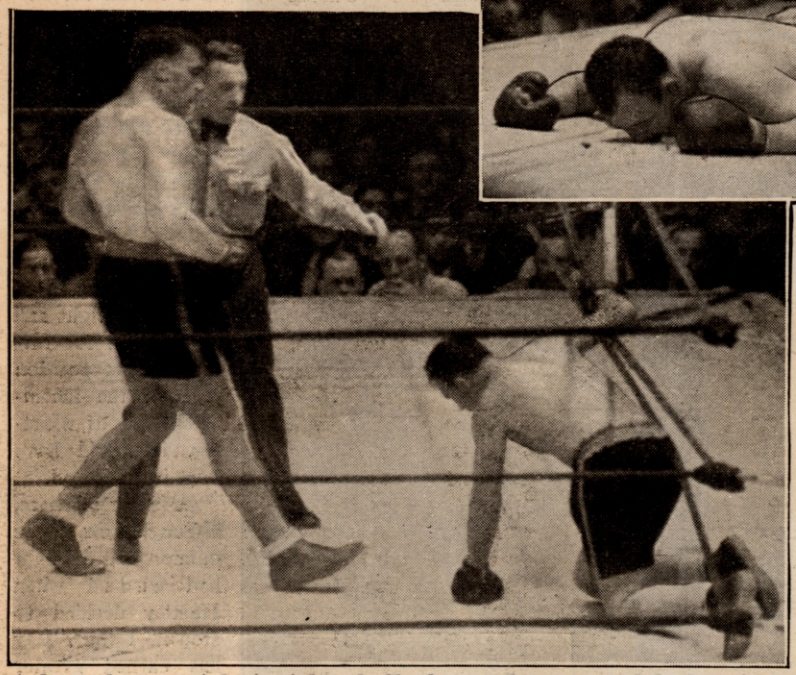
HEAVYWEIGHT UPSETS



Sharkey, limp and helpless, is assisted to his corner by his seconds.

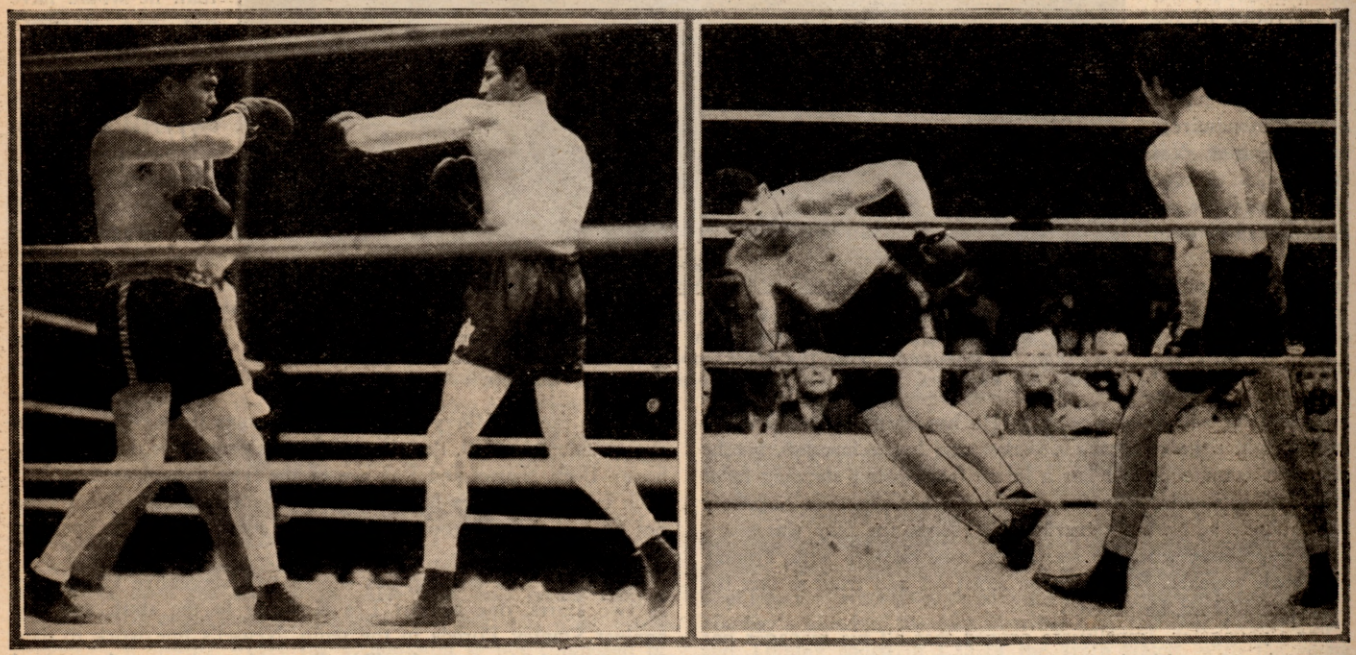


The passing of a champion. Referee Arthur Donovan counting out Jack Sharkey in the sixth round.



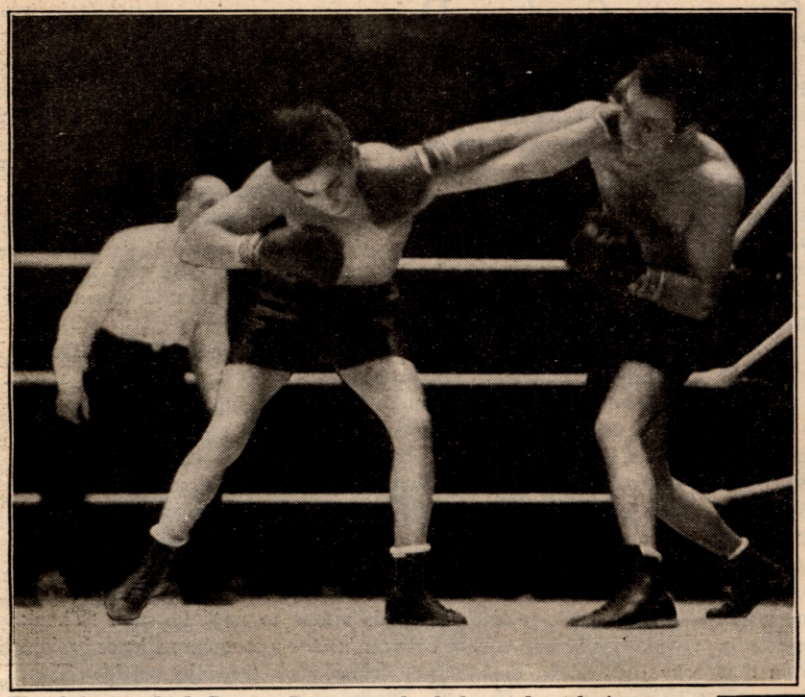
A slip at the start of the fateful sixth. Sharkey on the canvas, while the referee holds back his opponent, the Italian behemoth.

THE year 1933 will go down in the boxing records as one in which there were probably more marked upsets than any in the past twenty. Notable among the surprises were the downfall of the two ranking heavyweights, Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling. The defeat of Schmeling by Max Baer overshadowed that of the Boston gob by Primo Carnera, because it brought to light the outstanding heavyweight of the year and by far the foremost challenger for the crown. Baer, if he will give up his movie work and concentrate on fisticuffs in actual combat in a tuning-up process for a shot at Carnera, will rule favorite to win the crown.

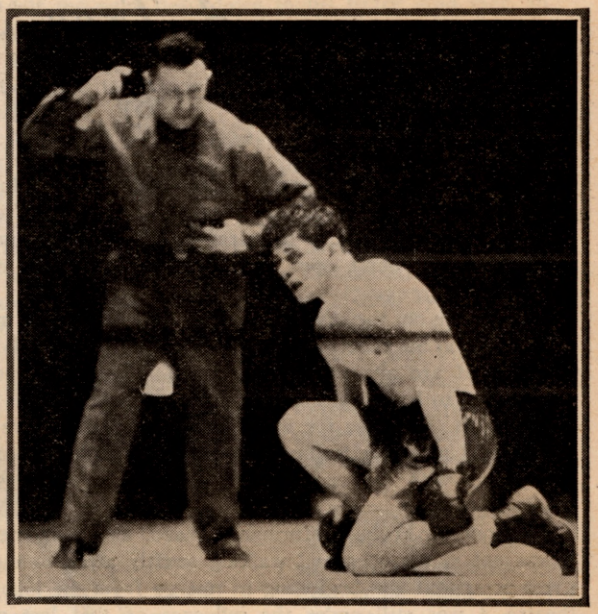


In these two pictures we see the start of the finish of a famous battle. On the left, Schmeling, tired, is trying to cover up as Baer gets ready to shoot over his right, and, on the right, we see Herr Max tumbling to the canvas after receiving a round-house right. Note how his legs gave way.

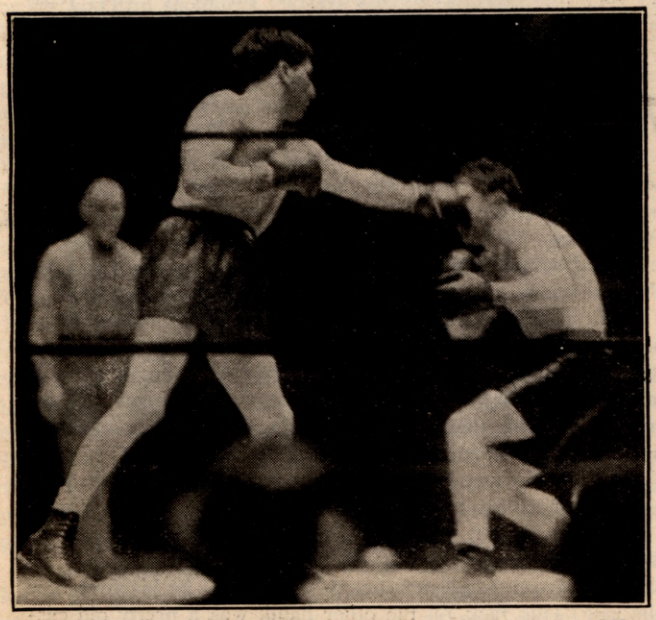
Held Public Interest



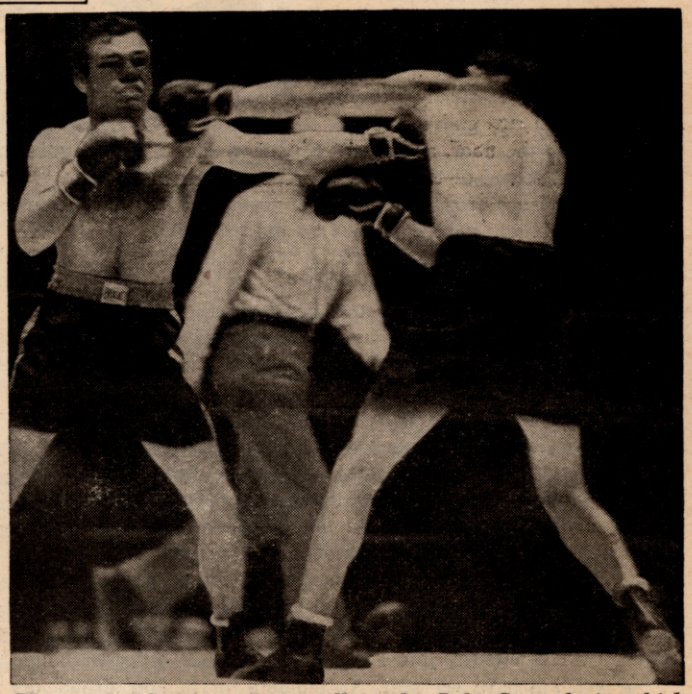
The fight in which Barney Ross won the lightweight title from Tony Canzoneri in Chicago.



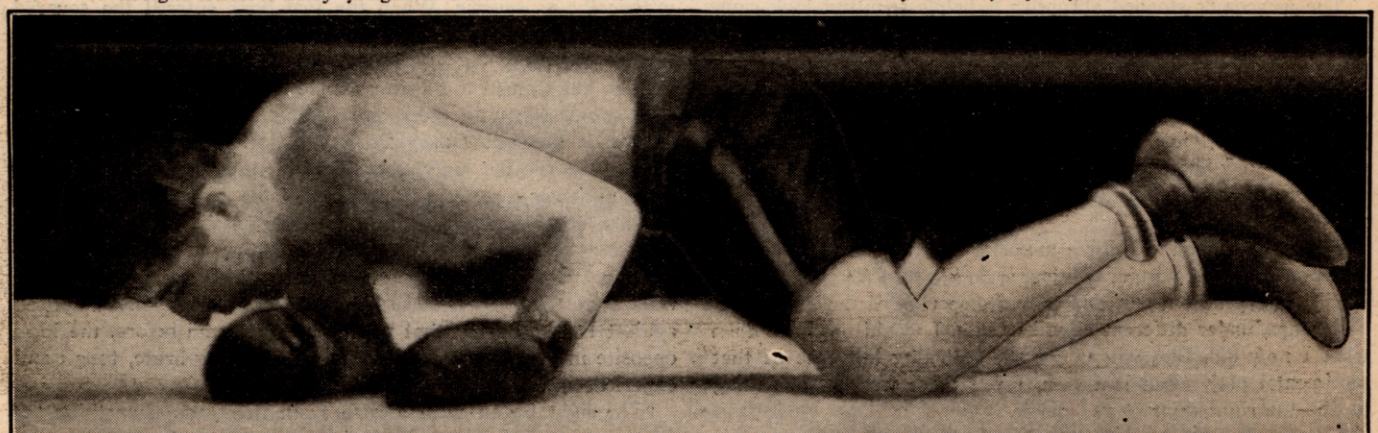
When Frank Battaglia went down for a count of nine in the eleventh round of his bout with Jeby.



Vince Dundee and Ben Jeby having it out for Eastern middleweight honors. They fought a draw.



The return Canzoneri-Ross mill at the Polo Grounds in which Barney successfully defended his crown.



Ben Jeby knocked out in the seventh round by Lou Brouillard in middleweight championship tilt at Polo Grounds.

"One, Two, Three, Four, Five...."

A True Story of the Ring

By C. MANFIELD HARLEYS

THE storm had been threatening all day. The dull, leaden clouds had raced across the overcast sky from early morning, and it appeared as if at any moment they would burst open and pour their torrents of water over the earth.

Night came on, the sky turned to a solid inky-black mass, and still no rain. So I decided that it must be one of those false alarms that are always threatening rain, but turn out, at the very worst, to be a slight, barely perceptible drizzle. As a result, when I left the house for the theatre that night, there was no bothersome umbrella trailing after my left arm, and my mind was filled with but one thought—the prospect of seeing a good show.

At about 11:30 the performance ended, and, a moment later, I was out in the open and walking swiftly away to escape the great press that was beginning to emerge from the lobby of the theatre. I was still under the influence of that last powerful scene, where the old veteran, with his——. Slop! So unexpectedly had it come that I started, as if the enormous drop of rain that had splashed on my nose had really been a bullet. So it wasn't to be a false alarm after all. The sky had made good its promise.

I looked around for some place of shelter, for the rain had now changed to a steady, drenching downpour. Across the street was a café, a real godsend to one in my position. I hurried over, pushed open the door, and seated myself at one of several tables at the farther end of the room.

I shot a glance around the room. It seemed to be a decent sort of a place. There were two men at the bar talking to the bartender between drinks. I ordered a bracer and settled down for a rest while the rain spent itself.

It must have been five minutes later when the door was pushed open and a woebegone specimen of humanity entered, admitting a gust of the rain with him. He was soaking wet and the water ran down from him in streams.

His battered old hat had slid over his ears, giving him an appearance that might have been uproariously funny were it not so plainly sad. He was a little above the medium height and carried himself with a certain dignity.

He paused for a moment on the threshold of the room and then stepped out in the direction of the empty tables. He had not made more than three steps when the voice of the bartender rasped out across the bar:

* * *

"JUST a minute, just a minute. Give your order first, den yeh kin have yer seat. No bummin' or hangin' aroun' dis joint."

The newcomer stopped abruptly. A helpless, pitiful look came over his face, and he fumbled nervously with his fingers. Then he stammered:

"I haven't—er—the rain's awful, mister. I—I don't feel well. Won't you pl——"

"I t'ought so," interrupted the bartender angrily. "Git a move on yer, y' old bum. Come on. Git!" This last, called out in a sharp, warning voice, was accompanied by a threatening movement.

The "bum" stood still for a moment, looking around him with that same helpless, wistful expression on his face. Then he turned, slowly, like a beaten cur, and took a step toward the door.

Perhaps, under different circumstances, I would not have done what I now did. But, still under the softening influence of that sentimental play I had just seen, I felt there was but one thing to do—the right thing, and I did it.

"That's all right," I called out to the bartender, "I'll pay for his drinks. No worry." With that, I got up, pulled over another chair to my table, and invited the rain-soaked unfortunate to have a seat.

He came, and his step was springier, far springier now. If ever a man was grateful, it was he. But all he said was a soft, sincere, "Thank you, sir," as he sat down.

He ordered something and the waiter brought it over. As he sipped the contents of his glass, slowly, as one would sip some rare and very precious liquid, I watched him.

He had taken his dripping hat off, and I noticed his hair was white, pure as snow. It was the kind of a white that one more often finds on men who have thought and suffered much than on men merely burdened with age. His features were regular and even, and the expression on his face suggested a more than average intelligence.

Presently he put down his empty glass and looked up.

"You can't realize what this means to me," he said. "Thank you." There was silence between us for a moment; silence broken by the steady, monotonous dripping of the rain outside. Then he spoke up:

"Looks as if we're in for a good long rain," said he. "You can't very well leave before it's over, so I'll see if I can't repay you for the price of that drink by helping to make the time fly."

* * *

HE was silent for a moment; then he continued:

"Ever hear of Marty Lewis? No? Well, I'm not surprised, because he was an old-timer, you see. At one time, there wasn't a more popular or a better referee in the world. You've surely heard of the Browney-Jackson and Dooley-Martin fights. Well, Lewis refereed those bouts, and they're pretty good samples of the kind that usually came his way after he became famous.

"The first time he met Davey Barton was about twenty years ago. Marty Lewis wasn't much of a figure in sporting circles at that time, and was, in fact, barely beginning to win recognition as a square and capable referee. But he was confident and determined, and felt that the time wasn't very far off when he would be able to count himself a real success.

"This is how he met Davey Barton: Among the bouts scheduled for that night, about twenty years ago, was one, Davey Barton *vs.* Jack —— well, it was Jack Something-or-other. The name makes no difference anyway.

"Davey Barton was a newcomer—this was to be his first time in the ring. This Jack, on the other hand, was a pretty old customer, as hard as nails, and a powerful slugger. But he had practically no science. When the two boys entered the squared circle, Lewis sized them up quickly and thought he saw Barton's finish right off.

"The kid seemed to be slim, supple and wiry, but as for downright brute strength, there wasn't any. Nor was this the only difference between Davey Barton and the average fighter. He didn't have the flat, ugly, hammered-in nose, the spiky hair, nor the cauliflower ears. And he was handsome. Not like those whitewashed, neutral-looking fellows you see on the collar advertisements.

"You felt there was something in the kid, and you were attracted to him—there was the difference. The fellow pitted against Davey Barton that night was, as I said before, the kid's opposite in every way. He was an ugly-looking brute, tough and experienced.

"The fight began with a rush from this Jack Something-or-other, and ended with a rush from him. But the last time he

rushed was to the mat for the count. The fight had been a complete surprise. The crowd had sized Davey Barton up something like Lewis had done and expected his finish in the first few rounds. But there was more in the boy than there seemed to be upon first examination.

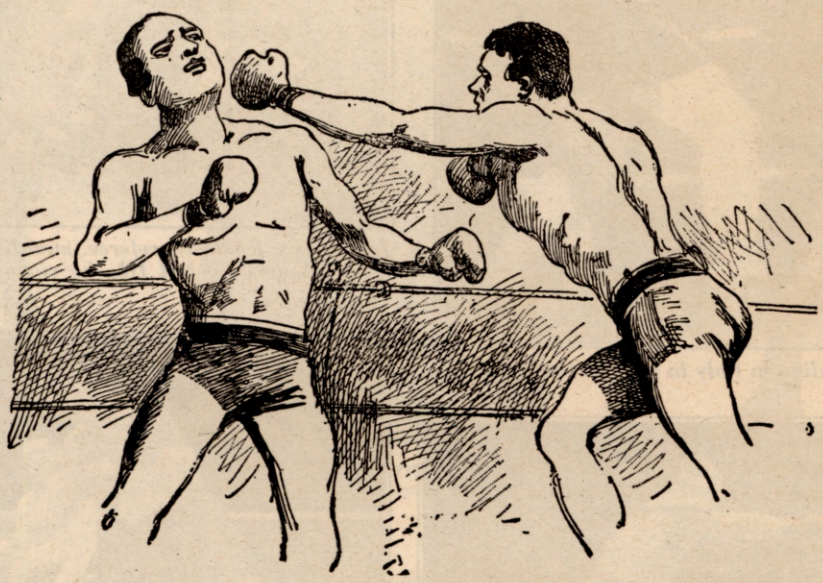
"He was wonderfully quick and light, and had a funny way of turning up where you least expected and wanted him to be. He had a punch that was as quick as a shot and clicked like a billiard ball when it landed. As for science, the kid was an eye-opener. From the way I'm describing him to you, you must think the kid was a boxing wizard. He was—pretty near.

"And then, I'm forgetting. I said the kid was attractive. He sure was! At the end of that first fight he had a following. He had a way of smiling at you after he had received a shattering blow from his opponent that made you like him.

* * *

"THAT night, after the show was over, Marty Lewis met Davey Barton. Lewis was then a lonely bachelor of about thirty-eight, and it wasn't hard for him to take a shine to the kid. Walking Davey Barton home, he found out lots of interesting things about the boy. His father had died several years ago, leaving Davey Barton the heritage of a mother and a younger sister to take care of.

"Davey took the burden on his youthful shoulders like a man, but selling newspapers wasn't a very paying proposition to a fellow who had two people to support, so he determined he'd become a fighter. For a year before he quit the newspaper game, he practiced and trained continuously. And tonight had been his first fight.



"Walker's left shot out like a bullet and landed with a sickening thud on the Kid's jaw."

"Marty Lewis listened to the kid, and the more he learned about him, the more he liked him. As I said before, Marty was lonely and unmarried, and he yearned for something that he could love, something that could fill the great void in his heart. In this boy, he thought he saw his chance, and he determined he wouldn't let it slip by without a struggle. That night, when they parted on Davey Barton's doorstep, they were already pretty good friends.

"Time passed and Davey Barton and Marty Lewis climbed the ladder of success hand in hand. Barton improved with experience and his reputation as a clean-cut, game scrapper spread rapidly.

"The fans liked him because he had personality and could fight. Promoters and managers liked him because he wasn't swelled with a sense of his own importance and because he wasn't hard to come to terms with. In fact, everybody liked him, and Marty Lewis liked him most of all.

"As I said before, Barton wasn't alone in his climb upward; Marty Lewis went with him. His reputation as a referee who was square and knew his business spread also, and he was no longer compelled to officiate at bouts between plugs and cripples. But there was one drawback in his success, and that was when Lewis had to referee bouts between Davey Barton and other fighters.

* * *

"BY this time Marty and Davey had become more than merely the best of pals: the older man looked upon the younger as his son, while Davey looked upon his older friend with all the respect and love that one usually expects from a son to a father. So you can imagine what hell it was for Marty when he had to officiate at a bout in which his adopted son took part.

"Every time Davey's opponent landed on him, it was Marty who really felt the pain, deep down in his heart. And then, to be truly sincere in his decisions, the referee had to be on the alert every second that the bout lasted so as not to let his love and prejudice play too much part when it came for him to decide who had won.

"I don't think you can appreciate the suffering Marty went through. Here! Suppose you were a judge, and your son were brought up to you to be tried on some serious charge, can you imagine what it would cost you to sit through the whole trial calmly, to listen coolly to the evidence, and then in the end to make your decision as though you were some stranger? Well, that was about the size of Marty Lewis's case. Wasn't much of a bed of roses, eh?

"And then along came that awful night. It was the biggest thing that had come across Davey's way yet. He was matched to fight Billy Walker, one of the best pieces of fighting machinery in his class.

"The fight had attracted considerable publicity all over the country, so that on the night of the affair there was a packed house waiting for the two boys to appear. Up till about ten o'clock the crowd stood for some preliminary plugs, and then began to demand the star bout.

"They got it, too. In about five minutes the two boys stepped over the ropes, where Marty Lewis, the referee of the bout, was already waiting for them. Did you ever feel it in your bones that something bad was going to happen?

"Lewis felt that way that night. He just didn't like the looks of things. Not that he thought the kid was in for a sure knock-out. There wasn't a person on this earth who had more confidence in Davey Barton than his best pal, Marty Lewis. Yet—well you know how it is.

"Billy Walker, as I think I told you, was one of the best pieces of fighting machinery in his class. He was very like the kid in many ways. He had speed, and lots of it; he could box; and he had a punch. Walker's one great advantage over Davey was his punch—it was terrific.

"The gong sounded, the two boys shook hands, and the bout was on. The fighters felt each other out for about a minute, exchanging taps every now and then. Walker now shot a stinger to Davey's jaw, and the fight was on for fair. The crowd yelled, Davey became more wary, and his opponent more aggressive. Walker feinted with his right and shot his left out for Barton's face.

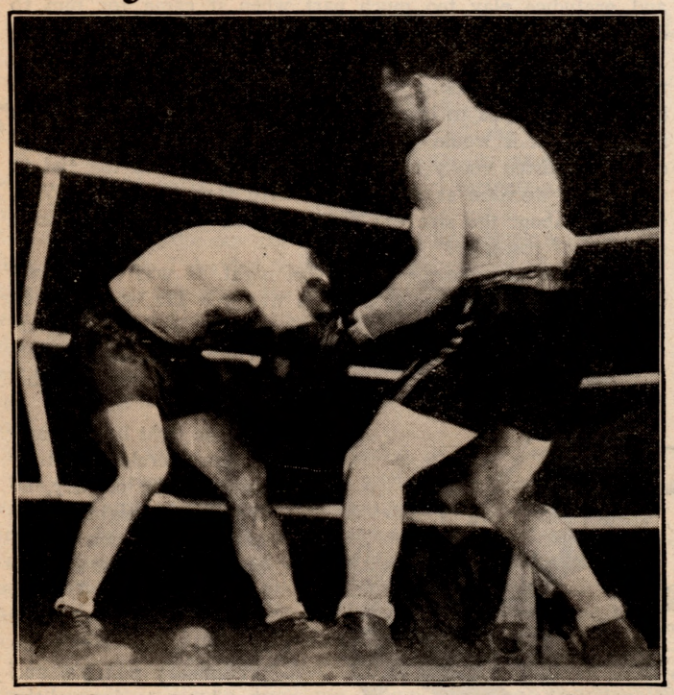
"The kid ducked, and answered two blows to Walker's face. Walker staggered, Barton followed up, and the boys clinched. Lewis separated the fighters, but the gong sounded, and the round was over.

* * *

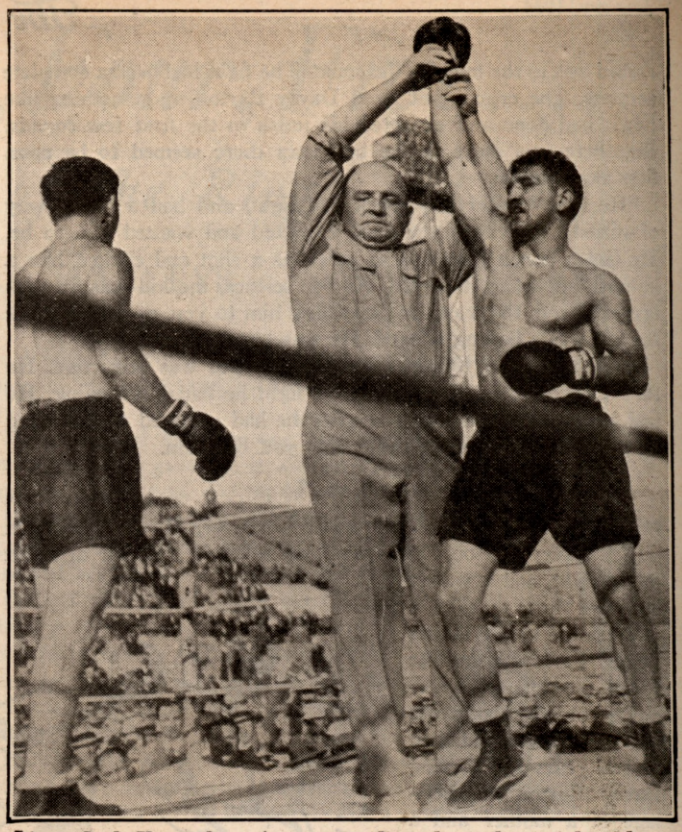
"THE minute of rest seemed like an hour to Marty Lewis. He still couldn't get over that funny feeling, and the fact that he couldn't explain or understand it got him on edge. Like most men connected with boxing, he was superstitious.

"The gong finally came, and Billy Walker and Davey Barton hopped up to meet each other. The *(Continued on page 44)*

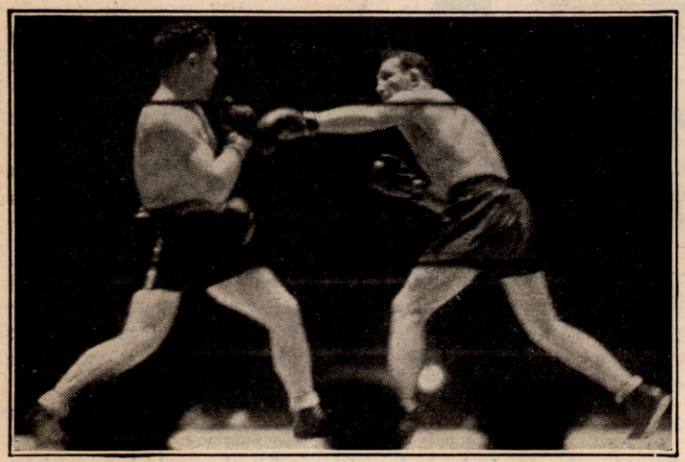
In the News of the Year



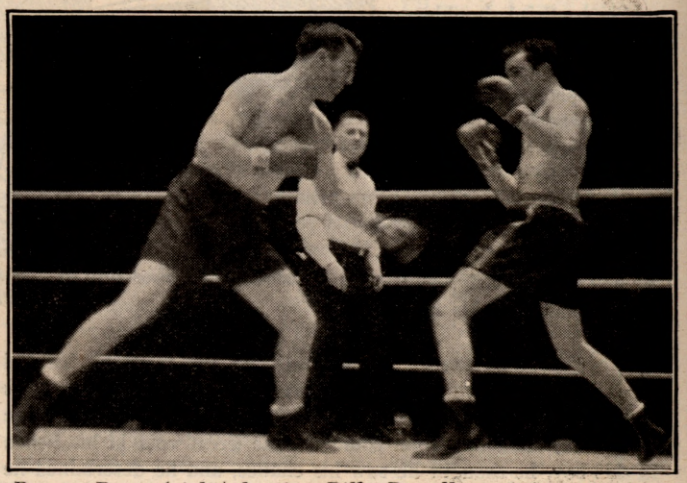
Primo Carnera beating Paulino in Italy in his first titular defense



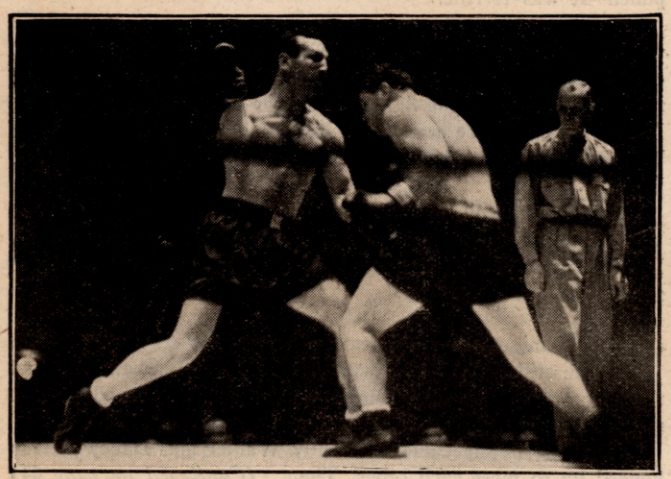
Lieut. Jack Kennedy, referee, awarding the welterweight title to Young Corbett III, the victor over Jackie Fields.



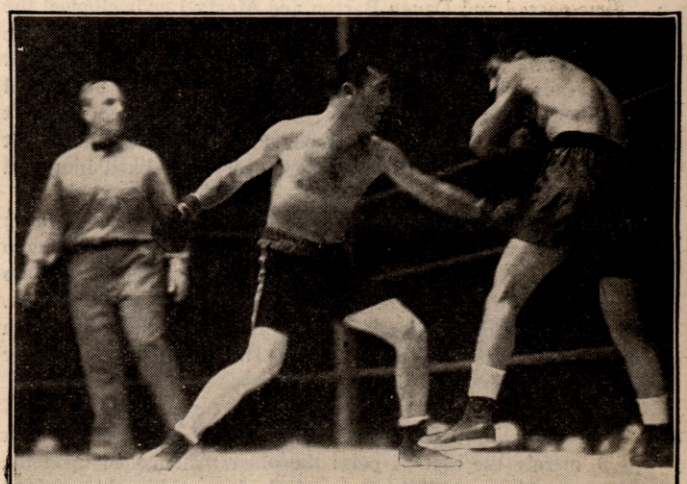
Maxie Rosenbloom, (right) in the act of outpunching and outslapping Adolph Heuser



Barney Ross, (right) beating Billy Petrolle to gain recognition as the outstanding lightweight contender.

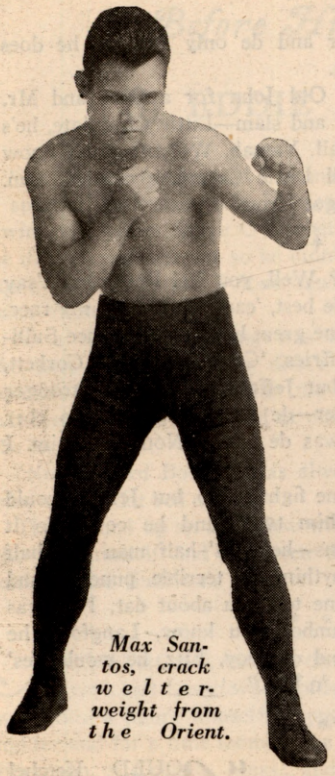


Mickey Walker taking a drubbing from Maxie Rosenbloom

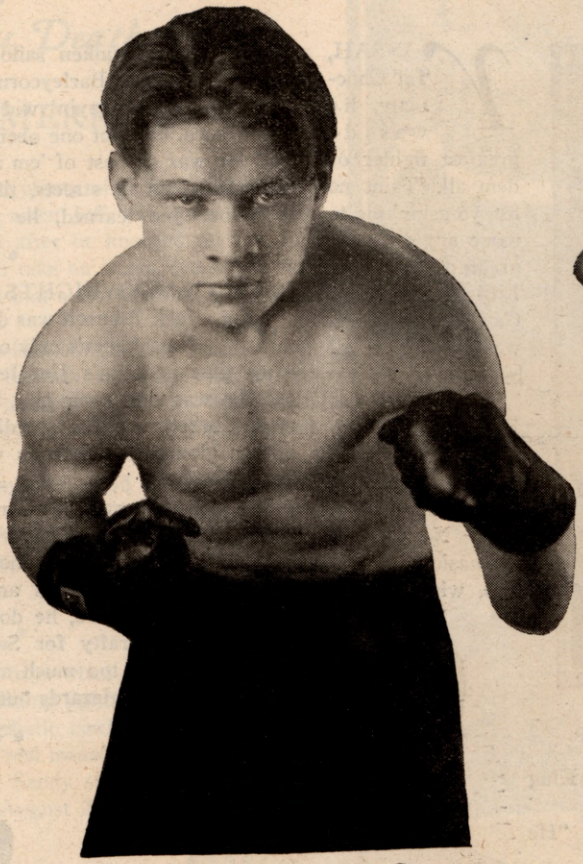


When the veteran Fargo Express staged another comeback. Billy Petrolle ready to throw his right against Bep Van Klaveren's ribs

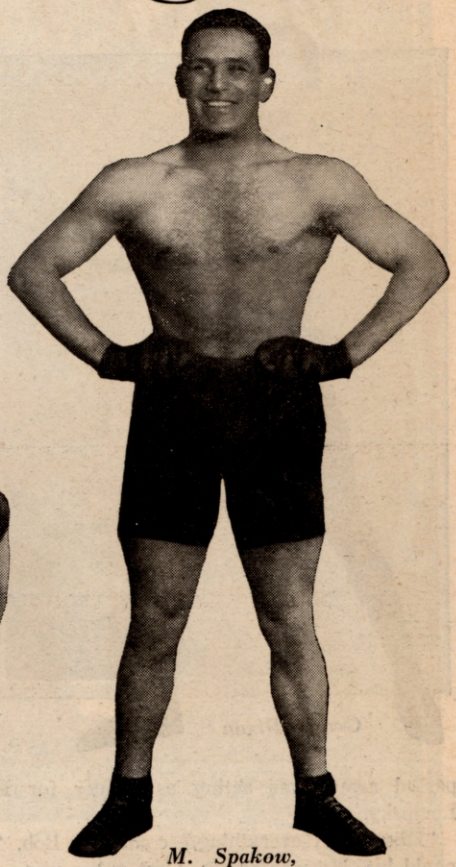
Formidable Foreigners



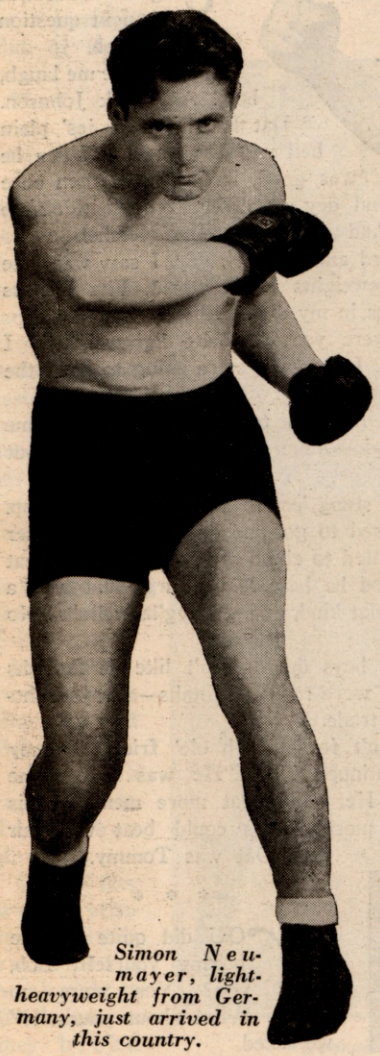
Max Santos, crack welterweight from the Orient.



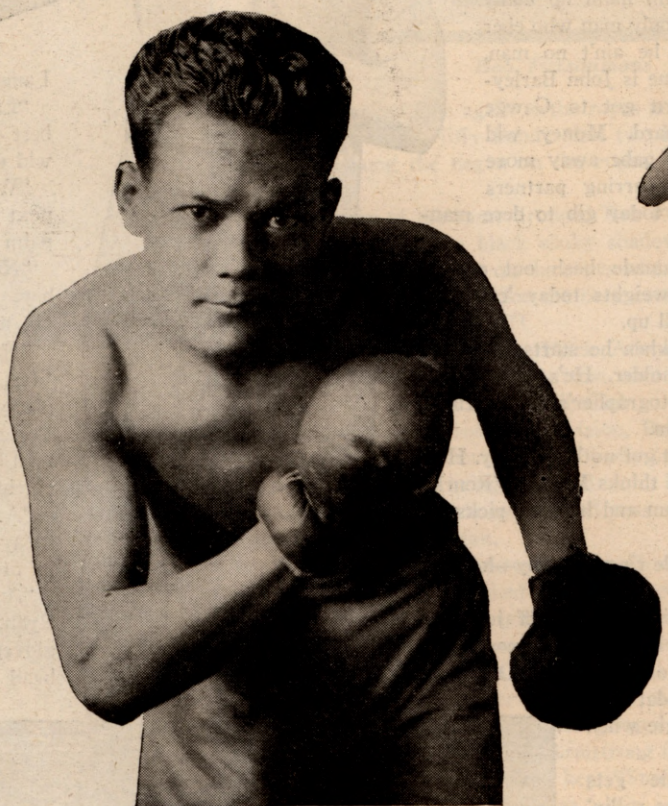
Young Rudy Holmes, recent German middleweight arrival.



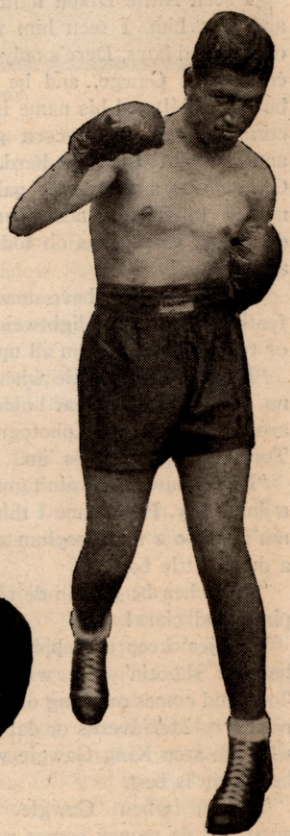
M. Spakow, heavyweight champion of Roumania.



Simon Neumayer, light-heavyweight from Germany, just arrived in this country.

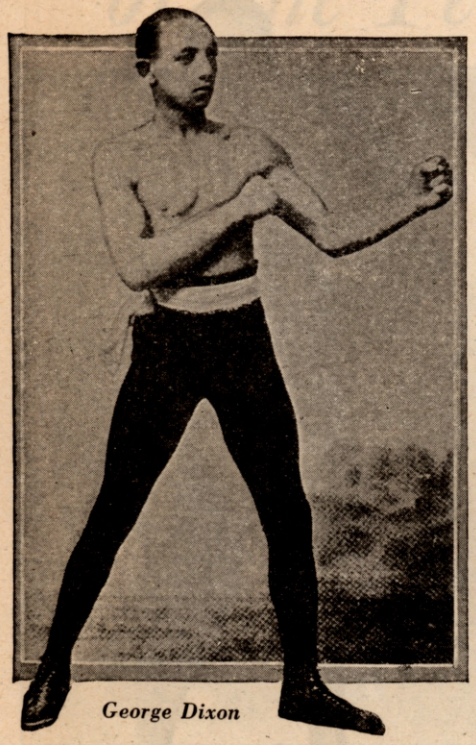


Johnny Chong, Chinese welter, living in New Orleans.



John Martin, Spanish lightweight entry.

"Lil' Chocolate" Best



George Dixon

YASSAH, 'Lil' Chocolate, he was de greatest fighter of dem all. 'Taint no use yo askin' me to name any more de greatest fightahs. Little Chocolate, Gawge Dixon, he was in a class all by himself."

The speaker was Bob Armstrong, and the scene of the interview was in the dressing room of a New York gymnasium where Bob, who recently passed away, was acting as trainer for King Levinsky.

"Dixon had everything," continued Bob. "He could hit. He was clever. Dere neber was and neber gwine to be anoder Little Chocolate.

"I seen Little Dixon fight Frankie Erne and beat him. I seen him maul up many odder good boys, Dere's only man who eber could beat Gawge, and he ain't no man, he's a debbil, and his name is John Barleycorn. Yassah, Barleycorn got to Gawge and he got to him hard. Money wid Gawge was a curse. He gabe away more money to friends and sparring partners dan most champeens ob today gib to dere managers.

"Gawge would have made hash out of the featherweights an' lightweights today 'cept one or two. He'd clean 'em all up.

"I 'membehs Gawgie when he starts out. He's no bigger dan a cigar-holder. He's workin' up aroun' Bawston in a photographer's when Mister Tom O'Rourke snakes 'im.

"Little Gawgie, he ain't got nothin' to say. He's a dumb boy. Fer a time I thinks Mister O'Rourke am goin' to a mute asylum and he done picks up a dumb little boy.

"But when he gets in de ring—oh, my—he's all pizen and class!

"He jes' keep a-drappin' dem all off jes' like he was shootin' dem wid a gun. Dixon goes 'long and comes out king of his division. Dey ain't no Terry McGoverns or dat kind who kin stop King Gawgie when he am at 'is best.

"Cawse when Gawgie gets good and de money comes rollin' in, he takes to puttin' on some dawg and dey ain't no one to discourage him. He spends his money like a drunken sailor and de only sparrin' he does good is wid John Barleycorn.

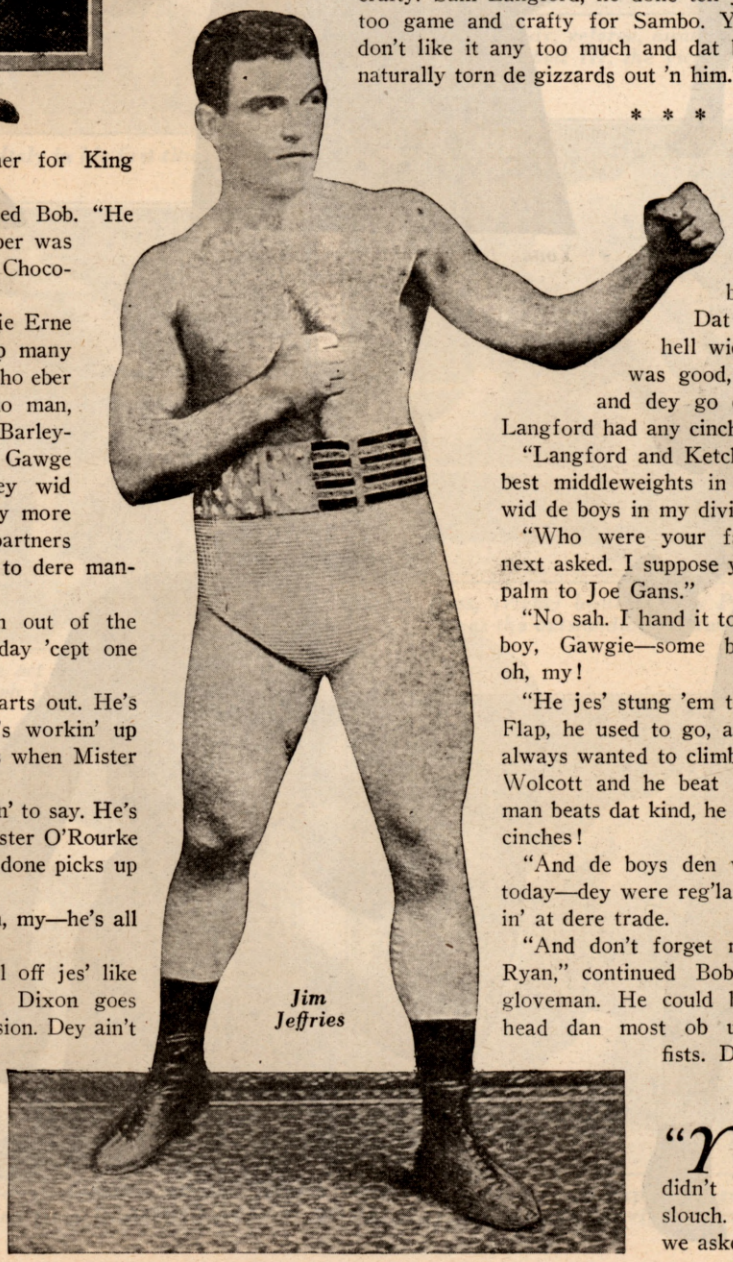
"Dixon keeps playin' wid Old John for a time, and Mr. Barleycorn, he's put one ober and slam—Little Chocolate, he's out. He was de best of 'em all. Yassah, Wolcott didn't know his way about de streets, till Little Chocolate coached him. Whateber Joe learned, he got from Dixon.

* * *

"HEAVYWEIGHTS? Well, you feel I'm gwine t'say Jack Johnson was de best, 'cause he's from my race. No sah, der's only one great heavyweight since Sullivan's time and dat's Jim Jeffries. 'Cose dah's Jim Corbett, an' Jim was sure some boy, but Jeffries was far de stronger man. Corbett was the speedier—de fastest human who eber put on gloves—but Jeffries was de hitter. None like him. I know.

"Fitzsimmons, yas, he's some fightah too, but Jeffries could always beat him. He beat him twice and he could do it twice again. That Fitzsimmons—he's jes' half man and half debbil. He was game as anything, a terrible puncher and crafty. Sam Langford, he done tell you about dat. Fitz was too game and crafty for Sambo. You know, Langford, he don't like it any too much and dat boy, Fitz, he would jes' naturally torn de gizzards out 'n him."

* * *



Jim Jeffries

"COULD Ketchel fight?" That was the next question popped at Bob.

"Don't make me laugh, boy! Ask Jack Johnson. Dat Ketchel, he's jes' plain hell wid dem gloves. When he was good, he jes' lams dem once and dey go down. I don't think no Langford had any cinch to beat Ketchel.

"Langford and Ketchel, dey, I say, were the best middleweights in de world. Fitz I class wid de boys in my division."

"Who were your favorite lightweights," I next asked. I suppose you're going to hand the palm to Joe Gans."

"No sah. I hand it to Gawgie Lavigne—some boy, Gawgie—some boy! Little fellah, but oh, my!

"He jes' stung 'em to death like a big wasp. Flap, he used to go, and de bird he was after always wanted to climb ober de ropes. He beat Wolcott and he beat Dick Burge and wen a man beats dat kind, he beats reg'lar fellahs! No cinches!

"And de boys den weren't like de fightahs today—dey were reg'lar fightahs—always fightin' at dere trade.

"And don't forget mah ole' frien', Tommy Ryan," continued Bob. "He was sure some gloveman. He could beat more men wid his head dan most ob us could beat wid our fists. Dat was Tommy."

* * *

"YOU did quite a little boxing yourself, Bob, didn't you? You were no slouch. What about yourself?" we asked.

Dixon, Fitz, Lavigne and Jeffries Were His Favorites, Said Bob Armstrong a Few Months Before His Death

By EDDIE MERRILL

"Yas, I boxed a lot and I trained plenty of de best white boys. I sparred ten rounds wid Jeffries when Jeff was good. He was gwine to take on Steve O'Donnell after he knocked me out, but he didn't knock me out so he didn't take on Steve. No sah, I was too good for him and I done hand him a big surprise so he goes back West."

As a finale, Armstrong was asked who in his opinion was the best finisher and he didn't hesitate to reply that in his opinion Peter Jackson was the greatest. Then he was asked whether he wasn't matched at one time to fight Fitz and ducked the issue.

"No," replied Bob, "I was always too good a matchmaker to mix up wid dat red debbil."

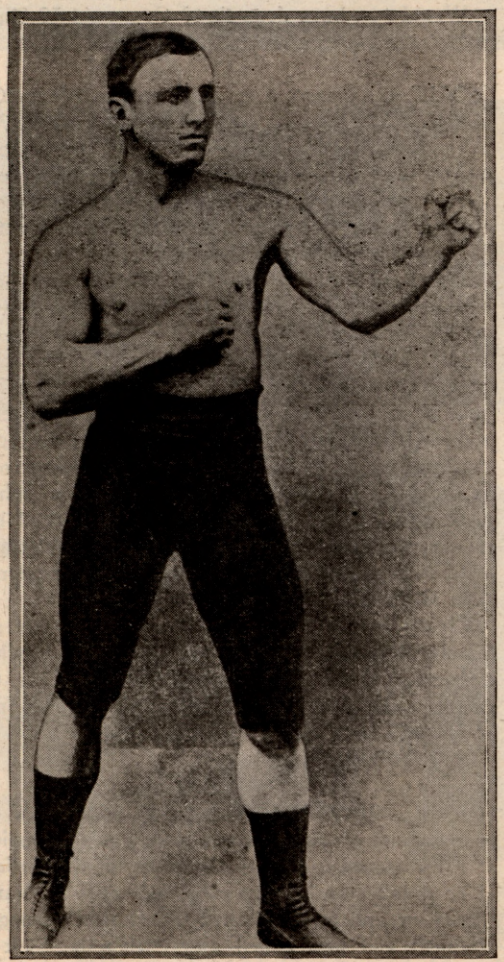
This wound up an interview with a man who had been through the mill himself and had seen the world's greatest fighters in action since Sullivan's time.

* * *

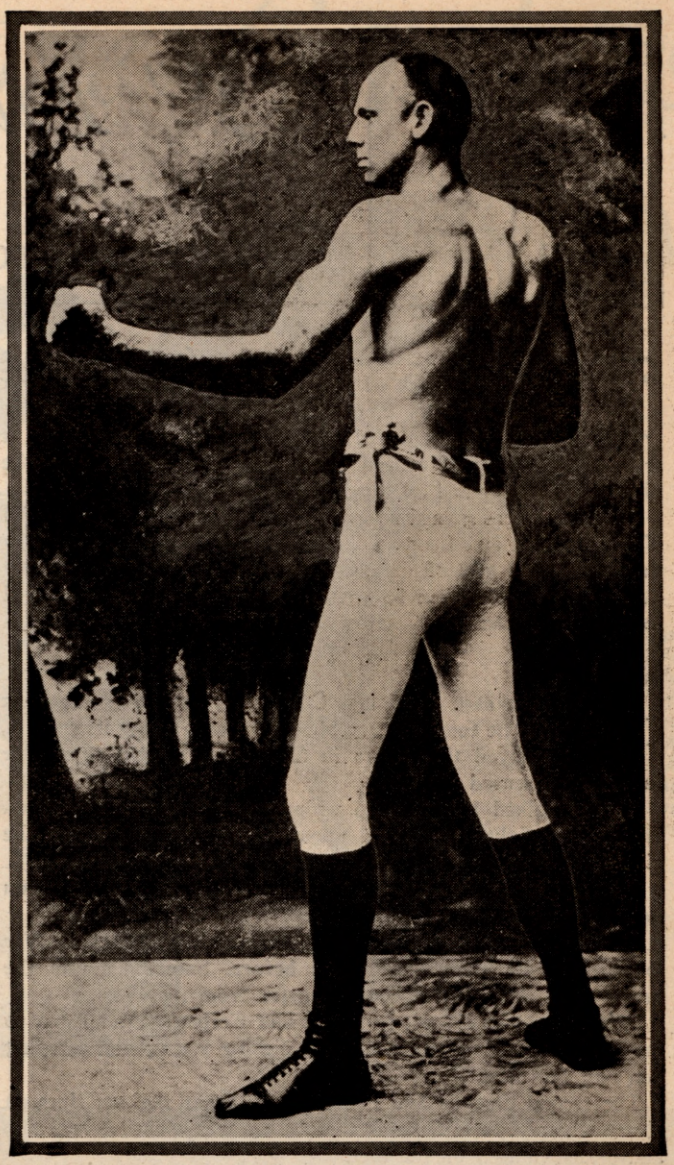
ARMSTRONG, back in the days when Jack Johnson, Walcott, and Langford were leading lights among the negroes, was quite a figure himself in pugilistic circles. Bob was a good fighter and for a time loomed as a real menace, until he met Sandy Ferguson of Chelsea, Mass., and Sandy sent him into slumberland in one round. That was on August 20, 1903, in the ring of the Tammany Club of Boston.

The fight should have gone twelve rounds, but Sandy would have none of that. "One or nothing," said Sandy, and one it was. Sandy rushed out and pasted a left on Bob's face. Bob swapped a left to Sandy's jaw. They roughed it to a corner and broke to the center again. Sandy jabbed a left to Armstrong's face and rushed Bob to the ropes with right and left. Then they clinched.

When they were separated, Sandy smashed a heavy right to Bob's jaw, as they broke.



George "Kid" Lavigne



Bob Fitzsimmons

Then he rushed Bob again to the ropes and the two slugged right there. Twice in a jiffy Sandy shot two hard lefts to Bob's face and then hung the negro on the ropes with a right and left to the head.

Two more of the same dropped Bob for the count of nine and when he arose like a black shaky shadow Sandy cut loose with both hands and laid him on the ropes where he measured him with a swift right to the jaw for the cozy corner.

Just one round, that's all!

Bob was known as the Black Adonis. One of the greatest fights he ever engaged in was that with "Stockings" Conroy, of Troy, at the Broadway Athletic Club.

Although he received the decision, Bob was more badly punished than his opponent. He was badly cut up about the face and narrowly escaped being knocked cold half a dozen times. He landed most blows, however, and was more scientific and that earned him the decision.

In the eleventh, Conroy's right closed Bob's left eye.

In the twelfth, a wicked right, flush to the mouth, almost put Armstrong out. A left again started the blood from his eye and he seemed to be going out, but Conroy was winded and slowed up, allowing the negro to clinch and stall the round out.

A wild right haymaker from Armstrong opened the thirteenth round and Conroy was knocked groggy when the punch landed flush on the point of his chin. Armstrong followed up his advantage and for the rest of the round kept "Stockings" on "queer street" with some wicked head punches.

From the fourteenth round on to the end of the twentieth, they fought toe to toe; first one and then the other staggered by a wild punch, but the other too tired to finish his man.

Now I'll Tell You

By THE STORY TELLER

TALKING oneself out of a tight fix in boxing is a recognized trick of the trade and has been used ever since the sport originated. In short, it's what, in the vernacular, is called "goat getting." Kid Coy tried it with success. Benny Leonard was a master in carrying out the plan. Leach Cross had no equal in the line of gab.

But no fighters gained so much through "goat getting" as did Young Corbett and Leonard. Leonard twice saved his crown by talking himself out of danger—once when he fought Charley White, and again when he was on the verge of being toppled over when he had Lew Tendler as his opponent.

* * *

IN the case of Young Corbett, he first tried the trick when he fought Terry McGovern and, noting its success, employed the tactics in almost every fight thereafter in which he sensed danger.

Corbett talked himself into whipping McGovern both times. In the first fight, he insisted upon McGovern getting into the ring first. McGovern objected.

"I'm the champion, and I'll do what I please," he said. "You get into that ring first."

Corbett laughed. Terry looked annoyed. Nobody had ever laughed at the Brooklyn Terror before. Something was the matter with this ruddy-faced youngster from the West.

"All right, kid, I'll get in first," said Corbett. "And listen to me—I'll get out first when they are picking you up and carrying you out, feet first."

The second time, in San Francisco, he began making slurs on Terry's home life. He knew that Terry was a model husband, and prided himself on the fact.

In the eleventh, Corbett made a particularly cutting slur, and McGovern lost his temper.

"D—— you," yelled McGovern. "I'll kill you for that."

He rushed in with his head up and his arms wide open. Corbett was inside his vicious swing, and both left and right went to the body and jaw, and McGovern was out.

* * *

A FEW years after Corbett had beaten the Brooklyn Terror for the second time, a charity affair was arranged in New York at which these two gamecocks were to be pitted against each other in an exhibition. On the morning of the mill, word was carried to Corbett that he was to be double-crossed, and that Terry would even matters with him by knocking Corbett out.

Corbett was informed that the best way to handle the situation would be to put one over on Terry's chin before McGovern could do that to him. Corbett looked pained as he listened to his friends, and then replied:

"Not me. I never double-cross my pals. I like Terry. He's the last man in the world to whom I would do such a thing and I know he won't do it to me."

And neither did.

A swell chap was Corbett, even though he didn't know how to choose his friends—real friends. Generous, game, with a heart as big as a house, he was an ace in boxing, but, unfortunately, the glamour of Broadway proved too much for him. His savings didn't last long, and he found it necessary in the last few years of his life to panhandle his way. Even his fare to his home, where he dropped dead from a heart attack, was paid by charitable friends.

But he had only a few of those. Like leeches, the kind that always flock about a public sports character when he is in the big money, they milked him bone dry, then cast him adrift to paddle his own canoe as best he could.

* * *

COLUMNS could be written on the bright side of Corbett's character. So far as his boxing career was concerned, he was as honest as the day is long, in his dealings with opponents and those who handled his affairs.

Kid Broad was fighting Eddie Hanlon in 'Frisco. Corbett bet one thousand dollars Broad would stay fifteen rounds. He was asked to referee, but told of the bet.

"That's all right, Corbett," said Hanlon. "You can bet a million dollars and still you are good enough for me as a referee."

Corbett refereed. In the fifteenth round, Broad was a sight. Hanlon had battered him to a pulp. The crowd yelled out to Corbett to stop the fight. Broad knew about the bet and was working to save Corbett's money.

"I'm all right, Bill," he yelled. "I can stick the fifteen and save the coin."

"I don't want money won that way," said Corbett. "I won't see you punished that way, Kid. Good-by to the thousand, for the fight is stopped."

He ordered the men out of the ring, lost his thousand, but saved a game man a terrific beating.

Would you have done that? Or would I? Think it over.

* * *

OUT in Chicago, a sergeant on the Windy City police force, Jack Moffat, one of the greatest middleweights of a past generation, has repeatedly displayed the same courage in the enforcement of the law that he did when he excelled as a fighter in the roped square. Stationed during the height of the prohibition days in a section where guns came in mighty handy to the bluecoats, while other officers depended on their firearms to curb the lawless, Moffat turned the trick on many occasions with his bare fists. And that is why Chicagoans have dubbed Jack "Chicago's Fighting Cop."

Jack Moffat was in his prime at the time that such middleweight stars as Jack Root, Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and others of ability were making their strides in the fistic profession, and, though Jack never reached the heights, it was only because of the caliber of men who were in the field in those days. Had Jack been fighting in this era, he undoubtedly would have gained the goal of his ambition—the middleweight championship. He was a terrific hitter and a pretty good boxer, and as for courage, they came no more fearless than Moffat.

Chicagoans remember Moffat best for his great fight with Tommy Ryan at Dubuque, August 1, 1899, in which Ryan gained the verdict at the end of twenty vicious rounds. On December 12 of that same year, New Yorkers saw him lose in a terrific eight-round mill with George Gardiner.

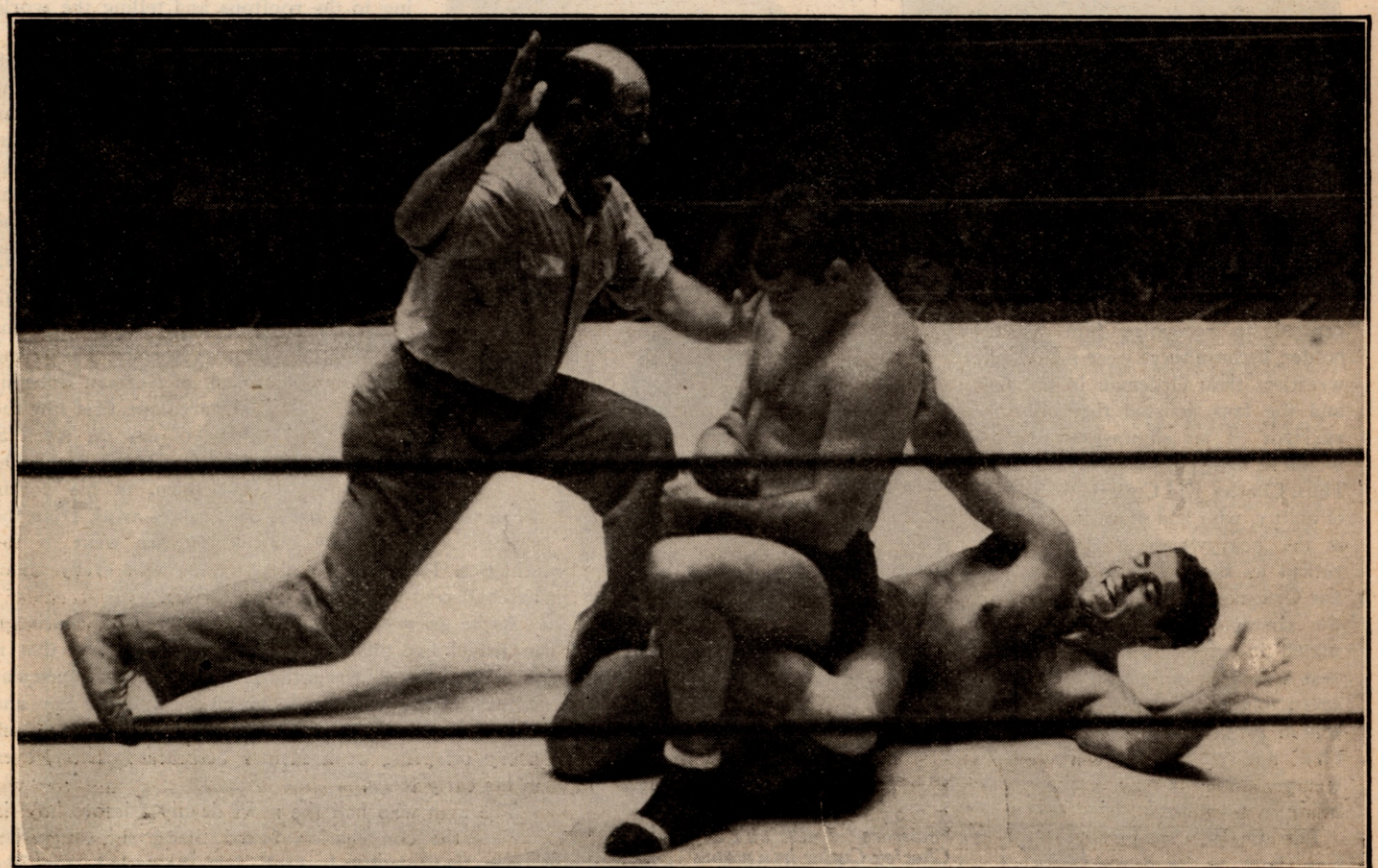
* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, finding Richard K. Fox on his trail because of his refusal to meet Fox's champion, Jake Kilrain, threatened to "knock the block off the *Police Gazette* owner if he didn't stop hurling silly challenges at him." But Fox was persistent and finally forced the Boston Strong Boy out of retirement and into added glory when he took the measure of Jake in their memorable battle at Richburg, Miss., on July 8, 1889, which Sullivan won in seventy-five rounds.

With the Bone-Crushers

A bevy of beauties from "Murder at the Vanities." They have a strangle, leg and arm hold on Sandor Szabo, but when it comes to getting a heart hold on the Hungarian Adonis, then he balks. Left to right, the girls are Ann Rothey, Anya Taranda, Ruth Hilliard, Eloise Joyce, and Leone Sedalo. Szabo doesn't seem to be in agony or in a hurry to break these holds.

An Airplane whirl practiced by a mat "balloon." Marty Levy, who scales only 525 pounds, is tuning up for his Boston wrestling debut with his sparring partner. Marty and Man Mountain Dean make a good pair of brewery horses.



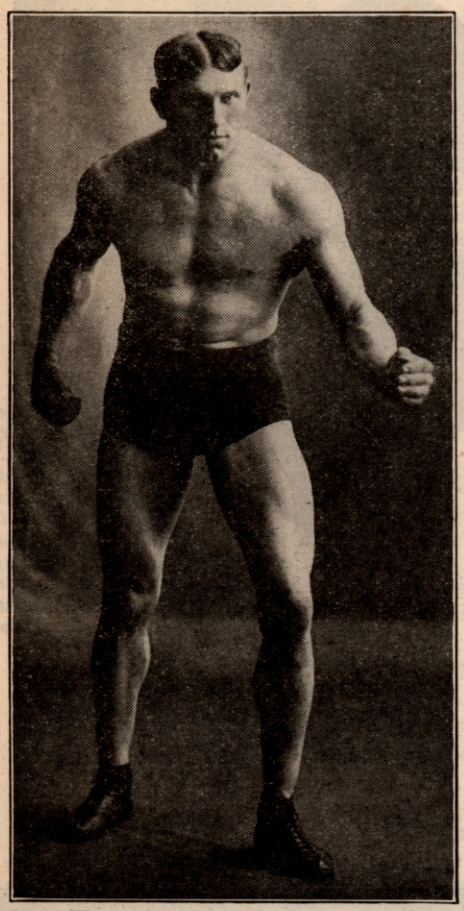
Sammy Stein practicing his favorite toe hold on Jumping Joe Savoldi in their recent match at Los Angeles.

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER XV

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)



Jesse Westergaard, to whom Gotch passed his crown when he retired.

IT will be remembered that when Frank Gotch retired as heavyweight champion of the world, taking a leaf from the Jeffries book, he decided he would do as did the Boilermaker when Jeff retired — pass the title along to a friend. He figured he had ring precedent in the action of the Californian and in other such cases in boxing, and he remarked: "If they can get away with that in boxing, why not in wrestling? I pass my crown in wrestling on to Jesse Westergaard." But he stipulated that Jesse would have to defeat Henry Ordeman, his challenger, to be generally recognized. Thus the match, as previously stated, was arranged and, much to the surprise and embarrassment of Gotch, his protégé, Westergaard, was defeated, and Ordeman became the champion.

However, as in boxing, the public refused to recognize him as titleholder, because there were many better wrestlers than Ordeman in the field, and the fans insisted that only the survivor of an elimination tourney would be hailed as Gotch's successor. Thus, Charles Kid Cutler, a wrestler of ability, who had made his mark in the heavyweight ranks, was picked as the logical opponent for Ordeman in a bout to decide the championship and, in a match in which Ordeman was tossed twice in thirty-seven minutes in Minneapolis in 1914, Cutler became the undisputed crown wearer. Cutler is now living in Chicago.

But Cutler's reign was short, as he was thrown by Dr. Roller, a young University of Pennsylvania football star and matman, and the title for a time seesawed between them, as they engaged in three bouts. Cutler won two of these matches and between July, 1914, and July 4, 1915, he twice held the crown.

Both Dr. Roller and Cutler were splendid wrestlers, but they failed to rank in the same class with Hackenschmidt and Gotch. Dr. Roller's reign as catch-as-catch-can champion was short and included titular bouts only with Cutler.

When Gotch gave up his title and Cutler won it from the man whom Frank had designated as his successor, Cutler's claim to world honors was a questionable one. In that respect, he held a "synthetic title," the same as does Jim Browning today, because of the many other claimants to the crown.

But when Cutler was matched with Joe Stecher, the young Nebraskan, the critics accepted that contest as for the world title. And, when Joe won the match, he was acclaimed throughout the world. Thus the championship again had an undisputed king, a man who was to rule on and off for some time and who, to this day, retains most of his skill and continues to be recognized as one of the leaders of his profession.

* * *

THE climb from obscurity to fame, in any of the more strenuous sports, is usually tortuous and attended by pain and sorrow, but Stecher accomplished it almost overnight by the discovery of the body-scissors hold, the first really new trick devised in this form of athletics in a century.

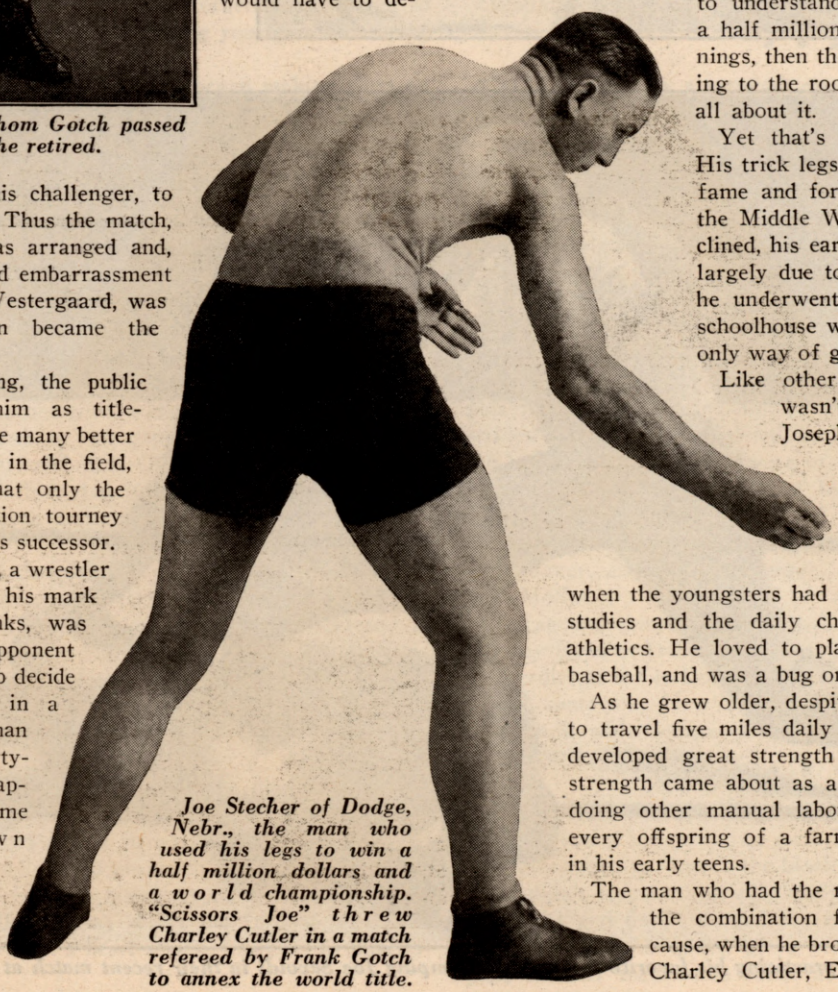
Marlene Dietrich's limbs made her a million dollars. For a young lady to make a fortune by reason of her legs is natural to understand. But when a man makes a half million dollars with his underpinnings, then there's good reason for climbing to the rooftops and telling the world all about it.

Yet that's exactly what Stecher did. His trick legs, sturdy as the oak, brought fame and fortune to the gladiator from the Middle West. Always athletically inclined, his early craving for athletics was largely due to the trials and tribulations he underwent as a youngster, when the schoolhouse was five miles away and the only way of getting there was his "dogs."

Like other sons of immigrants, life wasn't all milk and honey for Joseph James Stecher. The young man, of German-Bohemian parentage, first saw the light of day on April 5, 1896, at Dodge, Nebr. On the farm, in his youth, when the youngsters had a few hours away from the studies and the daily chores, Stecher went in for athletics. He loved to play tennis, was crazy about baseball, and was a bug on wrestling.

As he grew older, despite the fact that he continued to travel five miles daily to school, he found that it developed great strength in his legs. His muscular strength came about as a result of pitching hay and doing other manual labor on the farm, with which every offspring of a farmer becomes familiar, even in his early teens.

The man who had the most deadly scissors hold in the combination found the going tough because, when he broke into the racket, stars like Charley Cutler, Earl Caddock, the Zbyszkos,



Joe Stecher of Dodge, Nebr., the man who used his legs to win a half million dollars and a world championship. "Scissors Joe" threw Charley Cutler in a match refereed by Frank Gotch to annex the world title.

and other terrors were roaming about, mauling each other all around the canvas.

Yet Stecher opines that it was because of the great men he had to compete against that he made the headway he did. Singularly enough, it was brother Tony, who was also a grappler, who was the medium through which Joe broke his way into the sport in which he cut such a figure for twenty years. It was shortly after the "scissors king" had gotten a glimpse of the late Dr. B. F. Roller in action that the urge crept on him, more than ever, to forget all other sports but wrestling, and he trained daily with brother Tony.

It was in the early part of 1912 that Joe made his professional début, and his brother Tony was responsible for it. Matched with John Pevelky, giant Bohemian, for a bout in Dodge, Tony became ill, and Joe, then eighteen, substituted. He was the most amazed person in the hall when he pinned his opponent down with ease in a ten-minute struggle. The bout took place in the Y.M.C.A. in Fremont, Nebr. The hold he used had come naturally to him and he decided to develop it. "When I tossed my man," he said, "I never knew the value of my legs, for I used the hold merely as a lever to keep my opponent down. But eventually I learned that I had something others didn't possess, so I perfected it, and the hold gained fame and fortune for me."

Riding the ranges since early boyhood, mostly without saddle, he had unconsciously developed a strength in his thighs which could nearly crack the ribs of a horse. When he applied this grip in a wrestling bout, the eyes of his opponents quickly began to pop and, with Joe's arms free for other work, his victory was speedily accomplished.

* * *

IT was on July 5, 1915, that Stecher threw Cutler at Omaha, Nebr., in straight falls. (Frank Gotch was the referee.) The astonishing part of his victory was the short time it took him to down the man who was generally regarded as Gotch's successor. The first fall was gained in 17.09 and the second in 10.59.

Speaking of the victory of the "scissors king," for such he was dubbed after his triumph, because both falls were gained with that hold, Jabez Cross, sports authority of Omaha, said:

"An impetus has been given to the mat sport by the victory of Stecher over Cutler. Whereas the sport has been practically dead since Gotch's retirement, the rise of this young Nebraska giant will stimulate matters and bring out the cream of American and foreign talent. It is my prediction that it will take a marvel to beat Joe, and I think that even Gotch at his best would have had no cinch in tackling Stecher."

Before going into the championship match, let us hark back to the early days of the new mat king and see how he gained his fame.

Stecher's first real test came in the tilt with Cutler. It was a match in which his skill and strength were to be tested to the limit, and he fully realized that. He had never met a man of the caliber of Cutler, yet he went into the ring chuck-full of confidence.

The day that he weighed in for that bout, he looked a physical marvel. He was the athlete, every inch of him. He looked like a sculptor's model, so perfect was the contour of his body.

He did not possess the technique of Cutler, nor that of Gotch, but he did possess a new hold that he had developed and mastered and he was willing to pit that against the skill of any man in a test of wrestling prowess.

* * *

WITH Cutler, he had all the better of it in point of age, and also in condition, and, so far as the natural qualifications for the task before him were concerned, he had the better of that, also. All Cutler had to recommend him when he faced his youthful opponent was a good wrestling reputation, long experience, bulk, and a better technical knowledge of the finer points of the game.

That was all, and, as compared to the youthful Nebraska country boy's courage and ambition, it amounted to little. That was conclusively proved in that bout. But that does not mean that Stecher was able to toy with his man, for that is far from the truth. In fact, time and again during that short contest, Cutler raised his young giant and slammed him to the mat with force sufficient to break the back, but when it came to pinning Joe's shoulders to the mat, that was a horse of another color.

Soon after they got started, Stecher was tossed on his stomach and Cutler tried to turn him over with a hammer lock, but the sturdy youth, who was on the bottom, was too strong. Then Cutler raised him over his head and slammed him to the canvas, but before he had an opportunity to get a hold on him, Joe was out of range.

Several times that was repeated, and then Cutler got a half nelson and forced Joe down, but again Stecher was too strong and couldn't be turned on his back. Joe worked a scissors on his opponent but he couldn't hold it, and Cutler broke loose.

Joe then got a half nelson and quickly shifted to a hammer lock as Cutler fell to the canvas. Then ensued a tussle that lasted almost five minutes, first one of them, then the other, getting the upper hand.

Suddenly Joe whirled about, and, before Cutler could evade it, he was caught about the waist and tossed to the ground. With a snappy movement, Joe got on top of his man, and in a jiffy applied the deadly scissors from which, this time, Cutler couldn't break away. Slowly, but surely, Joe was forcing Cutler into submission. A little tug, then added pressure, and Cutler was flat on his back, with the first down for Stecher in 17.09.

The house went wild. Joe was a hot favorite in his home burg, and pandemonium reigned. The

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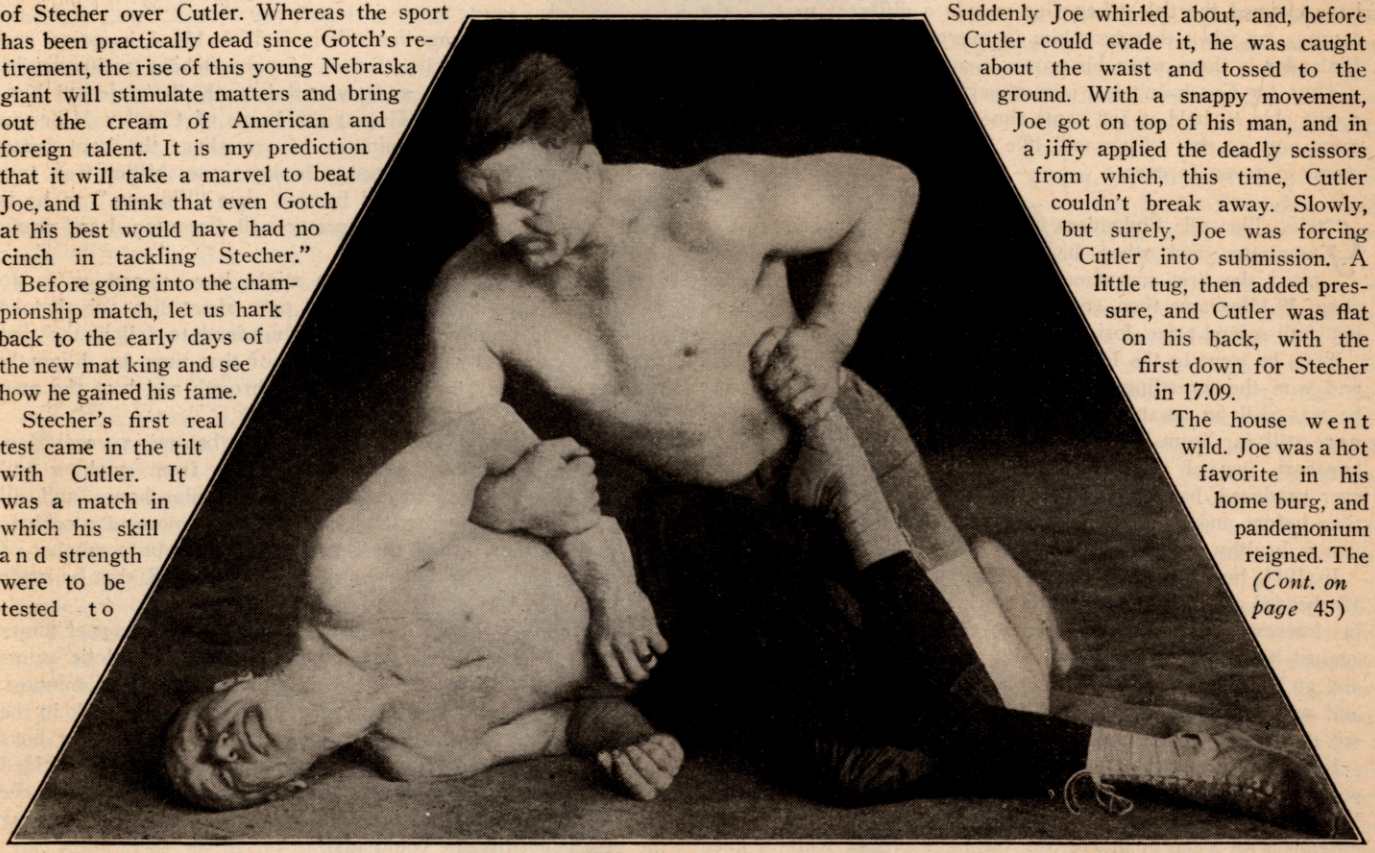


Charles Cutler, the man whom Stecher defeated, working a punishing combination toe hold and arm lock.

A Champion Unafraid

By LOU KLEWER

KING of all the middleweight wrestlers, Gus Kallio, the veteran Finlander, is one champion who is unafraid, one title-holder who needs no "policemen" to help him protect his title. True, he has lost several overweight bouts, but in championship mills he is the king. His is no championship won on a foul, on a disputed decision, or on some questionable teeth marks. His is a title won in long, grueling struggles on the wrestling mat with outstanding grapplers.

Gus forces his challengers to meet only two conditions before he agrees to tackle them. One is that they must post a forfeit to make 160 pounds for the match and the other that they make a side bet with Gus for the winner to take all. The side bet needn't be so much. Anything from about $250 up to $1000 and Gus will cover it with his own money.

Gus has taken on a number of challengers without that side bet and he has also tangled with a number of grapplers unable to come down to that 160-pound limit. Several times, challengers have claimed the title when Gus was in a different part of the country, or when they beat him in overweight tilts, but the old Finlander is there when his crown is at stake.

Thus far Gus hasn't lost any money defending his crown and seems able to hold it for some time to come. Challengers may come and go, but "Finegan," like Tennyson's old mill stream, seems to go on forever.

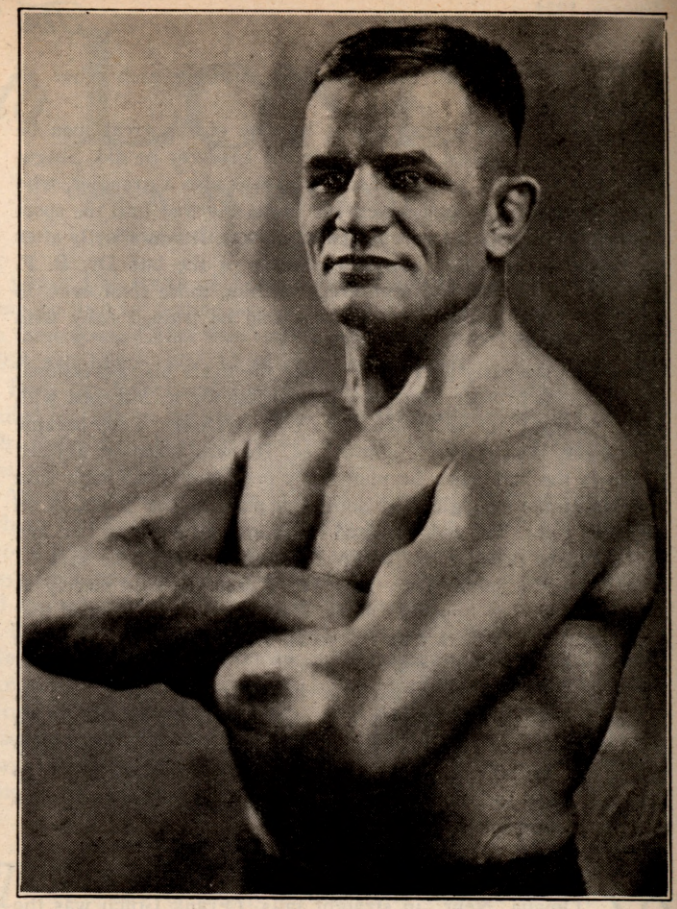
* * *

GUS, like all Finlanders, started wrestling when just a youngster and when he was but fifteen years old entered the first tournament at Oulu, Finland. He weighed about 49 kilograms then, entered the lightweight class, and came out with second prize, losing the decision on points.

Then he went to the Farmers' Agricultural School in Finland and won the wrestling championship there in all weights, but he was still an amateur, and thoughts of turning professional were still far from his mind. Waino Ketonen and Henry Karhunsaari, two of the greatest amateur wrestlers Finland had ever produced, had left Finland for the United States a short time before and had turned professional, but wrestling was still just a healthy, interesting, amateur sport to Kallio.

In 1914, however, Gus came to America to seek his fortune. He headed for North Dakota to work as a harvest hand. Soon his interest in wrestling led him to try his strength and speed against his fellow workers and with the local champion at Rolla and at Hansboro, N. D. He went to an hour draw in one match and won the other, and then, on July 4, 1915, Kallio took on any three men in the same afternoon and he won all bouts.

Kallio, following that feat, went to Minnesota to seek a match with George Johnson. He was pushed into a match with Pete Petcoff instead, and the Duluth grappler won the bout in 45 minutes with a toe hold. He tore the ligaments in Kallio's knee before the Finn gave up. Gus was little more than a lightweight then, weighing 140 pounds, while Petcoff was a legitimate middleweight. As soon as the knee was in shape, Gus got a match with Johnson at Menagha, Minn. Johnson beat Gus Kallio then headed back to the soil, this time going to Frederick, S. D.



Gus Kallio, middleweight champion of the world.

* * *

THE wrestling bug was still in Kallio's blood, however, and he tackled Charley Sutter, South Dakota welterweight champion. They fought a draw and later Kallio defeated him. Then came a defeat for Gus at the hands of Charley Miller in an hour and forty-two minutes of wrestling, the bout being stopped when Kallio sustained a broken nose. Miller won two more bouts from Kallio, and by that time "Finegan," as he is called by many grapplers, was pretty well discouraged and ready to throw up the sponge.

Gus thought that his condition might have something to do with the defeats, so he put himself on a strict diet, one that he still sticks to pretty closely. Gus determined to follow the diet for two years and see if, at the end of that time, by diligently training every day, he couldn't come through and beat the men who had beaten him before.

So in 1916 and 1917, Gus started. He became a vegetarian, and shunned all meats. He abstained also from smoking and drinking; didn't go to any dances, kept regular hours, and, all in all, no monk in a monastery ever lived any more of a celibate life than did Gus during those two years. He won a number of minor matches, but it wasn't until the fall of 1918, that he made real headway.

From South Dakota, Gus went up to work in the copper mines of Upper Michigan and, while there, one of his athletic stunts was winning a three-mile cross-country race in 17½ minutes. From there he went to a little town in Montana to work in the coal mines and operated a gym on the side and taught boys and young men wrestling and gymnastics. He finally decided to give professional wrestling a real whirl, to prosper or starve by wrestling alone, and in May, 1919, he left Montana, seeking the best opposition he could find.

(*Continued on page* 45)

JOE BONOMO "The Candy Kid"

By MIKE COHN

Joe Bonomo, "The Candy Kid," as he appeared while in Hollywood.

IF Joe Bonomo, the newest recruit to wrestling, fails to make a mark in the grappling world, it will not be because of negligence—nor will it be because of a lack of endurance and stamina. A scion of the famous candy family of that name, Joe began wrestling with taffy when he was six years old and a few years later hauled cases of confectionery like a veteran teamster.

That is where the youngster gained his phenomenal strength and physique which eventually gained for him first prize in the Apollo Contest and a ten-week motion picture contract in Hollywood. He played the rôle of the Adonis opposite Hope Hampton in "The Light in a Dark," which starred the late Lon Chaney. But that is getting ahead of our story.

Bonomo is proud of the fact that he is Brooklyn-born and Brooklyn-bred. He graduated from Erasmus Hall High School where he was a six-letter athlete and carried this prowess to the New York Military Academy where he began taking a serious interest in wrestling under the tutelage of Tom Jenkins, who is the mat coach of that institution, as well as at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

* * *

JOE was born at Coney Island on Christmas Day, 1902. He was the first-born son of the candy manufacturer at the seashore resort and immediately was rechristened "The Candy Kid." That sobriquet followed him in his public school days and he became so popular with his school chums, that he was elected captain of every athletic team he made.

Following his graduation from Erasmus, he organized a professional football team which he called the Van Sicklins. He piloted his eleven to such heights, that the Van Sicklins came to be one of the outstanding semi-professional teams in Brooklyn. Joe got as much fun out of managing his gridiron squad as he did learning the intricate holds of wrestling under Jenkins at the New York M. A. It was that leadership that inspired him to run the team during his prep school days.

That same inspiring force is responsible for 12,000 Joe Bonomo Boys' Clubs throughout the United States, which he began organizing soon after he was graduated from the Military Academy. Physical culture is second nature with Joe and during his spare moments in Hollywood he gave health-building courses over the radio. His responses were so great, that he organized the boys' clubs all over the country which now bear his name.

* * *

HE avers that wrestling is one of the greatest body builders, as well as mind developers of all sports. He should know, for he has engaged in 120 contests. Most of Bonomo's matches were held in the so-called "sticks" and he now is ready for the big-time circuit.

With his advent in the major league, Bonomo brings with him another spectacular aerial hold which has done so much to speed up the game during the past ten years. Joe calls his grip the "bear hug" which he follows with a body slam for a pinning fall. The "bear hug," according to mat critics who have seen Bonomo apply it, is a full-nelson in reverse gear and one which requires great strength to become effective. There is no gainsaying Joe's strength as he proved this by his Herculean feats while doing stunts for the cinema in California.

Bonomo does not depend entirely on his pet hold as he has shown that he is adept in nearly every hold known to wrestling. His one big advantage on his opponents is his almost supernatural strength which he has been building up almost from the day he was born.

Bonomo will be a welcome addition to the mat ranks as he is of the new school of grapplers in whom the public is interested. His "bear hug" is a thriller and is sure to be copied by seasoned grapplers.

Joe's path to the top however, which he hopes some day to gain, will not be a roller-skating rink, as there are several hundred other ambitious youngsters with the same idea and he will have to go through the eliminations in the same way as his competitors in order to reach the top.

When Bonomo finds work a pleasure

LONDOS CLEVEREST

ANDREW LUTZE—ever heard of him? No, he's not a brother of Nick, the famed matman who recently thrilled 12,000 wrestling fans with his superb exhibition against Don George in Madison Square Garden. He's not even related to Nick, the bronze-skinned, handsomely built wrestler who hails from California. I'll give you another guess. Wrong again! Well, here goes—

Andrew Lutze is none other than Paul Jones, Houston, Texas, mat star who operates throughout the country under the Jim Londos banner. How come that Paul and Andrew are one and the same person? It's a long tale, mates, but if you bear with me, I'll record it here for your benefit.

About forty years ago there emigrated from Germany to this country a young man, who, deciding that the new world offered greater prospects than the old, made the trip across in steerage, went to Texas, and there settled down with his wife to ply his trade, that of carpenter. He realized his shortcomings and when he became the father of a sturdy boy, he decided that the lad, Jacob, Jr., should fare better than did his dad, as far as education was concerned.

But when a second son, named Andrew, was brought into the world, dad Lutze found the going too tough, and, after Jacob, Jr., had passed his freshman year in college, Andrew was forced to quit grammar school to enable his brother to complete his course. Andrew became a carpenter's apprentice and worked with dad, and today he thanks his lucky stars for having been tossed into that situation, for while brother Jacob received his diploma and is a mail clerk in Houston, Andrew, listed in the sports world as Paul Jones, has amassed a fortune of more than $100,000 as a grappler.

"Yes, Junior got the brains," Jones laughed when telling his story, "but I strengthened my back and leg and arm muscles and now I've got the sugar.

* * *

"I NEVER dreamt that some day my name would be spread over the sports pages as a headliner in wrestling. When Junior had gone part way through college, I had an idea that I also would like to go back to school, and I was fully prepared to quit work and matriculate at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis to study for the Lutheran ministry. But one day I was in Lincoln, Nebr., and I attended a wrestling match at which a young fellow called Peter Sauer was performing, and I took a fancy to the sport. Pete was billed against Clarence Ecklund, then world's light-heavyweight champion, and won the title and with it, a purse of $250. When I heard that Sauer, who now wrestles under the name of Ray Steele, had received that sum for the fun of beating his man, I wondered how long that had been going on and immediately I changed my mind and decided I, too, would try to earn such easy money.

"I say fun, because I always loved to wrestle. I had a powerful back and strong arms and legs and from my youth I was always proficient in the grappling art. Then and there, I decided that wrestling would be my future vocation. I was then working in the stock room of the Burlington Railroad and later as the chief storekeeper of the road. During my spare time, I visited the gym and worked hard to develop my body.

"I forgot all about the ambition to become a preacher and set out to win my spurs as a mat star. I trained at the Y.M.C.A., entered the A.A.U. state and national championship meets, and carried off many prizes for the "Y," including the light-heavyweight championship of Lincoln. For three successive years, I carried off the state title in both the heavyweight sections. That made me feel that I was all set for the pro ranks, and, with the third victory, I decided to give up my amateur status and try the money ranks.

* * *

"I BROKE into the pro game in a match with a barber named Ralph Ferris, a war veteran who had been cleaning up in our section. It was on a Christmas Eve that I faced him, and it was the first Christmas Eve I had ever been away from home, and, naturally, I went into the ring a scared man. The promoter, seeing my condition, said in a loud voice, so that all the boys could hear him: 'Now, Ralph, don't hurt this boy. Take it easy with him.' That made me so mad I went into the ring with fire in my eyes. It took me less than twenty-five minutes to toss that bird, both times with a scissors hold, my favorite to this day.

"During the winter of 1921 I met Ecklund, personally, for the first time and he advised me to come out to his ranch at Buffalo, Wyo., and let him train me. It was a grand idea—for Ecklund! He got a free cow hand, and in turn taught me a few leverages, but after ten months I quit and returned home and resumed wrestling. I beat twenty or thirty men in unimportant matches and finally was offered a match with Charles Rentrop, heavyweight champion of the South, in Houston, Texas. St. Louis fans know him as a referee.

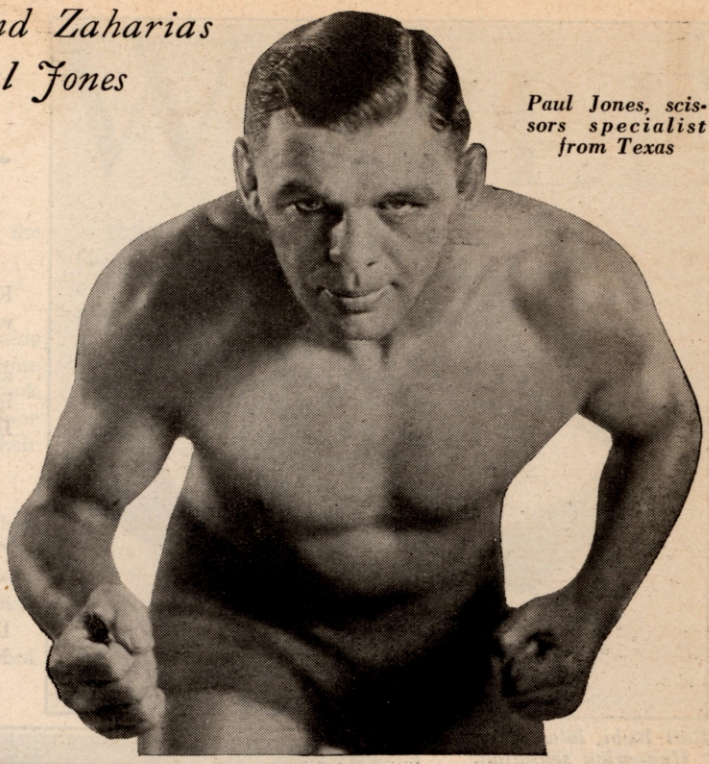
"The match was made over long distance telephone, and marked the first time I ever talked over long distance. The promoter said he did not like the name of Andrew Lutze. 'You're coming down South and should have a good American name,' he said. The only American names I could think of on the instant were George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and John Paul Jones, so I said, 'Call me Paul Jones,' and I've been Paul Jones ever since.

"I beat Rentrop and was paid $300. I bought a city lot in Houston

Jim Londos, rated cleverest by Paul Jones

Strangler Lewis is the Strongest and Zaharias the Roughest Wrestler, Says Paul Jones

By HARRY HOOPER



Paul Jones, scissors specialist from Texas

with $275 of my first $300, and I've been buying real estate there ever since. Recently I engaged in the floral business in Houston, where I make my home, but that venture cost me about $20,000.

* * *

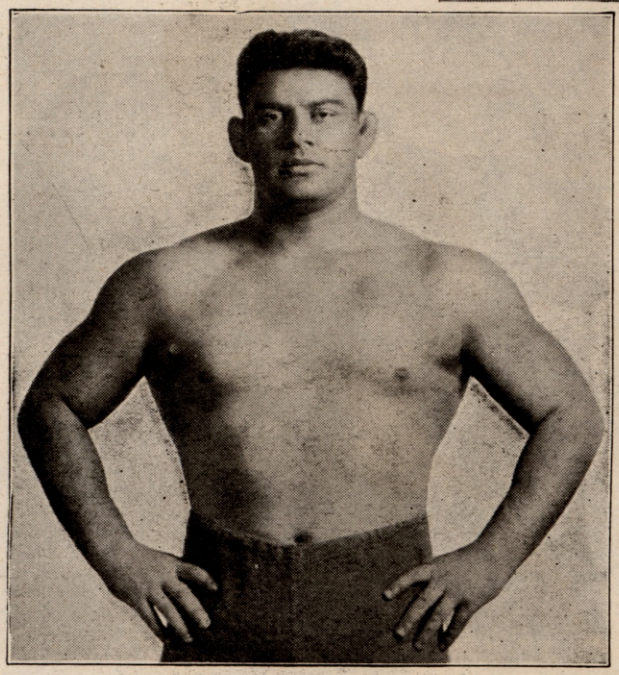
"I REMAINED in the South for the next two years, wrestling in Houston, Dallas and other Texas cities, and never lost a match until I met Ed Lewis in a championship battle in 1924. After he beat me I went to the Pacific Coast and among my victims out there were George Kotsonoros, Nick Lutz, and John Pesek.

"I am one of the few men who have defeated Pesek, others being Lewis, Londos, and Stecher.

"When I was in Los Angeles, a St. Louis promoter, Tom Packs, saw me wrestle and invited me to come to the Mound City. In my first match there, back in 1927, I beat Ray Steele in thirty-two minutes with a hook scissors. Then I defeated Allen Eustace, Dick Daviscourt, and Rudy Dusek in St. Louis and was matched with Stecher in a championship bout.

"It was a thrilling match and the great crowd was wild. Stecher won the first fall and I won the second. During the third fall I had him in a scissors and he was groaning in agony—a beaten man. Then, with the championship in my grasp Stecher worked his way to the ropes and dragged me from the ring. He fell on top of me, and I hit the concrete so hard I was badly injured. He defeated me with ease in the next few minutes and retained his title.

"Since that time I have traveled from coast to coast dozens of times, meeting the best men in the business. I have wrestled Londos six times and the nearest I ever came to beating him was in Los Angeles when we wrestled two hours and fifteen minutes to a draw. The newspaper writers gave me the decision.



George Zaharias, the roughest matman

"I have never been seriously injured, although I've had my knees pulled out of joint, have suffered black eyes a dozen times, and have had a total of eighteen stitches taken in my lips. The longest I ever was incapacitated was four or five days when I suffered an infection resulting from friction on the mat that caused a burn. Blackened eyes mean nothing in these days of rough-and-tumble wrestling."

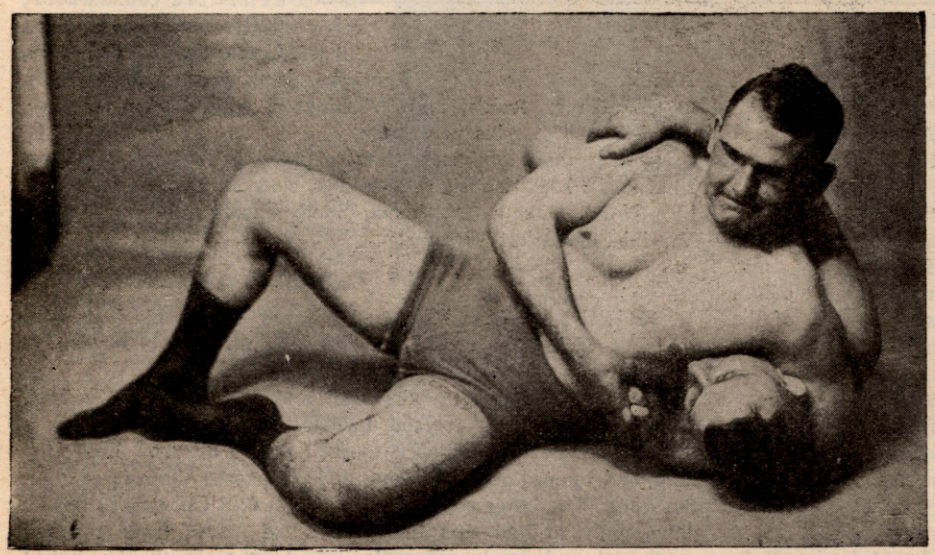
* * *

JIM LONDOS, according to Jones, is by far the cleverest wrestler in the business today. Jones declares that there isn't a man in wrestling who possesses the bag of tricks of the Greek idol, although Everett Marshall, he thinks, is close behind in that respect.

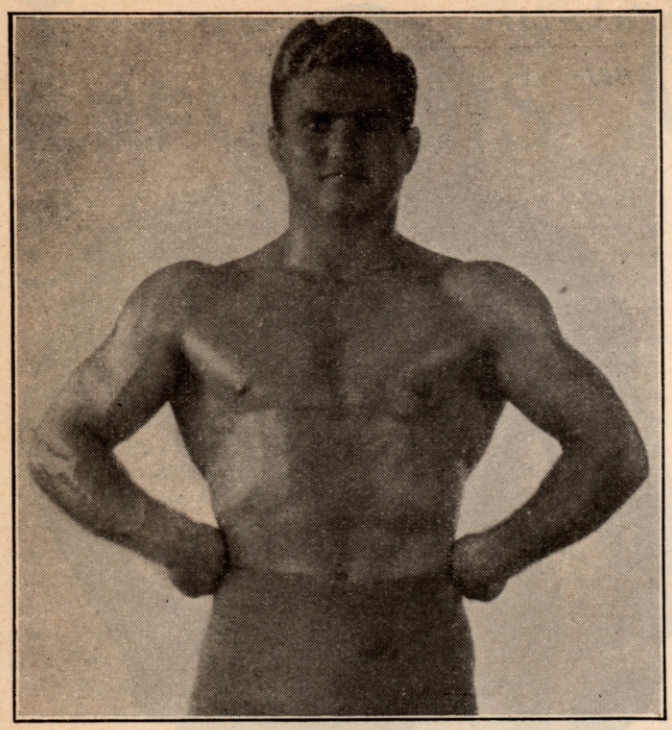
To Strangler Lewis he attributes the greatest strength. "Lewis," says Jones, "is so powerful that when he gets a firm head-lock on you, your head swims and the pain is terrific."

For the roughest man in the ring, he selects Rudy Dusek and Zaharias, with the latter placed in a class by himself. According to Jones, it is far safer to wrestle a "bad" man than it is to face a man of science, and he would rather tackle Dusek or Zaharias every night in a week than to wrestle Londos twice a month.

"If I had my way, I would eliminate all this rough stuff. It is not part of wrestling and, other than a showmanship ruse, it means nothing. Unfortunately, the crowd has become accustomed to seeing the roughnecks choke an opponent, batter him with butting, kick him in the stomach with the knees, use the illegal strangle hold, slap, and punch, and use the flying tackle to pin their man.



Strangler Lewis, strongest of present-day wrestlers

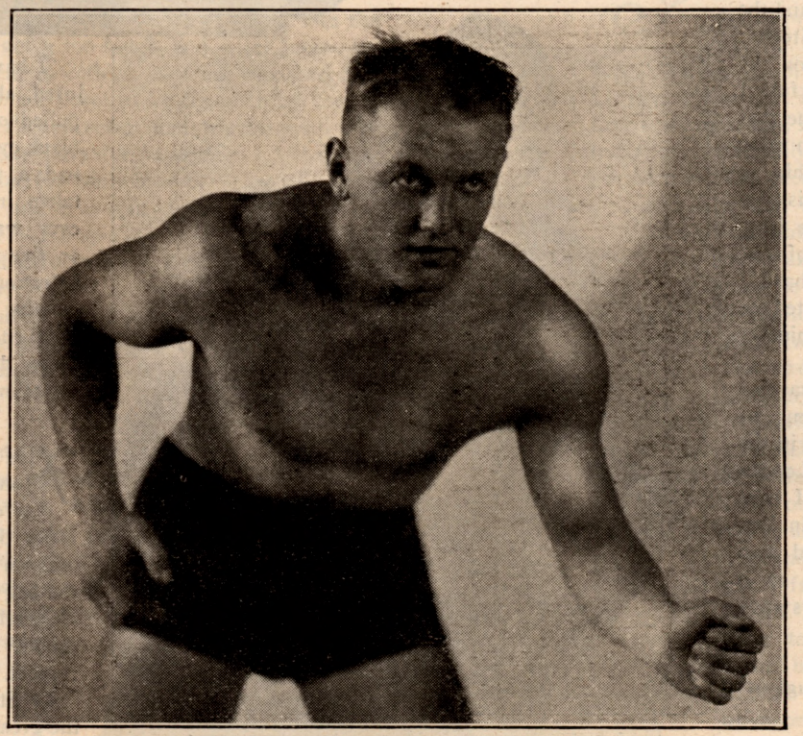


Bert Rubi, latest young Hungarian sensation.

NEWS *of*

By "TEX" AUSTIN

IN the last issue of THE RING, we gave our readers the first annual ranking of wrestlers, something never before attempted by any publication, and judging by the number of letters we received from all over the world, particularly from members of boxing commissions, THE RING is to be complimented on its fine selections. For example, our readers will recall that we chose Jim Browning first; Jim Londos second, and Don George third, in our list, and although we did not consider the status of these three wrestlers as far as championship recognition was concerned in the various states, we were elated to find that our rating met with world-wide approval.



Stanley Sokolis, Pennsylvania star, is grid ace and life-saver.

A letter from Canada shows that Jim Browning has been honored in that territory by being given first ranking, and messages from various states in our country show that twenty-two states have acclaimed Browning the king-pin.

Jim Londos received the nomination in only nine states, and Don George in six. Thus THE RING'S rating for 1933 stands out.

Browning came through a stiff month's campaign with colors flying. The Missouri gentleman-farmer makes the rounds of the U. S. and Canada without a loss to mar his record since ascending the throne through his win over Strangler Lewis. Regardless of whatever else may be said about Browning, no one will deny that he is a skilled and clever grappler and fearless. He'll meet any one. He may not possess as much color as some of the others, but what he lacks along those lines, he more than makes up for in ability and willingness.

Londos, recipient of second honors in our ranking, has started off on another country-wide tour of victories after defeating Kola Kwariani before his countrymen in Greece. He and Browning will meet soon as the Londos and Curley groups have combined.

Don George, who captured third honors, invaded New York and showed plenty of class and skill in time-limit affairs. George is a fast, clever, and clean matman, and will probably meet Browning in a finish match before the summer's over.

* * *

HERE is the way the various commissions answered when asked whom they recognized as world champion in their locality.

Browning is recognized as champion in the following states and localities: Arkansas, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming, and all of Canada, including the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia.

The National Wrestling Association claims support in Mississippi, but there is no mat competition in that state. Mississippi falls into line because Harry J. Landry, President of the N. W. A., resides at Friars Point, Miss. Other N. W. A. states which recognize Londos are Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, and Pennsylvania.

George is the champion in Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont.

The following states regulate the sport through athletic commissions; California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Pennsylvania, and Washington, and Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia in Canada.

No recognition is given in thirteen States as follows: Alabama, Florida, Idaho, Mississippi, Montana, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Virginia, and West Virginia.

* * *

CHIEF CHEWACKI pulled a funny one in his bout with Pat O'Shocker recently and wound up with a suspension in Indiana.

Chewacki had won the first fall and O'Shocker the second. When they came out for the third fall, the Chief clamped on a leg scissors. Pat writhed as if touched with a hot iron, broke the hold, and jumped out of the ring and tried to let the referee in on the secret. The latter quit counting and yanked Chewacki's trunks down, only to find that the Indian had placed tacks through cardboard and sandpaper under his trunks. It took a police

the MAT WORLD

escort to safely convey Chewacki to his dressing room, the fans yelping for the redskin's scalp.

* * *

That never-ending controversy of boxer vs. wrestler remains as complicated as ever. In the latest edition, the wrestler came out on top. Dory Roche, barrel-chested Pennsylvania miner took on Jack League, the man who had Primo Carnera on the floor seven times, and pinned him in the second round of their mixed bout.

* * *

Thanksgiving Day saw the advent of professional football in Canada when Toronto faced the Chiefs. Playing for the Toronto team were the well-known Joe Savoldi, Lionel Conacher, and Mayes McLain. Thirteen thousand fans saw these grappling grid stars tote the pigskin.

McLain was one of the greatest football stars ever turned out in the Mid-West, when fighting for dear old Iowa. Conacher is the greatest all-around athlete ever turned out in Canada, while Savoldi and Notre Dame are synonymous.

* * *

JACK KENNEDY, young Chicago light-heavyweight, scored two wins over Gus Kallio, recognized middleweight champ, in Benton Harbor bouts, the first when Kallio was disqualified for slugging.

All the dentists in Benton Harbor attended the return match.

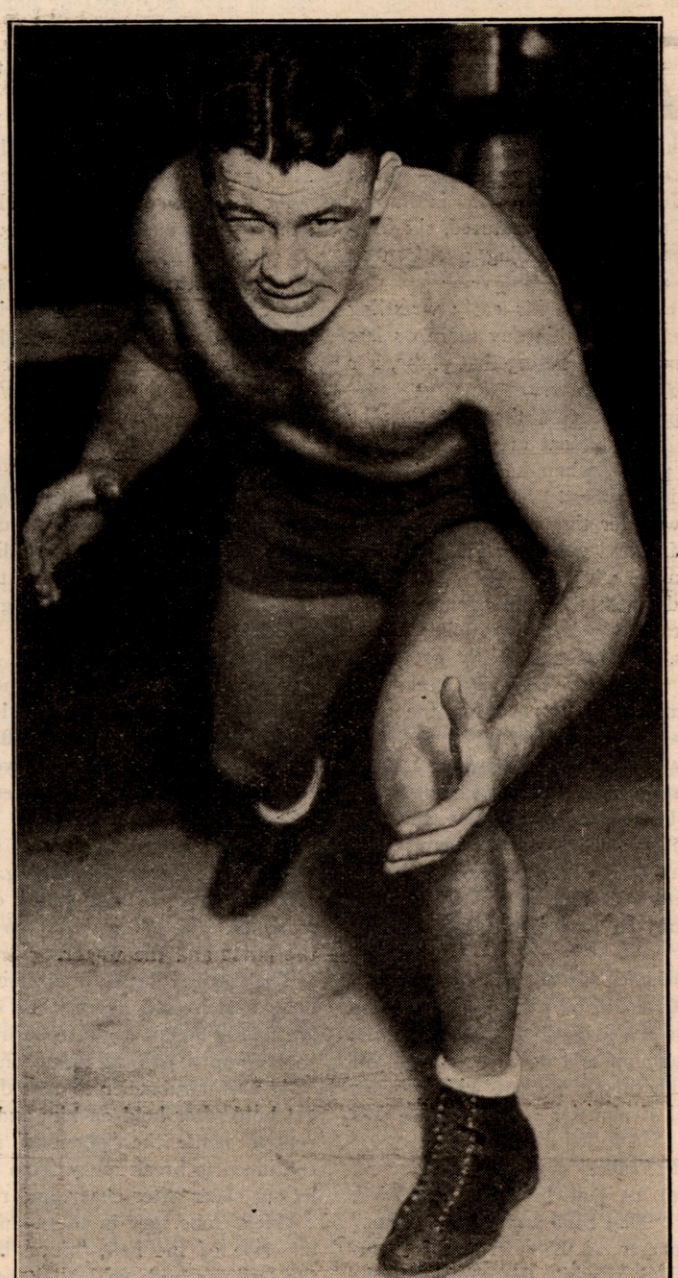
* * *

One of the easiest holds to apply, but one of the hardest to break, is the short-arm scissors. Few holds are as punishing as this one. Not only is the victim of the hold in a position where it is next to impossible to counter with another grip, but he also has the strength in his arm considerably lowered by having the flow of blood cut off, leaving his hand and wrist white and very weak when he finally does escape that torturous viselike grip.

* * *

Many wrestlers are afflicted with the dreaded scourge of the mat—that horrible eye disease known as trachoma. It's a pity to see these athletes with fine bodies groping their way around the mat because they have been unfortunate enough to catch this foreign affliction. Isn't there some way in which these cases can be cured, or at least be kept from spreading to other grapplers?

How about a little coöperation from the various state athletic commissions?



Jim McMillen, Illinois' outstanding mat star, ready for a tackle.

Although the attendances are decreasing in Boston, the Don George-Leo Numa bout attracted 10,000 fans. This was a return match and ended with Numa in a hospital. The Seattle blond had taken the first fall and was launching a series of flying tackles when he missed his adversary and crashed into one of the steel turnbuckles in one of the ring corners and was rendered *hors de combat*. At the hospital it was said that he was suffering from a slight brain concussion. Numa was able to leave the institution three days later.

* * *

PAUL BOWSER lost one of his right-hand men when Frank Smith, manager of Jim Browning, the heavyweight champ, dropped dead in the Queensberry Sporting Club of Toronto after handling Browning in a match with Joe Savoldi. Heart disease was the cause.

Smith, a native of Joplin, Mo., was decorated for bravery in the World War after being wounded in action.

Prior to coming to Boston to enter the employ of Bowser, Smith for twenty-one years was a member of the sports staff of the *Chicago Tribune*. His many friends and acquaintances will miss him no end.

* * *

Rudy Dusek lost and then won from Joe Malcewicz in Toronto matches. Dusek is a throwback to the days of Fred Beell, Dan McLeod, George Bothner, and Charley Olson. He grapples along the lines of Beell more than any matman now appearing before the public. In fact, he greatly resembles the late Wisconsin marvel, and old-timers who recall Beell's matches with Tom Jenkins, McLeod, and Frank Gotch admit that Rudy has much of the giant killer in his make-up.

* * *

Leon Balkin, who made a big name for himself as a matchmaker for Tom Packs in St. Louis, is now acting as matchmaker for the numerous clubs around the country booked by Jack Curley. Balkin, a Philadelphia product, had to go to St. Louis to make good, building up the receipts in that city from a mere $1600 to the huge sum of $310,000 for twenty-nine matches.

* * *

We have received innumerable letters from Australia and New Zealand, praising George Walker, claimant of the British Empire championship, and asking for an article on him.

Walker is an ex-Canadian

(*Continued on page* 46)

Frog-Scissors Specialist

Fred Grubmeier, Playing Rôle of Farmer, Tossed "Wise-Guys" in Circus Bouts

By HARVEY BRIGHT

Fred Grubmeier, lithe Iowa star, working a punishing Japanese frog scissors.

THEY call him the Iowa scissors king because of the serpentine manner in which he coils his underpinnings around an opponent and forces him to throw up his ghost.

In everyday life, he is known by the name of Fred Grubmeier, a lanky, good-natured, six-foot-three-inch chap who is as quiet and law-abiding a citizen as one could hope to come across anywhere.

Wherever it was that Grubmeier learned his early wrestling trickery that was to net him fame is to this day more or less of a secret, for Fred, when it comes to discussing that phase, lets loose with a large guffaw and loud laughter.

Even the promoter was completely fooled the first time he got a peek at the Iowa scissors king. "What are you trying to do, kid me?" was the way he put it, when he first caught a glimpse of the man from the Middle West. "That guy is crazy. Look at his make-up. If he's a wrestler then the whole game is unside down. He's just making fun and getting a lot of laughs. As a real dangerous man he's a joke."

But it was only a few seconds later that the promoter was startled to revelation. The so-called "joke" was doing funny things that weren't in the cards. From a supposedly grotesque human, the fellow dressed as a farmer suddenly became a demon and in one quick movement had downed his foe with what has now become known as the frog scissors.

That promoter wasn't the only one ever fooled by the rickety make-up of the supposed simpleton from the farm. For years Fred's livelihood was earned following the circus and carnivals and keeping an eye open to see if there were any "wrestlers" around challenging to throw any one within a specified time. It was then that he would suddenly burst in on the scene, farm make-up and all, and do his stuff. In that manner, he cleaned up a snug sum.

On one occasion, the barker crowded his audience before him and clarioned the news that $500 would be paid to any man in the crowd who dared come up on the stage and wrestle for ten minutes with the uncrowned champion and be there to tell the story when the time was over. There was no one with courage enough to take up the defy until Grubmeier arrived. Here was a chance for a good touch.

"I'll take him on," shouted the "rube," as he started toward the stage and clumsily managed to pull himself up. "Well, here I am, and when do we start? That $500 looks good to me."

That was a signal for the manager of the uncrowned champion to snuggle close to the challenger, while the crowd, watching the peculiar make-up of the stranger, enjoyed a big laugh, thinking what was going to happen to the poor boob. The manager asked the name of the man who wanted to win the money, and then announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have a fellow named Fred Grubmeier, six feet, three inches tall, who wants to meet the champion. He says he weighs two hundred pounds. We'll take him on."

At the same time, the band, which stuck by conveniently to annoy any one showing enough temerity to accept the defy to stick ten minutes with the "wonderman of the mat," began playing "Hearts and Flowers." That was another signal for the crowd to let out a terrific roar. But Grubmeier seemed nonchalant as he eyed proceedings. He was a stranger amongst strangers and played the part of the lone wolf. He needed no stooges to help him along. Whenever Grubmeier started something, he knew how to finish it.

* * *

THE boys were about to square off when it suddenly dawned on the manager of the "so-called phenom" to ask Grubmeier if he wouldn't like to make a little side bet on the outcome. This caused the Iowa scissors king to scratch his head and think for a few moments. He seemed to go into a trance.

"Maybe I can accommodate you with a $500 bet," finally ventured Grubmeier. "You see, stranger, I just sold a lot of cattle and luckily I've got the money on me. If you want to bet that kind of money we'll let it ride and make a jackpot out of it. I'll either get the $500 prize plus the $1000 we put up or nothing. How's that suit you?"

The sharpshooting manager couldn't believe his ears. He thought he had heard wrong. Grubmeier was told to put up his money and everything would be Jake. The crowd by this time scented the unusual happening. They began cheering the farmer and tossing invectives at the champion of the carnival and his manager. The bet was put up and a stakeholder found to hold the purse and the wager.

The farmer began undressing and what a sight he was to behold. It looked like he had on a dozen extra vests and shirts but finally he got down to business. The manager of the champion threw him a pair of tights and the fun began.

At first, Grubmeier contented himself with letting the champion get hold after hold on him and quickly breaking them. The idea was to nettle the "phenom" and unnerve him. As Grubmeier continued to break away from every conceivable trap, the crowd let out cheer after cheer, and rooted for him to come through.

"Hey, rube, get in there and flatten that baby!" came from one side of the hall. "Sure, big boy, you can do it. Give him the business and we'll all have a good time."

By this time the manager, scenting (*Continued on page* 47)

PUGILISM'S PROGRESS

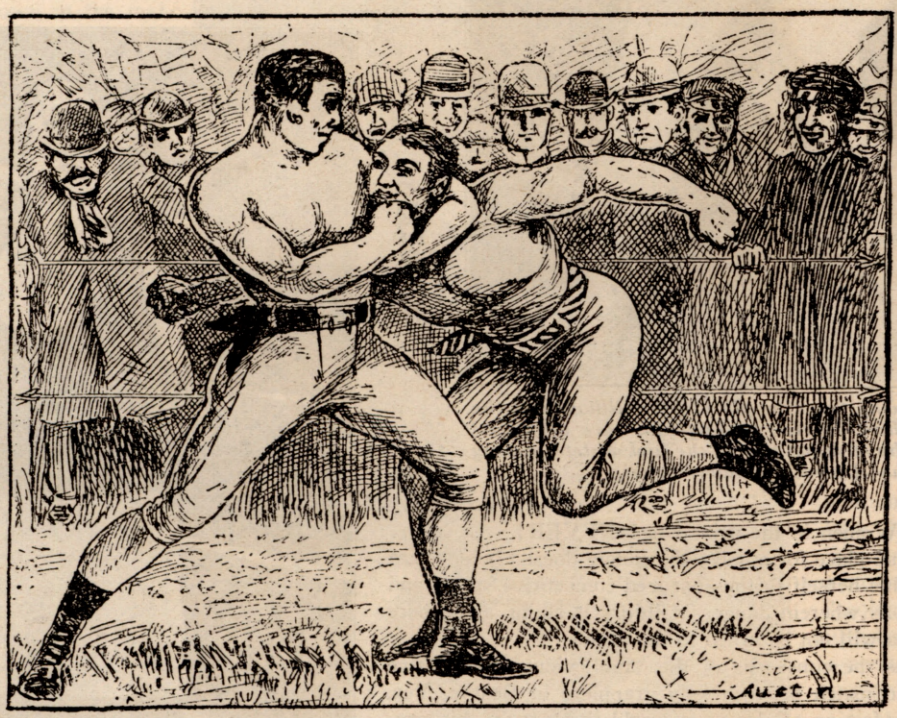
By CHARLES F. MATHISON

(This is the second of a series of articles written for THE RING *by Charles F. Mathison, noted authority on the sport, a few weeks before his death. In the series, Mr. Mathison deals with the various blows from the bare-knuckle period to the present time.)*

ONE often reads of a proposed match between a good boxer and a good wrestler, and then, for weeks after the announcement, discussions on the probable outcome are waged. A few years ago, when Jack Dempsey was matched for such a bout with Strangler Lewis, then the wrestling king, I remember receiving hundreds of letters at my office in the *Morning Sun* of New York, asking me who would win such a mixed affair.

That announcement brought to the foreground the almost forgotten fact that all contests fought under the old London Rules were just such mixed matches. What better example can be cited than the great international match between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers at Farnborough, England, in 1860. One peep at the pictures of that bout is most convincing. The only difference between a modern mixed match and the bouts of the bare-knuckle days is that, when such an affair takes place today, the boxer is restricted to boxing and the matman to his specialty.

In the days of the London Rules, it was optional with the contestants to wrestle or punch, and wrestling played an important part in all contests. In fact, wrestling was an essential feature of the training work of bare-fist fighters, and many a ring battle was won through the medium of grappling ability.



This is the type of fighting that prevailed in the bare-knuckle days, when gouging, kneeing, elbowing, and the use of the chancery and other wrestling holds were permitted.

Merely getting a hold on an opponent and throwing him to the ground was not the chief object of pugilists of the dim past. The intent was to hurl the victim to earth with such violence as to stun or cripple him.

The disabling process was one that required much skill in execution. The system in vogue was for the fighter who scored the fall to drop all his weight on his prostrate foe.

It was regarded as highly scientific to fall on an opponent in such manner as to bring one or both knees sharply against the stomach of the loser of the fall. This had a weakening effect on the victim, who, after a dozen applications of the knee treatment, was not in condition to either fight or wrestle.

* * *

MANY of the London Rules fighters were exceedingly expert in falling on an opponent after throwing him, the most approved plan being to fall with the opposing fighter and thus be in a position to do all possible damage with knees, elbows, and head as the victim struck the ground. Those who were successful in the use of these interesting and humane tactics won many a battle and acquired a reputation for superior pugilistic skill.

Among those who never became proficient in the wrestling branch of the London Rules code was John L. Sullivan, last American title-holder under bare-knuckle regulations and first American champion under the glove-fighting rules credited to the Marquis of Queensberry, but which were conceived and drawn by an English writer on sports who never had any title of nobility.

When William Muldoon was training Sullivan for his battle with Kilrain, he tried to teach the boxer how to fall with his opponent, but the attempt failed. When Sullivan threw his man, he waited till the latter was on the ground and then fell on him. This was regarded as very bad form and also ineffective, for Sullivan usually hurt himself more than his intended victim. However, Sullivan was a powerful chap in his youth, and few of his opponents were able to put him on the grass.

Sullivan was more effective as a glove fighter than with bare fists. A majority of the knock-outs scored by the Boston strong boy were in glove bouts, but at the expense of mediocre opponents.

* * *

THE cross buttock, a well-known wrestling device, was a popular method with bare-knuckle fighters in bringing an opponent to earth. In engineering a fall by this means a fighter, after getting a body hold, would step partly behind his opponent and, putting his hip against that of his victim, give him a sudden and violent wrench. This usually toppled the fighter on his back, whereupon the wrestler would fall on his man, using his knees with pile-driving force on the body, while his elbows or shoulders battered the fallen fighter's face.

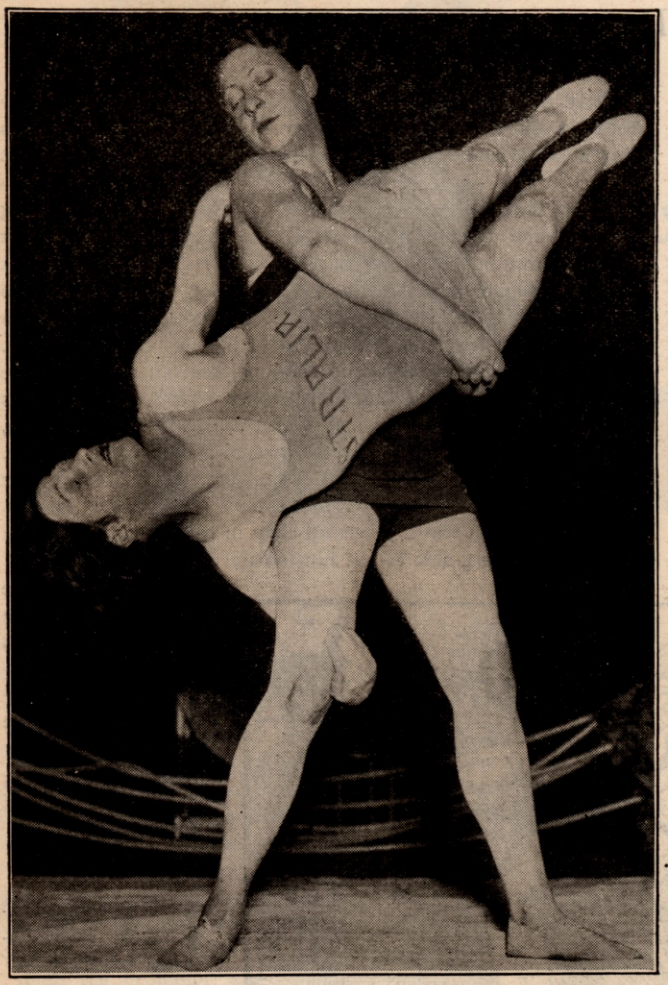
Owing to the fact that all London Rules battles were fought in a ring pitched on the turf, the fighters were allowed to wear short metal spikes in their shoes. This was for the purpose of insuring firm footing to the contestants. Yet it was regarded as evidence of remarkable skill on the part of a fighter if he was able to insert his spikes in the feet of an opponent or gash his legs during a struggle for a fall.

Playfully jabbing the fingers into the eyes of an antagonist was also considered an indication of highly scientific qualities on the part of the jabber.

The backheel was frequently employed by the fighters of a past age. This is a simple artifice and would not succeed in the case of a modern grappler. But it frequently prevailed against pugilists whose wrestling education (*Continued on page* 44)

WOMEN WRESTLERS?

By MARION LEWIS



Australian girls, following the example of the millhands of the Yorkshire and Lancashire districts of England, have organized wrestling clubs. The above shows two of the girl athletes tuning up for the Australian championship.

"WHAT! Women in the prize ring? NEVER!

"It is no place for a lady; she simply doesn't belong. Let her confine herself to the approved competitive sports and recreations wherein danger of injury is slight, and where her strength and stamina will not be taxed to the utmost."

That, my friends, was the consensus of the "anti" viewpoint relative to the recently proposed match between lady grapplers in Boston. Yea, and it was not the male faction of the sport world that set up this prolonged howl—it was the women themselves who so strongly objected to their sisters muscling in on what has so long been regarded as a masculine prerogative. Now these ladies are lauding the banning of this match and commending the officials for their refusal to let it take place.

We are led to peer beneath the surface of things in search of the real reason for this howl. Possible injury to the participants seems to be the pet peeve. Well, in practically every man-to-man (woman-to-woman in this case) contest, there is a chance that one or more of the contestants may leave the field of action with a limp.

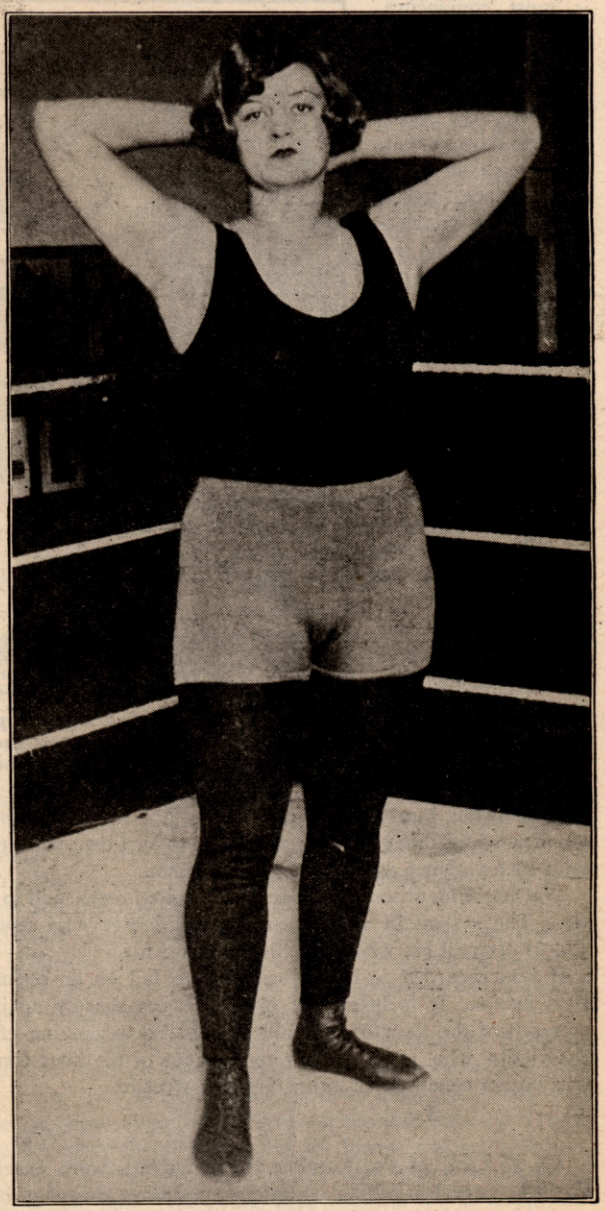
Take basketball, for instance. A fine, tame, ladies' game. Isn't it the logical and approved thing to precede the men's game with a girls' preliminary? A great sport, basketball; we have no quarrel with the game itself, but who can deny the possibility of injury on the court during a heated argument over the ball? This is likewise true of the mat artist.

And right here we offer an example of the superiority of science over brawn, as evidenced by a wrestling match staged recently at a girls' club in New York City. In that contest, it required seven minutes for a girl weighing one hundred and thirty pounds to throw an opponent twice, who outweighed her by thirty-five pounds. Both girls wore bathing suits. (This should inflate the ego of the Modesty Mob!)

WHEN they stepped on the mat, after the handshake, the heavier girl extended her arms to fall into the customary neck grip. Her lighter opponent had a different notion. She fell flat on her back in front of the other and, at the same time, placed one foot behind the larger girl's heel and shoved with her right foot on the kneecap. The one hundred and seventy-five-pound lassie fell with a thud to the mat. Before she got her bearings, the lightweight had pinned her shoulders for the first fall in the neat space of one minute.

Coming up for the next try, the girls came to grips and ankled about the mat, each trying to trip the other. The smaller girl secured a wrist lock and brought her opponent to the mat, at the same time applying a waist scissors. Holding the wrist lock and the scissors as she did, it was but a short time until the larger girl called quits. Time—seven minutes.

That, my dear Watson, has all the earmarks of a scientific exhibition, rather than a brutal display of groaning females with maimed limbs, bulging eye sockets and a "bloody but unbowed" attitude! What do you think? The winnah of this bout is a skilled



Virginia Mercereau, twenty-two-year-old Chicago girl, who is a professional wrestler of note in the Middle West.

WHY NOT!

wrestler and has thrown a number of men who outweighed her.

"Strenuous" is another verbal missile whacked upon the head of feminine participation in the "manly arts." In a land of sex equality (it is, isn't it?), where women stand toe-to-toe with their brothers in the world of business and approved sports, this word seems a trifle irrelevant.

Women think nothing of spending eight hours out of the twenty-four in a business office and then gyrating to the whims of an orchestra a good part of the night. They swim a channel, fly an ocean, set new Olympic records in practically every known sport and, in general, conduct themselves in an "un-holyish" manner. They burn up miles of concrete pavement with their sport roadsters while rushing to the polls, there to elbow their way ahead of the trousered gentry and vote for their favorite candidate. They do all of these things and yet no unanimous voice is raised in horrified protest. On the contrary, the ladies are admired for their courage and initiative. True, each girl is trained in her particular field and certainly knows what she is about, else she would not be equal to meeting everyday competition in any line—so also lady wrestlers are trained to hold their own in the mat game.

They are athletes, in their own right, following a sport which offers the rare combination of serving not only as a source of recreation and physical development but also as an excellent means of self-defense—and certainly any girl can find use for the latter in this age of hoodlums and what-nots!

* * *

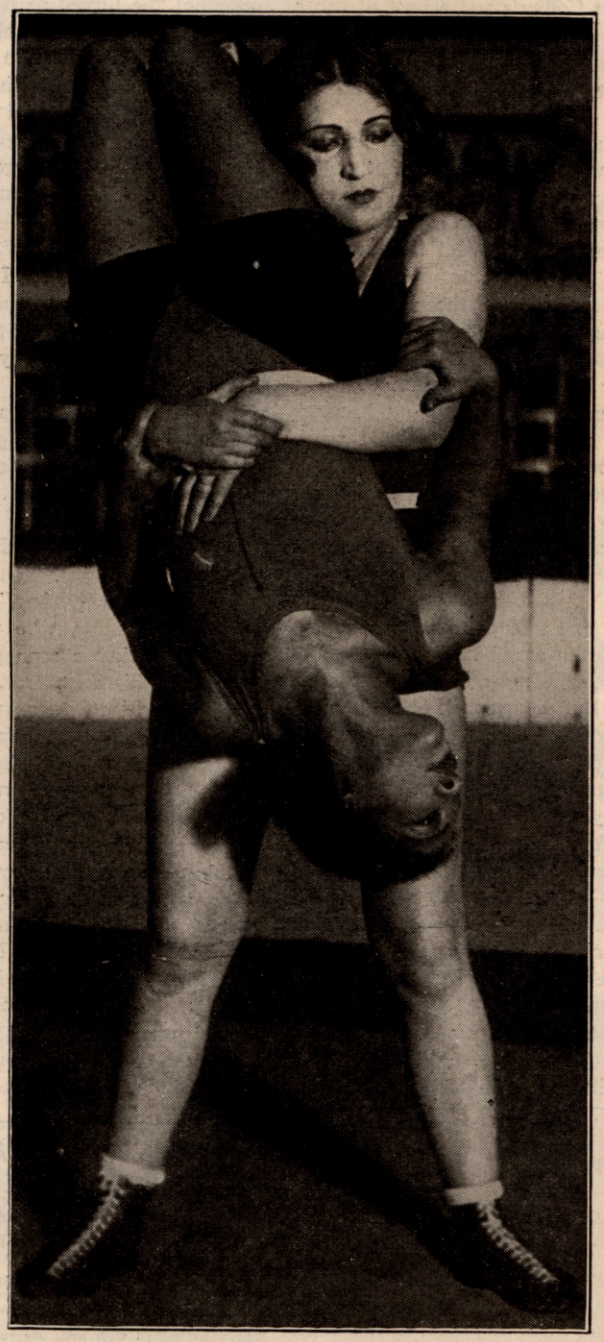
ALL this hue and cry anent women indulging in ring sports is powerfully illogical in the face of present-day standards. In lieu of a tangible cause, we must put it down to a mid-Victorian seepage in the modernistic vein, a reluctance on the part of conservatives to accept anything which smacks of the unconventional. And while we talk, the girls go merrily on their wrestling way. These mat contests are necessarily private affairs, "unhonored and unsung," in most sections of this country, but the fact that they actually DO occur is heartening to those who take a sensible, unbiased attitude toward the sport.

Women fought their way to the ringside as fans over a mountain of protest. Undoubtedly, they will eventually succeed in hurdling the present objections and one day crawl between the ropes in public participation.

A few more wrestling notes from hither and yon:

"Man Mountain" Dean, a bewhiskered Georgian grappler, while training for his bouts, employs his wife, Doris, as a training partner. Now, we wonder, isn't the man making a huge mistake? If, as the old dog-eared reader says, it's true that "too many cooks spoil the broth," what could too many wrestlers do to the house in general?

The police banned a women's wrestling contest at Hull, England, recently. The promoters of this match are given a sound ribbing for what occurred. Too much fantastic advertising gave the proposed affair an exaggerated and destructive importance. The moralistic faction scented a riot—a typical Roman Holiday, with a couple of semi-nude "brutesses" turned loose on each other to rend and tear to their fiendish hearts' content.



Manisito Alverez and Marguerita Rosita, two Spanish beauties, who recently fought for the Spanish welterweight championship in the Madrid Arena, with Rosita winning.

Texas Mamie, who held the American women's lightweight championship for more than ten years in pre-World War times.

As a matter of fact, the show was to have been a jiujitsu exhibition by two woman athletes, but, evidently, too much "billing" set the self-appointed guardians of public morals to "cooing." We are led to wonder just how many of these ultra-conservatives ever witnessed a woman's mat contest.

It is a safe gamble that the majority of them base their assumptions and complaints upon a lack of knowledge or interest. It seems to be an odd quirk of human nature to belittle anything in which the individual finds no personal appeal. However, it is self-evident that sound judgment can be formed only on FACTS.

Women have taken their places in golf, tennis, swimming, archery, basketball and other sports in which the male of the species long has has held the upper hand, and it won't be long before they will become adept in the field of scientific fisticuffs and wrestling.

When Romance Ruled

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

IF some of the old Pittsburgh fistic fans were alive today, they could tell of many a thrilling bare knuckle fight and adventure that took place on the historic old battle ground at Collier's Station, W. Va. That was their favorite spot. It was to Collier's Station that the Pittsburgh fight fans usually retreated to pull off a fierce, bloody mill half a century ago, chiefly because it was just across the state line of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the mobs who attended the old slaughtering fights could usually make their escape into either of these states, if the West Virginia authorities or the Pennsylvania police were too hot on their trail.

What tales Johnny Newell, Roger O'Mara, Sam Freeman, the old sporting editor of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, or Lee Fairchild, who refereed several hard fights at Collier's and a host of other noted Pittsburgh fans could relate about their tough experiences and adventures on the old battlefield! But almost all, except myself, have passed away to the happy hunting grounds, and I'm now seventy-four years old.

How we sneaked down there long before daylight on a steamboat on the dark Ohio river! How we then drove over the terrible rough, rocky mountain roads for twenty or more miles in all sorts of crude and rackety rigs, expecting every moment to fall into the hands of some husky sheriff's posse and land in jail! Those are cherished memories!

Not such a pleasant outlook indeed, but the adventurous, haphazard old fight fans, including yours truly, were a hardy, fearless lot of sports. In those days we would take most any kind of a risk to witness a rattling mill with the bare fists. What a difference between fights then and now!

There was much romance and adventure to these old mills. It was that adventure, the excitement, the uncertainty of it all, that lured men of all classes, doctors, lawyers, professors, merchants, thugs and bank burglars to the ringside. It was a strange infatuation and we all took the random chance in those rough old days.

* * *

THE last important prize fight that took place on the famous battle ground, was the eighty-seven-round mill between Paddy Ryan, of America, and Joe Goss, of England, for the heavyweight championship of the world. But the question of the world's title in this case is not only another story, but another long argument which the jury of experts are still out on. I was one of the fortunate members of the group that witnessed that fight at Collier's Station, W. Va., fifty years ago.

The Ryan-Goss bare knuckle fight was staged in the center of the very picturesque vale shown in the accompanying illustration, drawn by me on the day of the fight for my sporting newspaper.

It was on the most beautiful spring morning of June 21, 1880, shortly before a glorious sunrise flooded the valley with its golden rays, that the bloody combat started, with a mighty howl of cheers from the roughest and toughest mob I've ever seen at a ringside. I've attended thousands of fights, but never have I seen the likes of the bloodthirsty mob at the Ryan-Goss bout.

Yes, the sheriff was there with a posse of about twenty deputies armed with shotguns. But after the sheriff had looked the desperate mob over and heard their wicked threats, backed up by several hundred guns, he very wisely concluded not to interfere with the proceedings.

The sheriff, however, read the riot act and sternly said:

"The Governor of West Virginia will get every man taking any part in this prize fight and send them to prison in due time. I see it would be foolish for me to interfere now and cause a lot of unnecessary bloodshed. Hence have your fight, but those of you in charge will pay dearly for this violation of law and order!"

The tough mob merely sneered at the sheriff and his posse, who climbed up into the trees and remained there apparently enjoying the long bloody mill that lasted for one hour and twenty-four minutes.

Ryan was a young, strapping, well-trained man, 24 years of age at the time, while Goss, who trained principally on old Tom Gin, was an old battle-scarred ring veteran of 49 years, who depended chiefly upon his fistic knowledge and long experience to outwit and outmaneuver his much younger opponent.

Old Goss certainly did give young Paddy Ryan a bad battering. He peppered him all over the body and had him bleeding profusely from a score of nasty cuts and wounds. But the gallant old warrior couldn't finish Ryan, so after the eighty-seventh round, poor old Joe turned to Arthur Chambers, who was his principal second and in a stage whisper said:

"H'Arthur I cawn't go h'any longer, me bloomin' bellows h'is busted." Meaning his wind was gone. So Chambers threw the sponge into the ring and Referee Lee Fairchild immediately declared Paddy Ryan the new heavyweight champion, 'mid the howls of the desperate gang of iron puddlers, who kept yelling like demons for Ryan during the entire eighty-seven rounds.

* * *

AFTER the fight I saw the victor sitting on the edge of the platform of the backwoods railroad station, in a very mournful mood, feeling the many big bumps all over his head and face. He looked anything but like a victor of a title and a popular hero.

"What the 'ell's the matter with yer, Paddy?" asked old Goss as he appeared quite chipper and cheerful upon the scene.

"What's the matter, eh? Why look at the beatin' I took for a couple of hundred. Why that won't even pay my trainin' expenses, Joe."

"Cheer h'up, Paddy. H'ain't yer the blawsted champ now? Cheer h'up, me pal. You'll get a ton of brawss now. Stop yer bleedin' blubbering, boy," consoled the defeated old warrior to the doleful victor, who was evidently in considerable pain.

It was rather a strange sight indeed to see the loser trying to console his conqueror. But what a game old bird Joe Goss was. No British fighter was ever so popular in this country as old Joe. Even John L. Sullivan declared him to be a "grand old pal."

The sensational duel between James Gordon Bennett, Jr., and Fred May, which occurred some 45 years ago, is said to have taken place on the old Collier's Station battle ground.

Collier's Station, where the bare knuckle pugilists battered each other up for so many years in strict violation of the stringent laws against all pugilistic encounters of any description, was the scene of many thrilling and sensational scenes running back to the days of the Revolution. Then the valiant gentlemen of "the first families of Virginia," defended the noble name of their aristocracy on the field of honor, with coffee and pistols for two—not with common five-ounce gloves or the still more crude and rude bare fists. Oh, no—nothing so vulgar as gloves and fists—

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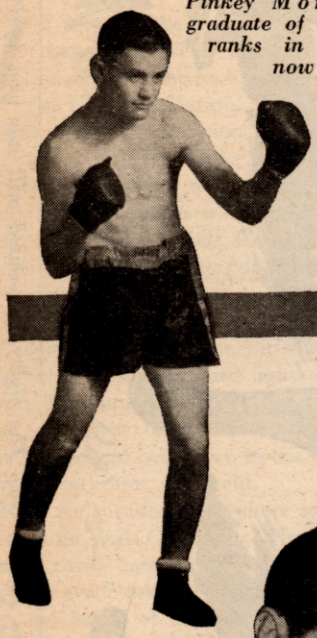
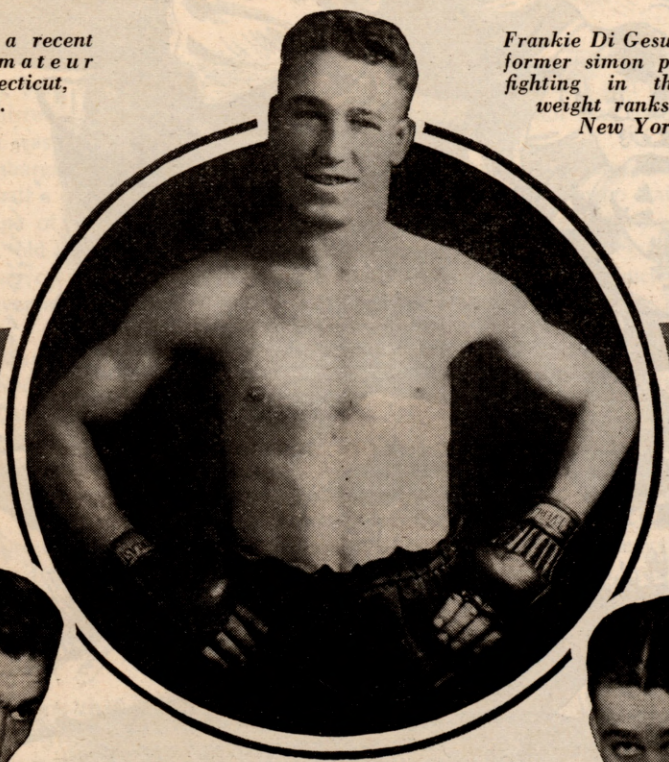
AN HISTORIC BATTLE GROUND IN AMERICAN RING HISTORY

A scene at Collier's Station, W. Va., where Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss fought for the American title on June 1, 1880. The eighty-seven-round mill was won by Paddy. Collier's Station was the scene of many thrilling bare-knuckle bouts many years ago.

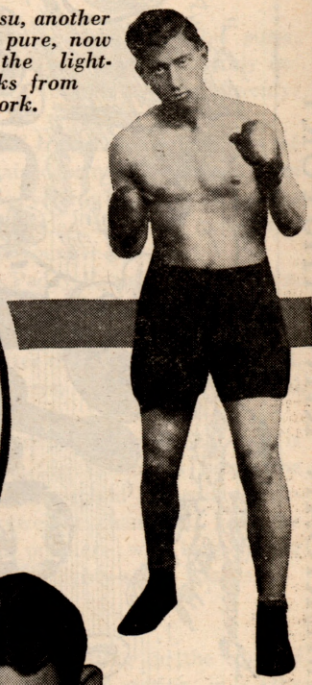
Eastern Fighters



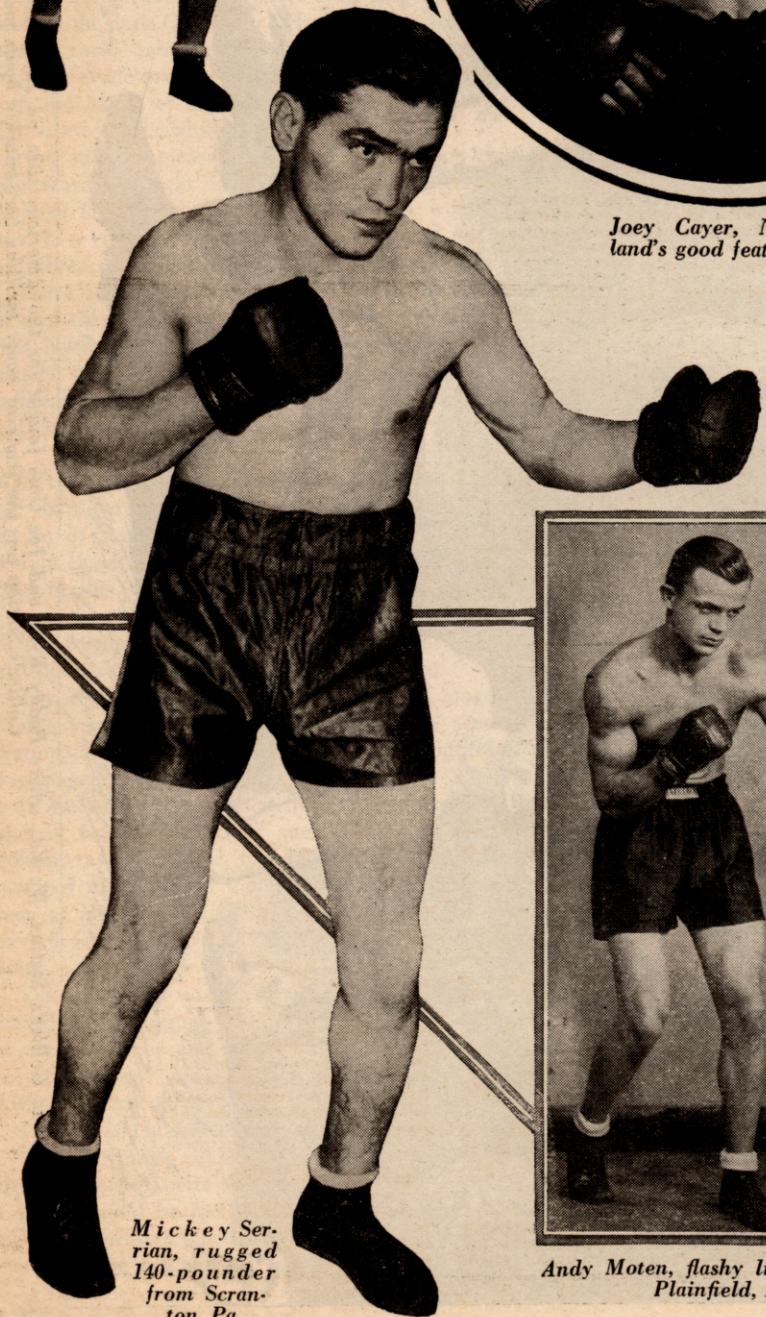
Pinkey Morris, a recent graduate of the amateur ranks in Connecticut, now a pro.



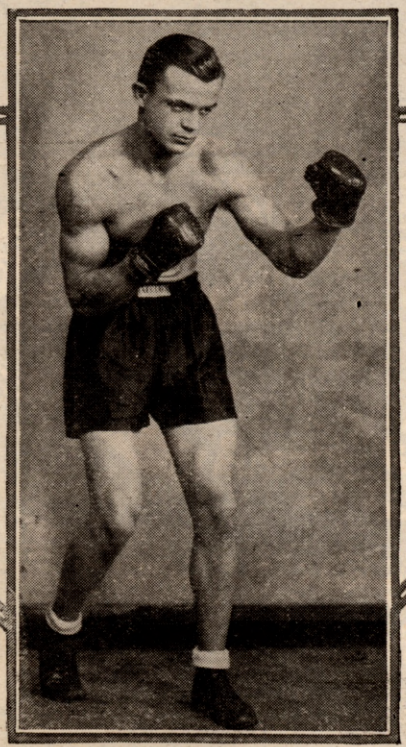
Joey Cayer, New England's good featherweight



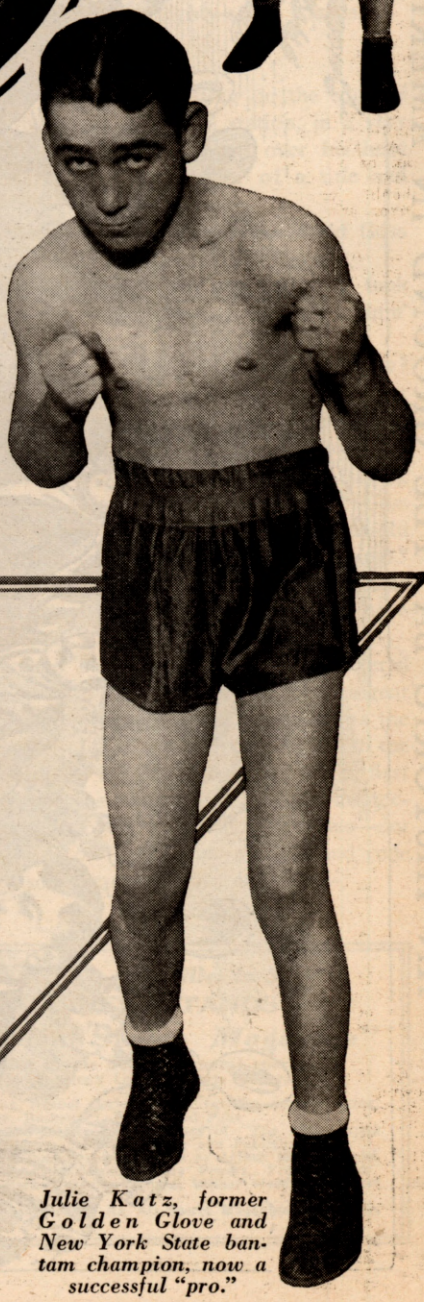
Frankie Di Gesu, another former simon pure, now fighting in the lightweight ranks from New York.



Mickey Serrian, rugged 140-pounder from Scranton, Pa.



Andy Moten, flashy lightweight from Plainfield, N. J.



Julie Katz, former Golden Glove and New York State bantam champion, now a successful "pro."

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Peter Jones, Australia

Q.—Why does Londos refuse to wrestle Lewis? Is he willing to meet Browning?

A.—He simply doesn't want to. He and Lewis are not on speaking terms. He also is unwilling to meet Browning or any member of a group not controlled by himself.

Charles Hutton, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Who holds the record for a quick knock-out?

A.—Al Foreman knocked out Ruby Levine of Boston in Montreal on April 25, 1928, in one and a half seconds. The Dominion Boxing Commission verified the time and has recognized the time as the record.

Aimee Johnston, Waco, Texas

Q.—Who holds the record for attendance at a fight?

A.—Dempsey and Tunney. Their bout at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, Ill., September 22, 1927, drew 145,000 persons and a gate of $2,658,660 of which Tunney received $990,000, and Dempsey, $447,500.

Tomaso Guitteriez, Porto Rico

Q.—Which of the following boxers were colored: Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson, Frank Craig, George Green, Alec Greggains, Porky Flynn, Aurelio Herrera, Joe Wolcott, Joe Gans, George Godfrey, Tom Molineaux, Joe Jeannette?

A.—Green, Greggains, Flynn, Herrera, were white men. Herrera was a Mexican; Greggains, a California; Flynn, Irish-American, and Green, the original Young Corbett, also was a Californian.

John Questin, Hawaii, T. H.

Q.—How would you rate the five greatest Negro fighters?

A.—That is purely a matter of opinion. There can be no doubt that the greatest, judging all points in boxing, was Peter Jackson. Then I should rate Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, George Dixon and Joe Gans.

Martha Johnston, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Are there any protectors made for women's breasts? I do considerable boxing but am afraid of being hurt.

A.—Yes, you can have them made at any sports goods manufacturing concern. I have seen some of the girls who have appeared in the East wear them.

Harry Donfield, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Would you regard a chest of 31 inches good for a fellow who weighs 167 pounds and is six feet tall?

A.—No. Your chest should be at least 35 inches.

James Harland, Cincinnati, Ohio

Q.—How can I develop my chest?

A.—Use chest developers. Get the exercise chart of the Hercules concern, which appears in this issue.

Fred Lieblier, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Why does one always hear a fight expert say, "Don't lead with your right"?

A.—Because leading with a right throws one off balance, and, if your punch misses, it makes it easy for your opponent to hit with a counter blow.

Harvey Elmer, Springfield, Mass.

Q.—Is light-bag-punching essential for a boxer?

A.—I think so. It helps attain keenness of eye, develops the muscles of the forearms and back, and is the best exercise for the shoulders and the eyes. Also for the biceps.

Lincoln, Nebr.

Q.—I am 5 ft. 9½ in. tall and weigh 172 pounds in street clothes. I was 17 years old one month ago and am a beginner in boxing with five fights under my belt. Am just wondering what my height would be at 21 years of age.

A.—You'll be a heavyweight and about 5 ft. 11 in. at 21.

M. J. Trad, Spokane, Wash.

Q.—Did Jack Dempsey ever have, or was he ever connected with a trainer and rubber by the name of Louie Taylor or Louie the Greek?

A.—No, Jerry the Greek (Jerry Luvadis).

Orville Block, Streeter, N. Dak.

Q.—What is the height and weight of the following fighters: Schmeling, Baer, Levinsky, Sharkey, Don McCorkindale, Dempsey, Petzloff and Carnera?

A.—5 ft. 11½ in., 188 pounds; 6 ft. 2 in., 210 pounds; 5 ft. 11½ in., 205 pounds; 6 ft., 198 pounds; 6 ft., 185 pounds; 6 ft., 198 pounds; 6 ft. 3 in., 195 pounds; 6 ft. 5¾ in., 267 pounds, respectively.

Q.—How much money did Baer get in his fight with Schmeling?

A.—$30,000.

Q.—How much did Schmeling get?

A.—$77,000.

Q.—Who is the tallest champion we ever had in the heavyweight class?

A.—Freeman; 6 ft. 10 in.

Q.—Who was the heaviest?

A.—Freeman, 303.

Inquisitive

Q.—I am 19 years old, my measurements are as follows: Neck 15½, biceps 14, chest normal 39, waist 33, forearm 13¾, wrist 7½, thighs 23½, calves 14, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 140 pounds. Am I well built for a wrestler?

A.—For a welterweight wrestler, yes—but you'll never be a heavyweight.

Mabel Telafaro, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Are there any books on the market that teach women how to reduce by means of exercises?

A.—There are many. Write to A. G. Spalding's. They have several.

Thomas Telafano, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—One of my legs is shorter than the other, due to infantile paralysis, which I suffered years ago. I am a good, clever boxer and am anxious to know if that will handicap me were I to enter the ring against an opponent in a professional match.

A.—Yes, it would. I would advise against it.

Frank Masseron, Boston, Mass.

Q.—If a fighter's wind is short, would you advise that he do road running? I have tried that, as taught in your book, **Training for Boxers**, and I find it is injurious.

A.—By all means. That is just what road running will aid. Of course, if your wind is bad and you run more than you can stand, you will not feel comfortable. Try a quarter-mile run, followed by a half-mile brisk walk. Then, if that does not hurt you, increase the run to half a mile at the end of ten days and walk briskly for a mile. Then, as you gradually increase or better your wind, increase the run and the walk proportionately and, after three months, write me and tell me how you feel.

E. Miller, West Street, Albany

Q.—Is Paddy McDermott, who fought Dan Davison in Revere Hall, Boston, in 1876, still alive? If so, what is his age? Was he a welterweight or a middleweight? Please mention two or three other fights he had.

A.—Sorry, I don't know his whereabouts. He was in both classes.

Noroton Heights, Conn.

Q.—What can I do to gain weight?

A.—Read "Training for Boxers," section on weight gaining. Eat chops, steaks, eggs and cereals and drink plenty of milk.

Tommy Gross, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—My measurements are: Biceps 13, flexed 14½, chest normal 35, expanded 38, waist 25½, forearm 12, calf 13, thigh 20½, and wrist 6¾. I am 16 years old, 5 ft. 7½ in. tall, and weigh 135. Are my measurements okay?

A.—Okay.

Q.—Which, in your opinion, was the greater of the two, Jack Dempsey or Jim Jeffries?

A.—Dempsey on all-round ability.

John W. Bowl, Australia

Q.—Did Jack Johnson and Sam Langford ever meet in the ring?

A.—Yes—April 26, 1906, at Chelsea, Mass. Johnson won in 15 rounds.

Kriese, Syracuse, N. Y.

Q.—Is Mrs. Hill, widow of Harry Hill, still around?

A.—Yes—she lives somewhere in New York City, but I haven't her address.

Jennie, the Ring Fan

Q.—Will you please tell me in what issue of the "Police Gazette" the article of Bobby Burns of Baltimore, the woman champion of boxing, appeared?

A.—It appeared in a "Police Gazette" issue in 1897, and you can no longer obtain any copies of same.

Tony Louis

Q.—I boxed in the amateur ring when I was 15 to 17 years old. I am 25 years old now, weigh 140 pounds, and I have about 15 pounds to take off. Do you think I am too old to start now? I am 5 ft. 2 in. tall.

A.—Although 25 years is beyond what a fighter should be to get a good start, it is by no means too late if you have any ability whatever.

James Burns, Providence, R. I.

Q.—I am 20 years old and have been boxing in amateur shows for three years, winning my share of bouts in the 126-pound class. I would like to follow a professional ring career. Fifteen years ago, when I was five years old, I was in an accident and received a fractured skull. I have played football in high school in Providence, R. I., where I live, for two years as quarterback. I would like your advice as to whether that injury would bother me, as I love the game very much.

A.—Seek advice from your doctor.

Jack Gallard, Chowchilla, Calif.

Q.—I am 6 ft. 1 in., weigh 145 pounds, waist 31½, chest 35½, expanded 37½, biceps 12, forearm 10¾, wrist 7, neck 14, ankle 8¼, thigh 19¼, calf 13½, and reach 75.

A.—Your measurements are okay.

Q.—Does it hurt to sleep on the side your heart is on?

A.—Best to sleep on opposite side.

Q.—I have what is known as a baseball knuckle on my thumb, and after I box it always hurts. What can be done to stop from hurting it while I box? Is there any way to cure it?

A.—Can't say. See a surgeon. Bone might be out of joint and should be replaced.

Francis Neill, Campbellford, Ont., Can.

Q.—When Browning has the scissors on an opponent, and his own shoulders are on the canvas, but not through the force of his rival, is that a fall or not?

A.—No. He rolls on his shoulders and a rolling fall does not count.

Q.—What is the name of the most punishing hold which is very easy to put on but hard to break by an opponent? And how is it accomplished?

A.—Short arm scissors. Read "Modern Wrestling."

Q.—Given two wrestlers, one weighing 125 and the other 25 pounds more, and two boxers, weighing the same as the grapplers, who would have the greater advantage in a match, the wrestler of heavier weight or the boxer of heavier weight?

A.—That all depends. The heavier men may be at a distinct disadvantage in each sport, because their lighter opponents may be far the cleverer and might be so skillful as to avoid any punishment. Then again, the heavier men might be just as clever as the lighter ones, in which case the weight would tell, and, in that event, the boxer would have a bigger advantage than the wrestler.

Marco Donafero, Porto Rico

Q.—Was there ever a fighter called Kid Julian?

A.—Yes, a very good one. He was an Italian, who fought in the featherweight ranks between 1909 and 1913 and met every good man in his division, including Tommy Murphy, Joe Coster, Tommy Buck, Johnny Kilbane, Matt Brock, Jimmy Walsh, Kid Betts, Eddie O'Keefe and Patsy Kline.

Mike Cassassa, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What has happened to Adolf Heuser?

A.—He went blind in one eye, and his other is affected, so he went back to Germany.

Austin Nichols, Omaha, Nebr.

Q.—Where does Aurelio Herrera live?

A.—I don't know. Last heard from, from California.

Q.—Is Joe Rivers, the Mexican, still alive?

A.—Yes. He is very much alive. Haven't you seen him in the movies? He has appeared often in recent months as an extra. Joe is in Hollywood.

Johnny Maloney, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Is Jimmy Maloney, no relative of mine, still fighting?

A.—He is now living in Miami and has gone under the management of Pa Stribling. He was recently beaten by Red Barry.

Harvey Vradstreet, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Is Bobby Dobbs still alive? Where is he now and what were his best fights? Was he good?

A.—Poor Bobby died on December 27, 1930, in Georgia. He was a great Negro fighter, one of the best of the colored race, and by many was ranked among the first ten Negro fighters of all time. He fought more than one thousand battles and, even in his seventieth year, he fought exhibitions. While Dobbs never won the championship, he defeated Joe Gans, the former title-holder, in twenty rounds. He won the lightweight championship of England by defeating Dick Burge.

Max Kase, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Was Dixie Kid ever champion? Where is he now?

A.—Yes, he was welterweight king. On April 30, 1904, he won on a foul from Joe Walcott in twenty rounds, but was not generally recognized because of prejudice. Most experts refused to give Dixie the credit due him. The Kid was a great fighter, but unfortunately he has been, and always was, a drug addict. He is now in a hospital on the Coast.

An Old-Timer's Slant on Primo and Max

(*Continued from page 9*)

just as he will have the jump on the champion when they step out responding to that initial bell for the fight—*if and when.*

They were signed for a Hollywood picture, *The Prize Fighter and The Lady,* the main scene of which is a championship battle in Madison Square Garden. Back of it is a pretty little love yarn with night clubs, gangsters, a conflict of managers, with the honest old original pilot from the small town triumphant in the end, and everything.

They went through six days of strenuous labor to perfect this battle, all fake, hooey stuff, of course, with framed knockdowns, well-timed grogginess and skilfully applied shiners and bloody noses and mashed mouths. Occupying in the picture the position of one of the judges of the fight—George Blake is the other and Jack Dempsey is the referee—it was possible for me to make the closest kind of a study of the boxing styles, one closely compared with the other in the same ring.

Far as I know, such a situation was never before attained in pugilism. Here's a champion of the world working in a picture with his chief contender, actually giving the impression of ten rounds of hard fighting, and an ex-champion and the expectant promoter of next year's big battle as referee!

There was a tension that first day that everybody sensed, a tension that never was relieved. Keenest of all to feel this atmospheric electrification was Dempsey himself. He felt that at any moment one or the other might be tempted to shoot one over, tempted by the admiring eyes of dozens of the leading movie stars of the world and exasperated by the constant kidding and ribbing and clowning that was going on, led chiefly by the astonishing Baer, who is positively the most bubbly, effervescent athlete ever to come under my observation.

* * *

STARS working on the other fourteen sets of the mammoth M-G-M lot in Culver City accepted every opportunity for a few moments of idleness in their own work to dash to Stage 14 and watch the antics. Always it was the Baer boy who did the chief hobnobbing, the entertaining, always doing the gracious and the agreeable, always with Carnera merely staring rather jealously—a champion pushed into the unusual and rather onerous rôle of a decidedly secondary fiddle. And don't think for a minute that the smart Mr. Baer, ex-butcher boy that he may be, hasn't his eye on the main chance in this funny little game of psychology, this goat-getting *par excellence.*

And getting down to the girl angle of this strange interlude between championship battles, there is much gossip over the little things that bob up from time to time. Girl trouble has brought both of them much in newspaper columns because of the natural philandering common to men of muscle brawn, and that degree of pulchritude ordinarily associated with healthy, hearty brutes of this type.

It is not so much that "darling affairs" are the usual run with men of the ring. Such are quite as common, quite as much the vogue, with swimmers of the movies, wrestlers of the byways and detours, Olympic stars of a day and a yesteryear, stunt men of nerve and frequency, in fact with all sorts, tribes, troupes, whatever their traditions, training, previous endeavor, inclination — always what Hollywood is pleased to call "the girl angle."

There again, Baer wins by a few hugs and kisses. The heavy-gummed Carnera apparently has taken his previous necking experiences somewhat seriously or as a good lesson. Being of greater frugality and some native common sense, Carnera is content to seek for his amorous amusements and adventures among the lowly extra gals, in preference to the Jean Harlow inclinations of a Max Baer.

Don't you think that it isn't annoying for a champion to see the chief contender in this rather commanding position while

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sailing on that glamorous ship of romance! Max, you see, can, and probably does, associate with the dames upon whom the Preem dares only stare. Rather playfully speaking, we'd say that Baer can do footwork over more mansion doormats and glide into more ritzy Hollywood drawing rooms than Carnera ever thought were in existence.

Max wears his clothes as well as a Dempsey, who wears them as handsomely and with greater eye-filling appeal than any athlete I ever saw. Max is a positive picture in dress clothes and knows better how to hook a thumb in a trouser pocket and be at complete ease than any of the movie capital's greatest stars. Carnera's thumb is a bit too fat for that procedure. His size still makes him a bit self-conscious. Apparently, even the sheen of his new championship cloak cannot remove from his mind thoughts of an earlier day when Leon See paraded him more as a circus freak.

* * *

ONE day on the set I saw Baer do an instantaneous bit of clowning, probably for just a couple of pals sitting directly in front. The director was getting a close-up of Baer being knocked down. The cameras were at Baer's back and as he fell at full length he was facing the huge mob of extras that made up the arenaful of spectators.

Just before he hit the canvas in a dandy semblance of a man knocked flat, he winked heavily and then for just an instant thumbed his nose! It was a distinctly Chaplin-esque bit of buffoonery, lost completely excepting upon a little bunch of old-time actors sitting near by. And did they scream!

That's Baer and his happy side, the side he's constantly presenting to public view. They even insist to me that he has none other. Happy Max indeed!

It has been asked of me several times if the "killer" incidents in both lives give either of them much of a reverse slant at their profession. Not in the least, I'd say. Baer long since has forgotten the Frankie Campbell tragedy, and I doubt if, in the glare and glamour of a Hollywood and his return to his native land as a champion, Primo ever gives a thought or even a backward glance to the unfortunate Ernie Schaaf affair.

Are they too friendly to fight? Nonsense! There is a strange bitterness on both sides, that I know. The surprise is that it didn't break out on the picture set. But the cry there always was on everybody's lips: "Hey, save that for the million-dollar gate!" certainly a sobering admonition.

* * *

THE sham picture fight ends in a draw. The original story calls for Carnera to be knocked out. He wouldn't stand for such a finish just a few weeks after he had annexed the big title. Indeed, it is said to have cost the producers an extra $10,000, over and above the original $35,000 offered him for the ten days' work, to get him to take a few knockdowns, a bloody nose—and what a one!—and a bashed eye. Baer gets $3,000 a week, and Dempsey was paid a flat of $10,000 for his work and technical direction and such.

"Your smile has never left you," I said to Baer. "You must like this work."

"It was worth more than I was paid just to learn what I have about this big chap," he retorted. "I'll have that smile when I go into the ring with him but it will mean something entirely different. There'll be plenty of mischief behind it then."

Despite his clowning, which I believe now was deliberately planned and carried out to disconcert and confuse the Italian, Baer is sobered considerably over the Max I knew first, four years ago. He spoke to me several times of his mother and the palship that exists between them. It is difficult to reconcile such healthy thoughts with a Hollywood atmosphere reeking with ribaldry.

My chief reaction to an intimate six days with them? Well, it's simply an overwhelming idea that the Preem hasn't the mentality to offset the natural hair-trigger, back-firing mirth of a Baer. There's a flamboyancy about this offshoot of an abattoir, a snap and dash to him, that never was attained even by a Dempsey, and after an experience of forty years with fighting men, I've always set Jack up as my ideal of youthful spirit, deadly earnestness, and the absolute limit of nervous and physical energy.

Nor does the Italian appeal as a man of high physical attributes, attuned and developed for perfection in the peculiarities of prize ring work. He is massive but not of the necessary symmetry that is called for in that far-reaching term of "smoothness."

Today Carnera of course wouldn't admit such a thing, perhaps doesn't know it, among lots of other things, but he's licked right now—licked by a much snappier man physically and a dynamically superior man mentally.

Golden Era

(Continued from page 4)

Smith to a fifty-two-round draw two years later, George Lavigne to a seventy-seven-round draw in 1889, and won from Frank Erne in 1894; hence, you may judge for yourself what I was up against. The battle was a terrific one with skin-tight gloves and lasted forty-nine rounds—three hours and fifteen minutes—when a right-hand uppercut to my jaw ended the affair. I fought pluckily, but unfortunately, Siddons knew too much for me.

* * *

STATISTICS show that the longest battle ever fought was that between Jack Burke and Andy Bowen at New Orleans in 1893. That bout went one hundred and ten rounds and lasted for seven hours and nineteen minutes, but on December 7, 1890, I established a long distance record for featherweights that has never been equaled and, under modern rules, never will be.

On that day I fought Danny Daly a finish contest with two-ounce gloves that lasted ninety-one rounds. The time of the mill was six hours and three minutes—the longest fight staged up to that time and the longest on record to this day for our class. The stakes were for $1,000 and we fought under *Police Gazette* rules. I was a little taller than Danny and had a shade in reach.

During the first few rounds I fought bitterly to land a knock-out and played a terrific attack on his body, but without doing much harm to my opponent. By the time the seventieth round had been reached, we both were pretty much winded and, by the time the bell tolled for the ninety-first round, we were too exhausted to stand on our feet. We staggered out of our corners, neither knowing how much longer he could last. We had each injured our hands in a previous round and couldn't deliver a k.o. wallop thereafter. The referee halted the bout and gave his verdict—a draw.

On March 11, 1892, I won on points from Charlie Weber at Minneapolis, and, on April 19 of that same year, I fought a ten-round draw with Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider. And then I entrained for the Coast where I fought the marvelous Australian battler, Billy Murphy. In that battle, I again suffered from a broken hand so that the fight ended after thirty-three rounds of hot milling, although the records say the bout went thirty-two sessions.

Speaking of Murphy, who is still alive and works at the clothes-cleaning business in Australia, I might add that Australian Billy was one of the most aggressive fighters I have ever seen. He was tricky and clever, yet a fine sportsman who never would take an undue advantage over an opponent, and was by far the hardest-hitting featherweight I've ever encountered or this country ever saw, bar none. He had an abundance of confidence in his ability and that is what made him a great fighter.

To compare any of the present-day crop of feathers with Murphy would be a crime. There just isn't any such fighter in the ring today, nor has there been in more than a score of years.

At the time of our fight, Murphy was recognized as the world champion by the *Police Gazette* which had given him a belt. Here is what the *Gazette* said about that contest:

"Billy, as usual, went after his man at a great clip, bringing his right around in the manner of a wood-chopper felling a tree. In the second White caught his man on the back of the neck with a swinging right-hander. Billy fell to the floor. There were cheers for the Chicago boy — and more cheers when Murphy stayed on the floor and hung his head as though hurt. But that was an old trick of Billy's, and the 'wise ones' mingled hisses along with the cheers.

"In the third round, Referee Watson raised his hand and announced that he had decided to declare all bets off. He gave no explanation for his act, but implied that the men were not fighting as hard as he thought they should, although each had been going at top speed and the affair was a vicious one. That aroused the fighters and from there on the boys went at each other like a couple of demons.

"At the end of the thirteenth, Murphy went to his corner bleeding like a gored deer.

"At the end of the twenty-seventh, Watson announced that he would allow only four more rounds. At the end he adjudged 'no decision.'

"The method of the referee caused a great deal of unfavorable comment. Watson had no right to decide anything, it was contended, outside his sphere of duty. So far as his decision about the bets and the length of the fight was concerned, they amounted to nothing."

* * *

FOLLOWING my Coast début, I returned to Chicago, where I was matched with Young Griffo of Australia, who had just arrived there. The battle was fought at McGurn's Court, and George Siler refereed. He declared the affair a draw after eight furious rounds.

After several fights in the Middle West, including a return mill with Siddons, whom I beat in six rounds, and a twenty-round draw return engagement with Australian Billy Murphy—there being no more good feathers to tackle in my section of the country—I ventured into New York, where, much to my surprise, the promotors and fans apparently didn't think much of me, although those in all other parts of the country had heard a little about Tommy White's prowess.

Well, I was glad for that, because I had made up my mind I would show them, and I did. I received engagements that I probably could not have obtained had I been so well thought of when I first reached the city. I started out with a victory over Marty McCue, who later became a power in Tammany Hall and in the New York State Legislature, and who recently died, and then I received a match with George Dixon, Little Chocolate, at Tom O'Rourke's Broadway Athletic Club.

Dixon and I were matched for twenty rounds and at the end of a hectic mill, the referee, Sam Austin, now a New York boxing judge, called the bout a draw. The bout was for the title, as Dixon held the championship, and it was the first held under the Horton Law and therefore the first legalized battle in New York State or elsewhere in this country. That's a distinction of which I feel mighty proud.

The *Police Gazette*, recording that affair, said:

"The fight was clean and scientific, there being little slugging or brutality—both men showing that they wanted to win fairly. The great crowd was wild with excitement as the boys shook hands in a cordial manner at the end of the fight. Owing to the tumult, for five minutes it was impossible to give the decision of Referee Austin. Satisfaction greeted the judgment of 'draw.'"

In 1897, I held Solly Smith to a twenty-five-round draw, knocked out Jack Skelly in five rounds, and won from Eddie Santry in twenty. I then decided to go to England, where I lost to Ben Jordan in nineteen rounds in London. Jordan at that time claimed the British featherweight crown.

On March 31, 1898, I returned to America to engage Dixon in another bout. I faced Little Chocolate in Syracuse, N. Y., and fought a twenty-round draw. Those who saw that bout called it one of the cleverest between little fellows fought in years. The affair was so scientific that at times it became monotonous for those who were accustomed to seeing a slugging bee.

About this time, the 126-pound class was revived and after knocking out Danny McBride at that weight, I claimed the championship and continued to fight at 126 pounds, undefeated until I was whipped by Dixon in our third engagement. It was on July 11, 1899, that we got together again, and the bout was announced as for the featherweight title. The crown at that time was claimed by several men because of a weight dispute—Dixon, Jordan and Eddie Santry being the leaders at 118 to 122 pounds, while I was the king at 126.

Well, in that mill between Little Chocolate and myself, which took place on July 11, 1899, at Denver, Dixon gained the verdict at the end of twenty rounds. Following that contest, I fought four more times before the year ended, and then four more the following year when I retired.

An injury to my left ankle during my second contest with Terry McGovern brought about my retirement.

I started the year 1900 by fighting a six-round draw with Oscar Gardner and then, two months later, I took on McGovern for six rounds in Chicago. That bout was another draw. I fought McGovern again at Coney Island on June 12, when I was stopped in the third round because of an injured ankle, and lost again to him in Milwaukee in four rounds. That was my last fight.

From 1890 to 1900 there was no man of importance at or about my weight that I did not fight—if he would fight—and in my scrapbooks of newspaper clippings of former contests, there are highly interesting accounts of 113 fights, fought in all parts of America and in England. Those bouts totaled 1,472 rounds, a shade better than thirteen rounds to each fight, with over eighty of them being fought with skin-tight or two-ounce gloves. Yet today I have no marks or scars on my face or any other marks that would designate me as a former pro fighter.

Since quitting the sport in 1900, I have not been identified with it in any way, and it was only recently that I was induced to assist the men now engaged in instructing the Catholic Youth Organization of Chicago in the "defense" angle of boxing.

One, Two, Three, Four, Five . . . .

(*Continued from page* 19)

fighting came thick and fast this round, but Davey started it this time. He met a rush of Walker's with a straight jab in the solar plexus. Walker doubled up, and Davey rained a shower of blows to his face.

"Things looked pretty bad at that moment for Walker; the yelling and shouting that filled the place was awful. Billy Walker, however, was back on the defensive in a few moments, and things slowed up for a while, the two boys circling around each other like cats.

"They closed in again, and it sounded as if it were hailing full-sized bricks. They both got in some pretty fast wallops before Marty separated them, and one especially, a crashing smash to Davey's jaw, almost dazed the boy. It made Marty Lewis blink, but nobody noticed that. A couple of more seconds of sparring and the second round was over.

"More than once during the rest, Lewis felt like going over to Barton and whispering some words of encouragement to the kid. But you know how it is. People are liable to misunderstand, and then no end of trouble would result.

"The third round started, and the two boys jumped up to meet each other as spry as at the beginning. They sparred for a couple of seconds, and then suddenly Walker's left shot out like a bullet and landed with a sickening thud on the kid's jaw. Davey crashed backwards to the floor, headfirst, and lay still.

"Marty Lewis, feeling more than ever like strangling Billy Walker, rushed over to his boy and began counting. But his heart wasn't in his work. It was there with the boy at his feet.

"'One—two—three—four—five—' Lewis stopped. The boy at his feet was awful still. There was a terrible whiteness on the kid's face. With a sob, Marty dropped down on his knees and pressed his ear to the kid's heart. A moment later he looked up. There was a queer, twisted look on the referee's face.

"'Davey's dead,' he said, hoarsely, and then again, 'Davey's dead.'

"Marty Lewis dropped over the boy's body and cried like a woman."

* * *

THE "bum" stopped for a minute, and then went on:

"That fight made Marty Lewis and then it ruined him. The papers all over the country grabbed the story and played it up strong. It was the kind of a sob story that appealed, and Marty Lewis got to be known more than ever. They liked him better, too, because they had seen the side of him that was human and soft.

"At the next fight that Marty Lewis refereed, things went along pretty smoothly until one of the fighters was knocked out. Lewis went over to the floored fighter and began to count. He counted up to five and then stopped. With a sob, he dropped down to his knees and pressed his ear over the boxer's heart. When he looked up a moment later, there was a queer, twisted look on his face.

"'Davey's dead,' he said, hoarsely, and then again, 'Davey's dead.'

"The next day the papers featured the story, and there were vague whisperings that the fight that had killed Davey Barton had unbalanced Marty Lewis's mind. At the next fight that Marty Lewis refereed, the same thing happened. He counted to five, dropped to his knees, and then said:

"'Davey's dead, Davey's dead.'

"That was the last fight Marty Lewis ever refereed. The managers didn't want the same show repeated at every fight, and Lewis was practically canned.

"And then he drifted, down—down—down. The dead boy was with him always, everywhere. He took to drink. And that ruined him."

Again the bum stopped, but for a moment, while I looked quizzically at him, for I felt confident that Lewis and the hobo relating the story were one and the same person. And my suspicions were verified when the bum, no longer able to control himself, burst out passionately:

"By God! I loved that boy!"

Outside, the rain continued to patter steadily, monotonously.

Fascinating Spectacle

(*Continued from page* 11)

Training, as even the veriest tyro knows, is the keynote of success in the prize ring. The fellows who stick assiduously to the conditioning "grind," no matter how irksome it seems, are the chaps who reach and hold championship heights. The fellows who shirk their training are the ones who soon hit the toboggan—who get knocked out with painful regularity, until they degenerate to the stumble-bum class.

Training methods have improved in the same proportion as boxing itself within the past twenty years. In the old London prize-ring days, when men fought with naked hands for stakes alone, and gate money was an unknown quantity, the backer of a bare-knuckle fighter resorted to heroic measures in order to place his man in what he considered proper physical condition for the fray.

Stories are still told of how fighters of the skin-tight gloves era were compelled to jog mile after mile while holding on to the rear of a swiftly moving cart, driven by the party who furnished the sinews of war.

When the fighter fell from sheer exhaustion, the exercise for that particular occasion was at an end. The pugilist was driven to the tavern, where he made his headquarters, soused in cold water, rubbed and scrubbed, and then fed on rare beef, stale bread, and old ale. After that, he was allowed to lounge about until the cart drew up at the door again.

Latter-day champions, who employ valets, sparring partners, and a big training staff generally, would snort at such rigid methods, just as they would if asked to exchange the comforts of padded rings and artificially warmed pavilions for a battle-ground on the sodden turf of some wind-swept field years ago.

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Pugilism's Progress

(*Continued from page* 35)

had been neglected, much to their detriment.

In the application of the backheel, the operator would take a body hold with his right arm, and then, stepping swiftly forward, would bring his right heel forcefully against the right heel of his opponent. The result of the blow on the heel and pressure on the body was to throw the victim on his back. The winner of the fall was then in a position to employ all the gentle arts fostered by the London Rules, including knee punches in the stomach and elbow thumps in the face.

* * *

HAD the system of counting by the referee been in vogue in bare-fist contests, many a man would have been knocked out through the rise of the cross buttock and the backheel with ensuing knee and elbow treatment. Fortunately for the victims of the wrestling feature, a round ended as soon as a fighter went to earth and the contestants were sent to corners for a half minute's rest. Nevertheless, the brutal tactics permitted by the London code so weakened many contestants that they were unable to fight with any vigor and were compelled to quit.

Compared to the vicious methods employed by bare-knuckle fighters, the tactics of modern glove boxers are mild and innocuous. Yet, despite the fact that his hands are swathed in bandages and protected by padded mitts, the boxer of today is constantly a sufferer from injured fists. This is due to the fact that modern pugilists swing their arms like flails, without any objective.

They use their fists like a club. The blows of bare-fist fighters were delivered like the thrust of a rapier. They avoided swinging blows, knowing full well that a broken hand would mean the loss of the contest.

Modern boxers, or a majority of them, swing furiously with both hands from the first gong to the last, trusting to the gloves to save them from broken bones.

The next article of this series will deal with the efforts of bare-knuckle fighters to cripple the hands of opponents and the methods employed to achieve the desired results.

Champ Unafraid

(Continued from page 28)

ONE of his first major opponents was Pete Petcoff in Norfolk, Nebraska. He defeated the Duluth middleweight in straight falls. Charley Miller, another of his conquerors, was the next man he tackled, and he defeated Charley easily, winning the first fall in forty-two minutes and the second in a minute and a half.

Then Gus really got ambitious and set out to tackle the world, all weights and all divisions, although he was still little more than a welterweight. His next important opponent was the great Clarence Ecklund. He wrestled Clarence at Red Lodge, Mont., in 1921. Ecklund was a legitimate light-heavyweight but the Finn still thought he could defeat him. What a surprise he got! Ecklund won the match in forty-five minutes and it took Gus sixteen minutes to come to from the terrific slam to the canvas he got from his opponent.

That match taught Gus he still had a lot to learn about the royal art of wrestling so he went to the greatest teacher on earth, Farmer Burns of Nebraska. He studied under the Farmer for a while and then, after he defeated Chris Jordan in Evansville, Ind., Burns offered to bet $1,000 that Kallio could defeat Johnny Meyers, then regarded as the middleweight champion. Meyers failed to put up any money for the match and wrestled Midget Fisher instead. Fisher won, but for some reason, Meyers still claimed the title.

Gus weighed only around 150 pounds at the time and found it easy to make the welterweight limit. He chased Jack Reynolds for some time but then decided to go after middleweight honors for it was proving to be quite a grind staying down around 145 pounds.

Finally, on August 7, 1928, in Chicago, Gus got his long-sought match with Midget Fischer. The bout was billed for the middleweight championship of the world. Gus and Charley went two hours to a draw, with Midget having the better of it in the first part of the match and "Finegan," with his marvelous endurance, built up by days and weeks of hard labor on the farms, in the harvest fields, and in the copper and coal mines, the better towards the end of the match.

Then the judges and the referee decided to let the match go another half hour and the wrestler who showed the best form in that time would be declared the champion. Gus merely turned on a little reserve steam, kept behind Charley most of the time, and came out with the decision.

In his first defense of his new title, Kallio defeated Joe Turner at Columbus. Shortly after that, to clear up everything in the wrestling game, the National Boxing Association decided to hold tournaments in the four outstanding weights: heavyweight, light-heavy, middle, and welter. The heavyweight tournament fell through like a ton of bricks, but Jack Reynolds won the welter, Hughie Nichols defeated Joe Banaski in the light-heavyweight, and Kallio won the middleweight laurels.

Five wrestlers were sent invitations to compete in the middleweight tournament—Kallio, Midget Fischer, Bobby Meyers of Oregon, Ray Carpenter of Columbus, and Ralph Percaut of Iowa. Meyers and Midget Fischer failed to compete and Gus was matched with Ralph Percaut for the championship, the winner to give Ray Carpenter the first chance at the title. Gus defeated Percaut in straight falls, proving he was the master of Johnny Meyers in that match, for Percaut had beaten Meyers a short time before that in Des Moines, Ia. Gus then met Carpenter in Columbus and won from him without much trouble, thus clearly establishing his claim to the world's middleweight crown.

Since that time, Gus has defended his championship in all parts of the United States and Canada, taking on any and all challengers. For a time Bob Meyers of Oregon tried to lay claim to the title after he returned from a tour of South Africa. Gus chased him around the Northwest, challenged him in Seattle, and posted $500 as a side bet, but Meyers never accepted the challenge nor posted the forfeit and the match never came off. Since that time, no one has come along seriously to threaten Kallio's crown and it looks as though "Finegan" will sail along as champion for some time to come.

Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 27)

crowd to a man, virtually cheered the roof off the house. Stecher seemed fresh as he went to his dressing room for the rest period and, when he came out for the resumption of the match, he bore a determined look that indicated his feelings as far as victory was concerned. Cutler, on the other hand, appeared the worse for wear.

* * *

WHEN time was called for the second fall, Stecher got into quick action. He tussled around for a few minutes, then tripped Cutler and fell on top of him. Cutler got out of a body and leg hold and, raising Stecher, slammed him with force.

Joe quickly regained his feet and they maneuvered about the ring until Stecher was able to corner his man. He leaped forward, got a waist hold, quickly applied a leg movement, and down went Cutler.

Joe, like a flash, was on top of him. Cutler struggled to free himself but without avail. Stecher applied the scissors hold with a tightening grip and just kept squeezing the breath out of his opponent until Charley was forced to give in. He was gradually turned on his back and the second fall and championship was gained in 10.59 amid wild rejoicing.

When the Stecher-Cutler match was announced, Gotch, who was quite peeved at the failure of Westergaard to hold his own against Ordeman and the subsequent defeat of the latter by Cutler, decided to come out of retirement. He seemed irked by the poor caliber of wrestlers who were fighting for his crown and came out with the announcement that he was still the undefeated world champion and would face Ordeman in a titular match a week before Stecher and Cutler were to meet.

Of course that movement hurt the Omaha bout to the extent that many critics remained on the fence and refused to recognize the Nebraska tilt as for the title so long as Gotch was willing to resume his mat activities. But those who had sufficient courage denied Gotch's right to the crown just as had been the case when Jim Jeffries tried to reclaim the heavyweight title when he was matched with Jack Johnson.

Be that as it may, Gotch threw Ordeman with an arm and scissors hold at Humboldt, Iowa, Frank's home burg, before only seven thousand persons, in twenty-one minutes, and then started a campaign to force Stecher into a match on terms proposed by Gotch. In the contest with Ordeman, Frank showed much of his old-time skill, but he was short of wind, and those who had seen him toss his man predicted that it would be best for him to quit, as Stecher's youth would surely offset any other advantages Gotch might have.

Gotch was adamant in Omaha to referee the bout between Stecher and Cutler, and after the match he was offered a bout with the victor. He was eager to wrestle, although the match failed to materialize.

It took about a quarter of a million dollars to get Jeffries back into the ring, but his old side-kick, Gotch, was a little more modest. He told the Omaha promoter that he would be willing to "defend" his crown against Stecher on Labor Day, 1915, for the small sum of thirty-five thousand dollars guarantee, that amount to be turned over to him two weeks before he entered the ring. In addition, he was to be permitted to take fifty per cent of the gate if the receipts would yield more than that amount specified.

Of course, the promoter was unwilling to take that kind of a gamble with a man who had not appeared in the ring for so long a time and whose drawing power, then, was problematical. Thus the match was never consummated, and the wrestling fraternity, satisfied that Stecher was the leading matman of the time, acknowledged him the world champion.

Ed Smith, famous Chicago referee, who is now living in Avalon, Calif., was among those who thought that Stecher would beat Gotch if they had met in 1915. Ed should have known, for he officiated in many wrestling matches, including the second Gotch-Hackenschmidt mill in Chicago. Speaking of Stecher after his Omaha victory, which Smith saw, Ed said:

"The young Nebraskan is a fine specimen. He performs feats that are rare, as far as the average athlete is concerned, and even for wrestlers."

Here is what Smith enumerated in writing the story of Stecher:

"Trains by farm work and not by the ordinary methods of the wrestler or strong man.

"Practises his famous body scissors on the farm horses and perfects it in that way.

"His father, who is just a medium-sized man, is of German descent, and the mother is Bohemian, and young Joe has inherited the strong qualities of both races.

"Joe can hold an ordinary automobile from a standing position with a rope attached to one leg.

"He says he has a pressure of eighteen hundred pounds from knee to knee when he applies the scissors with full force.

"He can split a two-bushel sack of grain with his scissors."

Of his career as a champion, we will go into detail in the next issue.

News of the Mat World

(*Continued from page 33*)

who has been beaten only six times in five seasons Down Under. John Pesek, Stanley Pinto, Kara Pasha, Tom Alley, Joe Varga, and Al Harasick were his conquerers. Pesek was the only one to take two falls from Walker. Harasick won on points, and the others on disqualifications. Walker's favorite winning hold is the back-flip. He has garnered close to $50,000 for his efforts this season.

* * *

Stanley Sokolis, who recently made his début in big-time grappling circles, plays "pro" football with the Philadelphia Eagles. Stan was captain and star tackle of the University of Pennsylvania football team in 1932 and weighs 210 pounds. For the past seven summers he has been a life guard at Wildwood, N. J., and has 252 rescues to his credit.

* * *

DO YOU KNOW THAT—George Hagen, the ex-Marine, is playing in Maurice Chevalier's next picture? . . . . George Sauer, Ray Steele's brother, and his wife, Bernice, were married in the ring at Oklahoma City? . . . . Marshall Blackstock is the sponsor of an autograph society? . . . . Marsh once tossed a whole football team out of a restaurant because they flirted with pretty li'l Mrs. Blackstock? . . . . Ernie Dusek demands a long list of references before he gives his autograph to femmes? . . . . Ray Steele has been married for the past fifteen years to a Houston girl? . . . . The Steeles have a cute little Spanish place in Glendale, Calif.? . . . . Ray loves to play tricks on his wrestler pals, his favorite being to smear limburger cheese on their belongings? . . . . They got even by taking all of his clothes out of the locker one night while he wrestled, making it necessary for Ray to go to the hotel in an old dilapidated raincoat? . . . . Paul Jones plans to become a minister after he retires from the mat? . . . . George Cochran, a twenty-six-year-old comer from Washington, D. C., has been barred from "pro" football because he is too rough? . . . . Jim Coffield used to play football, basketball, and baseball? . . . .

Glenn Munn, brother of the late Wayne (Big) Munn, former world's heavyweight mat king, once worked as a tire salesman? . . . . Dutch Hefner was a bookie at the race tracks? . . . . Marsh Blackstock pulled a good one when he untied Dorv Roche's shoe laces, and then tied them together, causing Dorv to spill on his face when he attempted to lunge at Marsh? . . . . Sammy Stein played in the flicker, *The Lost Patrol?* . . . . Bald-headed Pete Schuh carries a birth certificate around with him to prove that he is only twenty-seven? . . . . Gino Garibaldi gets a great kick out of filling his mouth with BB's and shooting them at people, then looking innocently away? . . . . Lou Plummer at one time was cross-eyed, but saved his money and had an operation performed which proved most successful? . . . . Bernice and Bette thank Joe Savoldi for the nice autographs? . . . . Strangler Lewis has only one eye, having lost the other in an accident outside the ring? . . . . Lewis also was a victim of trachoma at one time but an operation saved the sight of his lone orb? . . . . Jim Londos drinks temperately of wines and plays the mandolin? . . . . His pet ambition is to be a concert vocalist, of all things? . . . .

Teddy Yarosz

(*Continued from page 7*)

From the United Press report: "By the United Press score sheet, Terry won the tenth, fought on even terms in the fourth and lost the other eight."

So you can decide for yourself what happened in that fight.

Yarosz has a style that is all his own, with a jab that nobody has yet been able to escape and a two-fisted attack when the going gets hot that has enabled him to make every opponent take cover. In seventy-two professional fights he has lost two decisions and, in each case, the verdict was unmercifully panned by capable newspaper experts at the ringside. One official, if not actual, defeat was at the hands of Terry, the other in a bout with Eddie (Kid) Wolfe.

* * *

THADDEUS (TEDDY) YAROSZ was born on June 24, 1910, on Pittsburgh's North Side. Ten years later the family moved to Monaca, near Pittsburgh, where Teddy still lives with his mother, five brothers, two sisters and two young cousins. Teddy's father died seven years ago, which left the responsibility of supporting the family mainly upon the shoulders of Eddie, then eighteen, and Teddy, who was two years younger.

Both Eddie and Teddy quit high school and went to work. It was hard sledding until Teddy began to rake in some money as a boxer. Both Eddie and Teddy always had been keen for boxing and in grade school engaged in many set-tos with other youngsters, in spite of the objections of their father, as already mentioned.

After the father's death, Eddie began boxing in local amateur shows and, a little later, Teddy also tried his hand. Before long, they were the cream of the district amateurs in the lightweight division, and on three occasions were the finalists for various championships in western Pennsylvania. Each time Eddie stepped aside and defaulted to his kid brother. Teddy was a member of the Pennsylvania team which competed in the national championships at Boston early in 1929, and was defeated in the finals. Although he weighed only 139 pounds, he was forced to box as a welterweight. He was the only boy on the team to reach the finals.

It is at this point that Ray Foutts, who has managed Yarosz's professional career so masterfully, enters the picture. Foutts was staging weekly shows at Junction Park, New Brighton, Pa., in the spring of 1929. A gangling youngster pestered him for days for a chance to box, as he wanted to turn professional. Of course, that was Yarosz. More to get rid of him than for anything else, Foutts gave the kid a chance in a four-round curtain raiser with one Jackie King of Wampum, Pa., who had had considerable professional experience.

It proved to be a great fight, with both boys taking plenty of punishment. Yarosz won the decision by a terrific rally in the last round. Although Teddy did everything wrong, slapped with an open glove and led with his chin, his determination and his reaction when stung, appealed to Foutts. After the fight, Foutts made a verbal agreement to act as Teddy's manager. Two years later, when Yarosz became of age, they signed a long-term contract.

After that first victory, Teddy won fifty-six more contests in succession before being held to a draw by Eddie (Kid) Wolfe in Madison Square Garden in the semi-final to the McLarnin-Leonard bout. It was the same Wolfe who broke Yarosz's streak of unbeaten appearances by gaining a split verdict over him in Pittsburgh, a fight in which every Pittsburgh newspaper scored Yarosz as the winner.

* * *

IT is Yarosz's ambition to be a doctor after he has finished his ring career. For the last year he has been studying under a tutor to enable him to receive the balance of his high school credits and become eligible to enroll at either Geneva College or Duquesne University, after he becomes financially independent. Teddy already has paid off a mortgage on the Yarosz home, is sending one sister to college and intends to see that his younger brothers all are well educated.

Yarosz is most conscientious about his training. He works as hard in the gymnasium as in an actual fight. He is a great believer in road work and always takes his two airedales with him when he hits the road. He walks from Monaca to Pittsburgh, twenty miles, twice a month as an aid to his endurance. Foutts' chief worry is to prevent Teddy from overdoing his training.

Teddy does not run around with any crowd of young fellows. He usually is in bed by ten o'clock and up by six. He plays the violin for his own amusement, raises racing pigeons, studies food values and diets and has an extensive library on these subjects. He is very fond of the movies. His favorite among the ring immortals is Stanley Ketchel, who also was Polish.

Yarosz deems boxing the greatest of all sports and considers the amateur ranks great schooling for any boy who has a professional boxing career in mind. He still has the "Die for dear old Rutgers" spirit in the ring and seems to get even more satisfaction out of a victory than from the financial returns.

Though Yarosz often is referred to as "the second Harry Greb," he is more inclined to the orthodox style than was the Pittsburgh Pinwheel. Teddy never saw Greb box and does not attempt to follow the style of any particular boxer. However, he will study and practice for a long time a certain punch or defensive move that some top-notcher has perfected.

Foutts has been wise enough to avoid changing Yarosz's natural style, attempting instead, merely to eliminate the defects in it. He is probably the only fighter in the game who successfully leads with a right-hand punch. For two years, Teddy daily practiced a straight right-hand punch on the heavy bag, and that is now his best offensive weapon. He shoots his right cross as easily as a jab, with lightning speed, to the head and body. This was the punch that enabled him to win so easily from Dundee. He is a clean boxer and never has won or lost on a foul.

Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 15)

has been calling attention to that boy many times during the past two years. Walter is not what might be called a finished fighter. He is of the Ace Hudkins school, a boring-in body-puncher. If he could sock harder, he would be a phenom. He is a courageous battler and, when he lands, he does damage. A heavyweight who always mixes it and is courageous is the type of pugilist who gains popular approval, and that is why Walter has clicked, and will continue to click, in the States.

Incidentally, contrary to expectations, he has gained the support of Jewish fight fans, who, as fight followers know, rank among the most ardent fans in the world. Their support has come to Walter, despite his German birth, because he has openly defied the Hitler government and retained his Jewish manager, Paul Damski, who brought him up from the amateurs.

Under the Hitlerism edict, all German fighters were ordered to sever relations with Jewish managers, all Jewish boxers were banned from competing in Germany, and all Hebrew promoters were ousted from control of their clubs. The only exception made was that in favor of Max Schmeling, who at the time was in this country, scheduled to meet Max Baer, and he therefore was permitted to retain Joe Jacobs.

Neusel was one of the fighters who balked at the government's orders. He declared he owed allegiance to the man who had taught him all he knew and who was responsible for his rise in fisticuffs and, rather than submit, exiled himself. And that is why he is in this country, where he will be rewarded for his stand by the support of those whose cause he has espoused. More power to him!

Speaking of Schmeling, I recently received a communication from one of the German promoters, in which he informed me that he doubts that Schmeling will ever appear in this country again, unless, through a subterfuge, he announces the severance of his ties with Joe Jacobs. My informant, an executive of the Hamburg Sports Club, says that, at a recent session of the National Nazi Athletic Board of Control, word had been passed on to Schmeling that, in the event he disobeyed the Nazi edict and fought again with Jacobs as his manager, the forfeiture of Herr Max's property would be considered. As Schmeling owns acres of land and has other valuable assets, my informant says he will think twice before declaring himself opposed to the government regulations.

We in this country hope that is not the case and that Schmeling will come back for another campaign, because boxing needs his colorful type right now, and with him, Neusel, Baer, Loughran, and Impellitiere in the limelight, good competition would be revived and the sport would gain a firmer footing.

As for Jacobs, I doubt that the German government would ban him from handling Schmeling, because the Fatherland owes much to little Joey for what he has accomplished in putting Germany on the athletic map through his handling of Herr Max. It was Jacobs' shrewdness that brought the championship to Germany for the first time, and, if given the opportunity again, he is likely to bring it back if he can get Carnera to consent to a match with Max.

* * *

KID CHOCOLATE went the way of all champions when he was knocked out for the first time in his ten years' career by Tony Canzoneri in the Garden of New York. The punch soporific came unexpectedly in 2.30 of the second round, and with that K.O. ended the hopes of the Chocolate Kid to win another championship.

The picturesque Cuban featherweight has none but himself to blame for his downfall. For several years those who follow the sport closely have been wondering how he could retain his stamina and exhibit the speed he did in the roped square without proper training. The Keed, like most boys who have suddenly attained fame and wealth, amassed a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars in three years, yet today he stands on the brink of retirement with little to show for his efforts.

Fame and fortune apparently went to the head of the Patent Leather Kid and at an age when he should still be in his prime so far as fisticuffs is concerned, he has shot his bolt and is on his way out. The Cuban, who punched his way through more than 200 amateur and professional fights without experiencing the sensations of a knockout, now knows how the horde of fighters whom he has laid low felt when his fists crashed against their chins and put them into dreamland.

The pity of it lies in the fact that Chocolate has been one of the great drawing cards of modern Fistiana. Even during the height of depression, he always managed to fill the arenas because of his natural ability, his glistening body and his rapier-like slashes that held the attention of the fans. When he was knocked out, a fine fistic attraction was spoiled for the promoter, but another great attraction made his way back into the fistic limelight in Tony Canzoneri.

A right-hand punch that electrified a gathering of 13,000 fans, was the finishing blow to the Keed. There was nothing fluky about the wallop. It came following an opening that Canzoneri saw and, with the speed of a jackrabbit, Tony unloosened a rifle shot that hit dead center to bring tragedy into the life of the Cuban.

With that punch, Canzoneri again came back into the big time and notified the boxing world through that K.O. that he is deserving of another shot at Barney Ross in a lightweight championship mill. Such a card should draw heavily.

While the knock-out of Chocolate was a masterpiece on the part of his opponent, the Patent Leather Kid was not disgraced. He gave a splendid performance while the bout lasted and showed his gameness by fighting Tony to a standstill when the former lightweight king clipped him with a sharp right a few seconds before the final blow was delivered.

As a fight, that mill was appreciated by the thousands who surprised all hands—fighters, managers, scribes and the promoters—by their splendid turnout. It proved what so often has been said, that if the public is assured of a good fight card, the turnstiles will click.

Scissors Star

(Continued from page 34)

something was wrong, pleaded with his man to finish the man who would wreck the show. "Give him the business, champ," he ranted, "and make the job a good one."

The champion tried to respond, but this time Grubmeier, with only a few minutes of the precious ten remaining, suddenly switched, deftly threw his man, clamped on his frog scissors and his opponent's shoulders were flat on the mat. Instead of being thrown, the farmer had tossed the champion and won $1000.

Grubmeier quickly disappeared, as he had done on previous occasions. He eventually tired of following the circus and joined the professional wrestlers. Today he rates one of the most dangerous and best of the American crop. His frog scissors has earned for him the title of "Scissors King." He hopes some day to have the opportunity to get a crack at the championship and win the crown.

Fred believes if he is given a chance, he, the former rube of the carnivals, may yet rule the heavyweight roost.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

PETE SARRON showed plenty class in his losing effort against Freddie Miller, the N.B.A. featherweight champion, at Portner's Arena over the ten-round route. Miller made a last-minute rush to take the eye of the judges, but Pete deserved a better fate and the fans expressed themselves accordingly.

Wesley Ramey took a duke over Ray Bowen in ten rounds at the Portner Arena. Ramey fought a heady battle against the much-harder-punching Bowen and took very few chances. Leroy Dougan gave Doug Sweatman a pasting in a six-round semi-final.

Joe Foglietti, Philadelphia's bantam, made a fine showing in winning over Leroy Dougan at Portner's Arena. Foglietti outpunched the very willing Dougan and the fight was a thriller. Maxie Karshover had an easy time punching out a win over Charley Jacobs. Carey Wright was blessed with a draw in his bout with Tommy Bashara, who really won with plenty to spare.

Lew Raymond and Joe Ferrando fought a savage ten-rounder in Baltimore with Ferrando taking the nod.

Varius Milling won a technical knock-out over Eddie Burl in two rounds at Portner's Arena. Milling hit Burl a terrific body punch that doubled the Florida boy for a count of nine. Burl regained his feet, but was helpless, and Milling refused to land what might have been a fatal punch. Referee Charlie Short wisely raised Milling's hand at this stage. Burl received a broken rib and will be out of commission for at least a month. Mickey Genaro bested Chief Perry Knowles in the eight-round semi-final with little to spare.

Reds Barry, Washington's nineteen-year-old heavyweight, continues to keep busy with fair success. During the month, Reds drew with Charley Belanger and defeated Jimmy Maloney, the Boston veteran, at Asheville, N. C. Barry knocked out Sunny Jim McVey at Pittsburgh, Pa., and drew with Joe Sekyra at Holyoke, Mass.

PICK-UPS—Boxing in this vicinity is at a very low ebb. The Portner Arena has staged five shows thus far this season and has yet to break even or better, including Champion Freddie Miller with Pete Sarron, who is the best drawing card in these parts. Part of the lack of interest in boxing around the Nation's Capital is the lack of good preliminary boys. Then, too, the Portner management went up on its prices for the Freddie Miller showing, and that did not help things any. Jimmy Erwin continues to keep Les Kennedy busy in out-of-town rings. Ray Bowen showed Washington fans he can mingle with the topnotchers when he fought a close one with Wesley Ramey. Joe Green, a protege of Harry Groves, is Washington's most promising newcomer.

Washington and Baltimore fans were tickled to hear of Vince Dundee winning the middleweight championship. Vince has fought some great fights in Washington and he is considerably more popular in the Capital than in Baltimore.

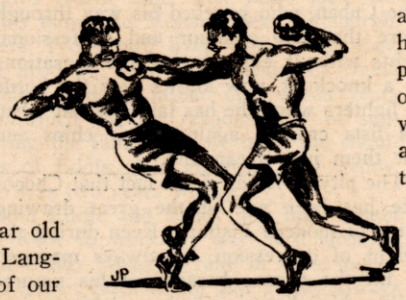
Letters from Our Readers

IN re the story that recently appeared in THE RING under your name to the effect that Sam Langford and his friends insist that I have always ducked him and refused to give him an opportunity to fight for the world's heavyweight championship, which I held, because I was afraid of him, may I call your attention to the fact that Jack Johnson was never afraid of anybody.

If you will go through my record, you will find that I fought everybody of note and after I had once defeated an opponent, when I thought that I had given him a severe licking and that a return bout might prove fatal to him, I exercised my good Christian judgment and saved him from himself by keeping my hands off. Such was the case with Sam Langford and such is the case right now.

I have nothing but the greatest of sympathy for the man who has repeatedly issued statements, for personal effect, that he chased me all over the country trying to corner me into a championship bout, because as you now know, poor Sam needs all the sympathy he can get. Take one peep at Langford and that apparently will be sufficient to show that my stand in this matter, as well as in the case of others whom I shunned, was a most gracious one on my part.

Johnny Mahoney is now living in Boston, where he is a sporting editor of one of the Boston papers. I handed him $10,000 in currency one afternoon (not a check) with an offer to box Langford. In addition to Mahoney, Johnny Mooney, who was a manager of Honey Mellody, the welterweight champion, was present when I put up this money to box before any club that would offer a purse, winner take all.



I have accounts of the fight from my dear old friend Tad, which show how badly Sam Langford was whipped. Please note the account of our fifteen-round fight at Chelsea, Mass., which I am enclosing. The report shows that I gave poor Sam such a severe trimming that he had to find his way into a hospital to recuperate. The records of that fight prove that statement to be correct.

Langford was among the five fighters to whom I gave the worst beatings in all my career. This quintet was composed of Jim Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Sam Langford, Sailor Burke, and Frank Childs.

That will be all for the present. I hope that this letter to you will be printed in your most interesting section, "Letters From Our Readers," so that once and for all time those who have been trying to belittle my ability will be wise enough to read this article and be quiet. As you know, Nat, my record speaks for itself, and, if I must say so, the best critics of boxing in the world have placed me among the three greatest fighters of all time and many of them have said, to use a quotation from one of the stories I have before me, "In my opinion Jack Johnson rates number one, as there never was a fighter with greater defensive ability that he. He combined all the strength of Jim Jeffries, the punching power of Bob Fitzsimmons, and as for courage, there was none who excelled him."

Best regards and continued success to your publication. You'll hear from me again later.

JACK JOHNSON.

* * *

I HAVE read your latest book on *How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight,* also your books on boxing, wrestling and training and *How to Second a Boxer,* and I can truthfully say in my course of twenty-five years in sport, I have never read anything to cover boxing as well. You seem to answer everything in that line of sport. I am going to make it a point to see that every one that judges or referees a fight around here has a copy of your book or he will not be allowed to referee or judge a bout in this commission's territory.

Your books were brought to my notice by Barney Doran of this city, who is a wonderful booster for you and your magazine.

G. C. O'HARA,
Moose Jaw Boxing Commission,
Moose Jaw, Canada.

* * *

HAVING read your publication, THE RING, for the past eight years, may I say that it is the best book I've ever seen or read. When it comes to sports—boxing and wrestling, THE RING is unsurpassed.

I just bought your issue and I am quite satisfied with its contents and will keep on getting it even at the new price, as long as it's put out.

So here is wishing you and your wonderful book a big and better success.

M. P. THOMPSON,
New York City.

* * *

I NOTICE in the October number of THE RING that you rate Hackenschmidt ahead of Gotch. I don't see how you can do this in view of the fact that Gotch defeated him twice and also defeated all the best wrestlers of his time. I have read all of Mr. Phillips' fine articles, "From Milo To Londos," and if what he writes is authentic, I don't see how you can possibly rate Hackenschmidt ahead of Gotch. My opinion of Hackenschmidt is that he has been very good at alibis, but it seems that he has taken a long time to get them up. He had two chances to show his superiority over Gotch and quit both times. It shows very plainly that he couldn't "take it."

I like your magazine a lot and wouldn't think of missing one, but I'm afraid I can't agree with you on the Hackenschmidt-Gotch rating. Hack's matches with Gotch remind me of the month of March, "Went in like a (Russian) lion and came out like a lamb." Wishing RING a lot of success, I am,

MASON CAMPBELL,
Livingston, Mont.

* * *

IN your July issue, you inquire for news of Digger Stanley and Billy Murphy—the former died in England about 1927 and the latter is a tailor in New Zealand. He must now be over 70. I notice that more than once you refer to Isaac Perrins in THE RING as the "Tipton Slasher." Should it not be William Perry?

Your articles and editorials give me much pleasure, especially some recent ones. I have taken your magazine now for some years. You will certainly make some enemies, as well as friends, by your fearless articles.

It has truly been said that a man with no enemies is a man who has persistently shirked his duty—and whose life has been a series of compromises and cowardly surrenders. I can see that you regard the sport as what, at its finest, it is and can be made —a nation-builder and character-trainer, whose primary aim it is to produce men and train character and whose secondary aim it is to produce fighters who will set the highest standard of skill.

Ten amateur boxers to every professional seems to me an ideal for every country to aim at. At its highest, the game can bring a tone into a nation's sport which cannot be gotten for gold, nor silver, weighed for the price thereof. William Muldoon's influence was an example there.

A friend of mine in Paris, a sculptor and an old amateur boxer, writes to me "THE RING is excellent in tone and contents—and also some of its photos are of genuine use to me in my study of the human form." He refereed hundreds of fights

in Egypt, England, and France in the war. He was nearly fifty when he went to the war, where he was badly gassed.

One criticism I have. I did not care at all for the prints published some months back in a Davis article on women fighting. It seemed very much out of place in a magazine such as yours. That sort of thing, to my mind, would only be enjoyed by a man with the mental development of a boy of twelve.

A Ring Reader.

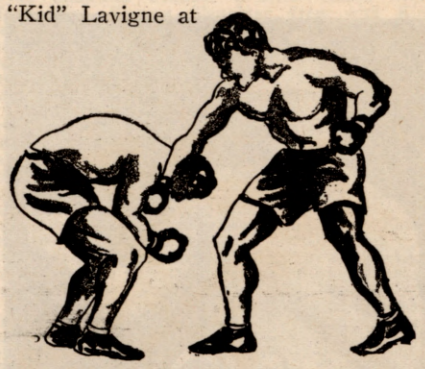
* * *

I SUPPOSE you will have had many letters from your host of readers in regard to the story of Billy Murphy by George F. Nock, and I wish to add my own impressions.

"Australian Billy Murphy" was the rightful owner of the proudest title that a fighter may possess—the title of champion of the world, yet Mr. Nock never mentioned this fact once in his story.

"Australian Billy Murphy" defeated Ike O'Neal Weir, "The Belfast Spider," on January 13, 1890, for the world's championship, and lost the title to Young Griffo in September, 1890. He never regained the title although he tried heroically to do so.

Griffo held the world's championship three years when he outgrew the class, being too careless to train, although he came down to 119 pounds preparing for the fight with "Kid" Lavigne at Roby, Ind. Authorities prevented the fight.



Mr. Nock casually tells of Murphy's fights with Jim Burge, the "Iron Man" and "Dunny" Mace, but does he know that these men were two of the greatest lightweights and welterweights in the world? Murphy weighed 117 pounds for the "Iron Man" while Burge weighed 140 and Mace weighed 142.

There isn't a featherweight in the world today that could beat lightweights and first-class welterweights as the marvelous Murphy could.

Murphy was giving Dixon a pasting at Paterson, N. J., when the police ended it. Why didn't Mr. Nock say something about Billy's great victory over Paddy Smith, the great welterweight, in fourteen rounds, at New Orleans? Smith was the conqueror of "Young Corbett," the original "Young Corbett." Smith weighed 144 pounds and Murphy 118. Billy Murphy was truly a fighting phenomenon.

Jimmy Duffy,
Chicago, Ill.

(Editor's Note—Your comments are appreciated. You hit the mark on Murphy's greatness but you do not state facts when you say that Griffo was a world champion. He never held a world title—only the Australian championship.)

* * *

JUST a line to let you know how much I enjoy reading your incomparable book, The Ring. I have always had a desire to enter the roped square, and, even though I have a job, I am still anxious to learn all I can about the manly art. It is for this reason that I am sending for your book entitled *How to Box.*

I regret that I cannot get your universal boxing course. There are a few fellows in the neighborhood interested in the sport and we have talked of forming a pool to get the course.

Fred Brown,
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

IF any one had asked me about five years ago if I were interested in either boxing or wrestling, I would have answered in the negative. But since reading your marvelous magazine, my opinion of both sports has altered considerably. I began reading your book quite by accident. While rummaging through a bunch of old newspapers, I found a magazine called The Ring. The pages were chock full of interesting articles on modern and old-time fistic gladiators. There were also numerous articles and pictures of wrestlers. This magazine captivated me so much that I have never ceased buying it since.

I want to call your attention to the question sent in by Joseph Liwanski of Chicago, in answer to which you stated that Malcewiecz hadn't met Browning since the latter won the title. These two met recently in Toronto. It was a fast and grueling bout. Browning won the first fall in one hour and fifteen minutes. There was no other fall taken during the remaining forty-five minutes. They met twice before also. I might say that wrestling in Toronto is followed by a great many fans from week to week.

Among the many wrestlers that have appeared in Toronto in the last few years are the following:

Joe Malcewiecz, Joe Savoldi, Ed Don George, Ed Lewis, Jim Browning, Henri DeGlane, Nick Lutze, Mayes McLain, Sonnenberg, Londos, Steele, and many more which space will not permit me to write. Among those I think Malcewiecz is probably the most popular. I wonder if you will allow me to offer a few suggestions towards making your magazine, to my mind, more popular:

(1) More pictures and articles on wrestling.
(2) Life stories in serial form of modern boxers.
(3) Print the results of all wrestling bouts during the month as you do in boxing.

Wishing you and your magazine plenty of success.

I am, yours truly,

Sydney Pyle,
Toronto, Canada.

* * *

I HAVE been reading with a great deal of interest the articles appearing in your great magazine pertaining to women appearing in boxing bouts and want to take this opportunity to commend you for your stand in opposing such. Now, however, I'm sorry that you have permitted your better judgment to be swayed in favor of carrying two pages on women boxers and wrestlers.

Some may think that I am a fogy and old-fashioned, but, having done a great deal of boxing myself, I know whereof I speak.

Boxing is a violent sport, and it takes a man in good physical condition to stand it. Boxing is no sport for the fair sex. Some of the strongest of men, whose bodies are made of steel seemingly, find that fighting takes a terrific toll, even on so strong a body. What, then, would happen to a woman who is not nearly so well endowed with those qualities of physical strength and ruggedness?

To my way of thinking, women were created for a nobler purpose in life. The fair sex is made to be admired. Every year the women spend thousands of dollars in beauty *salons* and for cosmetics to increase their charm, yet these same girls want to put on a pair of boxing gloves and engage in a fight that is very apt to mutilate those charming faces. Who would want to behold an otherwise beautiful girl with a flat nose, cauliflowered ears, misplaced eyebrows? Certainly no thinking person would!

The greatest danger of all is that a girl who engages in a fight may develop cancer of the breast.

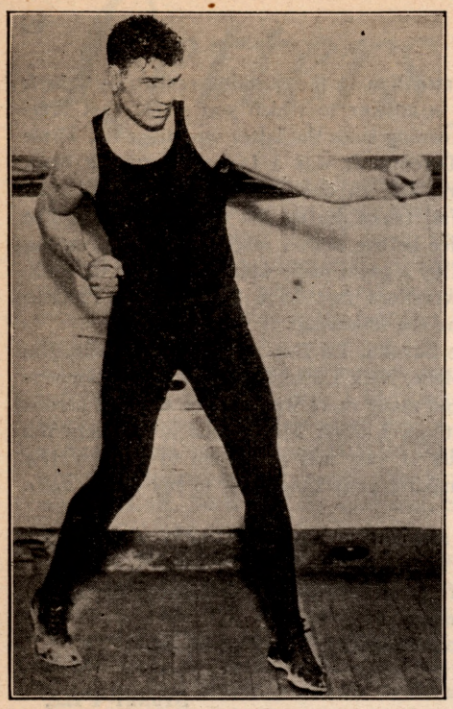
The medical profession is almost agreed that cancer is caused from a severe bruise, and it is a most dangerous procedure for a girl to be hammered on the breasts.

I can see no harm in friendly wrestling matches between girls. I believe such sport would be healthful and would also tend to develop the underweight and to reduce the overweight, but I think that whenever girls engage in a public boxing match they degrade themselves. Women simply aren't created for such a profession; they should leave that to the men.

And, Mr. Fleischer, now I want to say that I'm sorry you gave in to the girls. You have always stood on the right side and for the best in sport, but now I think you have erred.

John L. Neville,
Glasgow, Mo.

NAT FLEISCHER'S
UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE



Jack Dempsey

Message to YOU

from Nat Fleischer

IT is not the essential purpose of this course to develop you into a professional boxer. However, it is my mission to teach you the rudiments of self-defense, minus all the hooey and trimmings which have complicated so many other similar attempts in correspondence courses.

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport. **Therefore, I am making this extra offer. Your pal also will receive Free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.**

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT, CAN YOU?

You might ask, why so generous? The answer is simple. I want to see more of the youth of the land proficient in the art of self-defense. And I want to put an end to many of the BUNCOMBE boxing courses that are now flooding the market and that are gypping the boys of their good money without giving a fair return.

You all know what I have done for boxing and wrestling in the past, and still am doing. For years I've devoted my entire time to the sport and am regarded, if I may be excused for boasting, as somewhat of an authority. My books have been adopted by the leading institutions and by boxing instructors throughout the world, hence you may rest assured that what I'm now offering in my new venture is good from the first word to the last.

In this new course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY

The greatest fighter of modern times. He knows what the boys require and he helped me to give them the points that he considered of most importance.

I also had the help of such a great little fighter as

TONY CANZONERI

Holder of three championships

Also the **Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing,**

TOMMY LOUGHRAN.

Now you know why this course is, in my opinion, the

Greatest Ever Offered By Mail at Any Time and Anywhere.

You cannot go wrong. Your $5.00 will yield you a handsome return.

Also an enrollment blank, asking for your measurements and your employment, which will be returned to you with data showing what your measurements should be so that you'll be able to aim for that physical development during your training.

And after each lesson, keep in touch with me, consult me. I'll not only answer all your questions personally, but when you have completed the course, I'll continue to help you all I can.

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get. **Study Together and Train TOGETHER.**

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

Remember—Jack Dempsey, Tommy Loughran and Tony Canzoneri—**Three of the Greatest Ring Champions of Modern Times** have collaborated with the Author, Nat Fleischer, to give you the benefits of **Their Experience, Their Knowledge and Their Science and Skill,** in

THE BEST BOXING COURSE YET DEVISED

At the Lowest Price Ever Asked for a Legitimate, Bona-Fide, Honest-to-Goodness Course That IS A COURSE. No Hokum—No Bunk—No Unfulfilled Promises.

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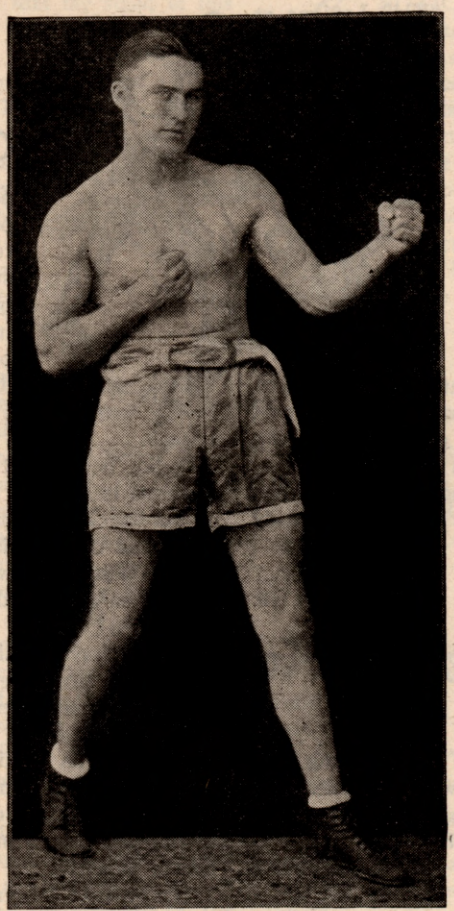

Tommy Loughran

A MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

The rudiments of self-defense and the outstanding rules of training and laws of health CAN BE TAUGHT BY MAIL and WILL BE TAUGHT BY MAIL TO YOU and I'LL PROVE IT.

You who take my course will be surprised at what you will learn in nine lessons, covering a period of eighteen weeks. I'll prepare you, in these lessons, to start your amateur career within three months after you get started and it won't be long after that when you'll be ready for a professional career, should you so desire.

Nine Lessons — *that's all!!!*

Two Weeks for Each Lesson —

You get one book every two weeks.

You who have used my books, "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box," know that Nat Fleischer is not among those who promise one thing and give you a substitute. He's on the level with you. That's why he has succeeded.

There is nothing "phony" about any of my offers. You get 100 per cent value for every dollar you spend with me.

Am I right, boys? You who have any doubts, ask those who are regular purchasers of my books.

Nat Fleischer knows his subject and he knows how to teach it to you.

Those who have studied his books KNOW THAT HE KNOWS HIS WORK.

Now Here's My Offer:

You get the entire nine lessons, fully illustrated, printed on fine paper, each in booklet form, so that you can keep all intact. **But that is not all.**

Nine lessons by mail, for only $5.00

Here's ANOTHER Feature —

I know that times are not what they were. Money is scarce and it is difficult for you to get any outfits. So I'm making this offer:

Free — No Red Tape — No Bunk Promises

With every enrollment you receive satin training trunks and a gymnasium shirt—both fit to your measurements—absolutely free. This is my gift to you.

But that is not all —

Here's Another Point Worth Considering

Because of the depression, I know it is difficult for you to spend $5.00, hence why not divide this sum with a pal?

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

SEVERAL champions were on display during the month of November and plenty of excitement was had as a result of keen competition and many surprises. Maxey Rosenbloom retained his light-heavyweight title against the gallant efforts of Mickey Walker in fifteen rounds. Tony Canzoneri astonished the critics with his remarkable two-round knock-out victory over Kid Chocolate. Vince Dundee outpointed Lou Brouillard and forced that individual to move into the next higher division. Young Terry furnished another upset when he scored over Teddy Yarosz. Barney Ross whipped Sammy Fuller in an overweight match in Chicago, while Midget Wolgast showed his supremacy over Jackie Brown in England. Those were the high lights that stirred the interest of the fans.

Tommy Loughran heads the heavyweight division for best action during the month with a clean-cut victory over Ray Impellitiere. Tommy is the third ranking heavyweight. Ray, considering his inexperience, fought an admirable battle. Walter Neusel, aggressive young German, made the most strides of the month in the heavy section, when he kayoed Les Kennedy in six rounds and Stanley Poreda in ten. Steve Hamas scored over Lee Ramage in a close battle. Johnny Risko was beaten by Jack Van Noy, but kayoed Big Boy Peterson in six rounds. Van Noy disposed of Joe King in four sessions. Unknown Winston won from Dick Madden. Red Barry whipped Jim Maloney, kayoed Sunny Jim McVey in four rounds, and drew with Joe Sekyra.

Charley Massare defeated Yustin Sirutis. Victorio Campolo kayoed Epifano Islas in one round. Art Lasky drew with Tom Patrick.

Jack Pettifer, latest English arrival, finished Jack McCoy in three rounds. Babe Hunt scored over Les Kennedy and Tommy Davenport. Tony Cancela scored over Baxter Calmes but was beaten by Buck Everett. Everett also defeated Charley Belanger. Fred Feary defeated K. O. Christner and kayoed Ed Prante in five rounds. Christner was also beaten by Harry Thomas. Al Ettore won over Popper Stopper. Dynamite Jackson disposed of Jack Roper in eight rounds. Larry Johnson won from Harry Williams. Dick Daniels whipped Al Fay.

Maxey Rosenbloom continues to head the light-heavyweight division. He defended his laurels successfully against Mickey Walker. John Henry Lewis defeated Frank Rowsey. Tony Shucco whipped Lou Brouillard in the latter's entry into the 175-pound division. Joe Knight kayoed Eddie McCarthy in two rounds and won from George Nichols. Bob Olin scored over Charley Massare. Bob Godwin disposed of Corn Griffin in five rounds. Wesley Ketchell won from Benny Miller and kayoed Fred Lenhart in five rounds. Al Gainer defeated Joe Sekyra. Lew Scozza scored over Johnny Vorce. Leo Tiger Williams whipped Roy Williams. Trader Horn won from Johnny Nelson. George Forrester defeated Billy Ketchell. Rosy Rosales drew with Tuffy Dial.

Vince Dundee's astonishing victory over Lou Brouillard places him in the front rank of middleweight contenders. Young Terry follows Dundee in order with his equally surprising feat of defeating Teddy Yarosz. Gorilla Jones kayoed Eddie Murdock in ten rounds. Ben Jeby scored over Al Rossi and Joe La Grey. La Grey defeated Rudy Marshall, while Marshall scored over Joe Gorman. Frank Battaglia disposed of Jimmy Evans in two rounds and Earl Wise in five. Chick Devlin won over Vearl Whitehead. Henry Firpo won from Clyde Chastain. Frankie O'Brien scored over Mack Way. Sammy Slaughter drew with Kid Leonard. Tommy Freeman defeated Duke Trammel. Alabama Kid kayoed Joe Christian in one round. Solly Krieger kayoed Eddie Kid Whalen in three rounds and won from Frank Fullam. Laurie Peppin whipped Red Haggerty.

Bep Van Klaveren heads the welterweight brigade with a victory over Stanislaus Loayza. Stanley, in turn, whipped Murray Brandt. Baby Joe Gans whipped Tommy King. Kid Azteca disposed of Al Schaf in five rounds. Jimmy Leto outpointed Frankie Klick. Frankie Hughes turned in a surprise victory over Eddie Kid Wolfe. Andy Callahan scored over Cerefino Garcia. Tony Falco defeated Joe Glick and Young Firpo. Firpo was also beaten by Bucky Jones. Glick drew with Gus Campbell, who whipped Jimmy Phillips. Frankie Carlton defeated Jackie Davis.

Tracey Cox kayoed Roy Calamari in two rounds. Swede Berglund disposed of Eddie Ran in three rounds. Sammy O'Dell won over Mike Payan and kayoed Tommy Huffman in two rounds. Manuel Quintero defeated Tommy White. Billy Townsend drew with Al Lewis and scored over Pete Mike. Frankie Petrolle stopped Eddie Shapiro in three rounds. Eddie Flynn whipped Bucky Lawless. Andy Di Vodi scored over Steve Haliako. Eddie Dolan defeated Harry Carlton. Patsy Pasculli whipped Patsy Rubinetti. Marty Gornick scored over Tommy Murphy.

Barney Ross, lightweight leader, scored over Sammy Fuller in an overweight match. Tony Canzoneri redeemed himself with a two-round kayo over Kid Chocolate and a victory over Frankie Klick. Young Peter Jackson won over Bobby Pacho. Wesley Ramey defeated Billy Hogan and Ray Bowen and drew with Petey Gulotta. Eddie Cool scored over Young Firpo. Joe Ghnouly drew with Cocoa Kid. Lew Amber defeated Paris Apice. Johnny Jadick scored over Pete Nebo. Joey Ferrando whipped Lew Raymond. Cecil Payne scored over Davey Abad and Allen Whitlow. Roger Bernard whipped Battling Gizzy. Jack Portney outpointed Victor Lotti. George Riley kayoed Al King in three rounds.

Kid Chocolate continues to rank on top in the featherweight division. He beat Joe Ghnouly during the month. Freddy Miller whipped Petey Sarron and Lew Feldman. Feldman defeated Patsy Rubinetti and stopped Jimmy Slavin in four rounds. Tommy Paul disposed of Abie Israel in eight rounds and won over George Hansford. Baby Arizmendi won from Eddie Shea. Mike Belloise kayoed Joey Brown in two rounds and defeated Pete De Grasse. De Grasse whipped Varias Milling, while Milling kayoed Eddie Burl in three rounds and scored over Frankie Covelli and Al Roth. Roth whipped Petey Hayes.

Johnny Pena drew with Little Dempsey. Mose Butch defeated Charlie Burns and Nat Litfin. Vernon Cormier won over Johnny Alba and Dave Barry. Jackie Sharkey scored over Young Geno, Johnny Fitzpatrick, and Harry Booker. Baby Manuel defeated Claude Varner. Julie Katz scored over Antol Kocsis and Al Gillette.

Star Frisco takes ranking honors in the bantam division with a victory over Joe Tei Ken. He also drew with Chato Laredo. Tei Ken whipped Lew Farber, while Farber defeated Chucker Hildebrand and stopped Freddy Lattanzio in four rounds. Bobby Leitham won from Pedro Lorenzo. Gene Espinoza kayoed Johnny Gonzales in one round. Frankie Wolfram scored over Orville Drouillard, but was beaten by Ernie Maurer. Rudy Uniga whipped Babe Triscaro. Eugene Huat whipped Padron Boy Finnegan. Jimmy Perrin scored over Kid Laredo. Cris Pineda drew with Bobby Oliva.

Midget Wolgast whipped Jackie Brown and drew with Valentin Anglemann in Europe. Anglemann kayoed Herbie Hill in five rounds. Bert Kirby whipped Fred Bebbington. Ginger Foran scored over Luigi Magliozzi. Maurice Huguenin kayoed Matton in five rounds. Jim Maharg whipped Percy Dexter, Jim O'Neill and kayoed Battling Siki in two rounds.

The eight leading prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Nipper Riley, Yorkshire, England.

Bantamweight—Frankie Martin, Montreal, Canada.

Featherweight—Julie Katz, New York City.

Lightweight—Jake Kilrain, Scotland.

Welterweight—Pete Boscareno, New Orleans, La.

Middleweight—Joe Mucharowski, Newport, Ky.

Light-heavyweight—Ray Swanson, Atlanta, Ga.

Heavyweight—Ben Foord, South Africa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

These are my ratings for the month ending November 25:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	John Henry Lewis	Vince Dundee	Billy Petrolle
2—Tommy Loughran.	Tony Shucco	Young Terry	Bep Van Klaveren
3—King Levinsky	Joe Knight	Teddy Yarosz	Baby Joe Gans
4—Max Schmeling	Bob Olin	Gorilla Jones	Kid Azteca
5—Jack Sharkey	Bob Godwin	Ben Jeby	Jimmy Leto
6—Don McCorkindale	Wesley Ketchell	Dave Shade	Tony Herrera
7—Patsy Perroni	Al Gainer	Kid Tunero	Andy Callahan
8—Walter Neusel	Lou Brouillard	Frank Battaglia	Frankie Hughes
9—Steve Hamas	Harry English	Chick Devlin	Eddie Kid Wolfe
10—Lee Ramage	Lew Scozza	Henry Firpo	Tony Falco

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Seaman Watson	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Frankie Wallace	Young Casanova	Valentin Anglemann
3—Wesley Ramey	Freddy Miller	Pete Sanstol	Ginger Foran
4—Sammy Fuller	Lew Feldman	Young Tommy	Mickey McGuire
5—Lew Massey	Tommy Paul	Little Pancho	Jackie Brown
6—Benny Bass	Jackie Wilson	Star Frisco	Maurice Huguenin
7—Frankie Klick	Baby Arizmendi	Joe Tei Ken	Bert Kirby
8—Eddie Cool	Eddie Shea	Bobby Leitham	Lucien Popesco
9—Joe Ghnouly	Petey Sarron	Gene Espinoza	Praxille Gyde
10—Lew Ambers	George Hansford	Ernie Maurer	Jim Maharg

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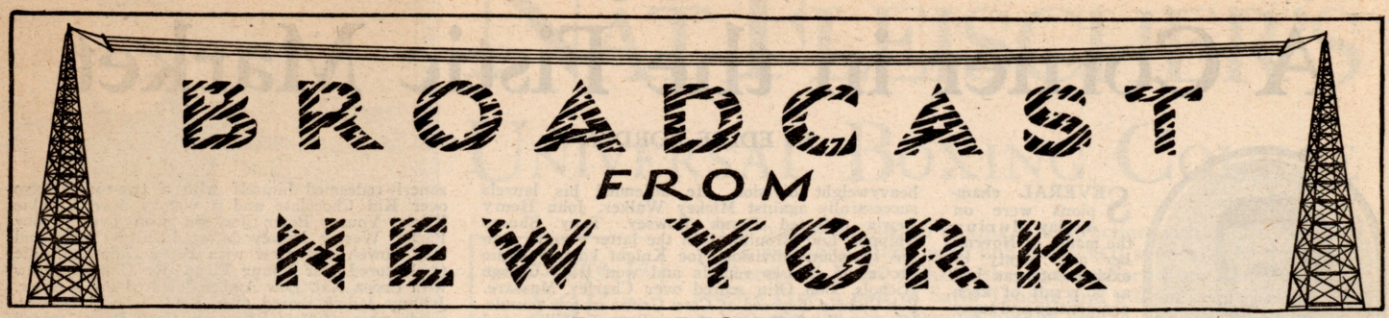

By EDDIE BORDEN

A SHORT right-hand punch, snappily delivered on the point of Kid Chocolate's chin, earned Tony Canzoneri another chance at the lightweight crown. Canzoneri and Chocolate, both considered past their peak, managed to attract over twelve thousand spectators, who contributed $28,000 to the box office at Madison Square Garden, and Tony, upsetting calculations, scored a thrilling two-round knock-out.

Tony's victory was timely, due to the fact that there isn't a lightweight contender on the surface who could give Barney Ross any kind of a battle, and the sensational manner in which Canzoneri's victory over Chocolate was scored now makes it certain that a record house would attend such a return engagement with the lightweight title at stake.

The short-lived affair between Tony and the Cuban Bon Bon was spectacular while it lasted. They exchanged punches in the first round with neither enjoying any advantage. Canzoneri set the pace in the second round and forced Chocolate around the ring with a series of left hooks to the midsection. Chocolate tried to stem the tide and exchanged punches furiously but it was apparent that he was unable to match the determined attack of Canzoneri.

Following a right to the jaw that made the Keed furious and caused him to engage in a thrilling duel, the Cuban momentarily dropped his guard, and Canzoneri let fly with a short, sharp right-hand drive that would have felled a heavyweight. Chocolate dropped heavily, his chin striking the canvas first.

He lay motionless until the count of six was reached but arose feebly and shakily. He staggered to his feet at the count of nine and dropped again in a heap, unconscious. It was a courageous effort and spoke volumes for the courage of the Keed, but the task was too great for him and the flesh too weak to respond to the call, and he was counted out.

It was the first time in 211 fistic encounters that the Cuban was unable to finish, and it was a severe blow to his pride. He broke down and cried like a child. After all, Chocolate is only twenty-three years of age and practically in the prime of life, but as far as his pugilistic future is concerned he is doomed, because he has not taken proper care of himself.

Lew Feldman flashed the greatest performance of his career when he scored a technical knock-out over Jimmy Slavin in four rounds. The referee stopped the fight after Slavin was a gory mess, due to a severe cut on the bridge of his nose. Feldman dropped Slavin in the third round for a nine count and showed dazzling speed and boxing craft throughout the fight and really stole the show.

Mike Belloise handed Pete De Grasse a neat boxing lesson and also scored a knockdown during their six-round fray. Solly Krieger fought an uphill fight to whip Frank Fullam in six rounds. Joe Ghnouly and Cocoa Kid went six rounds to an even break. Julie Katz turned in a neat win over Al Gillette in four rounds, while Leonard Del Genio and Al Casimini went to four rounds in an even-up affair.

It was a splendid turnout for the Garden, despite the fact that the war between the Garden and the scribes continues and only one day's publicity was had. The fans were treated to plenty of excitement and proved that they know a good fight in advance, even without the benefit of exploitation. The fight was a secret until the morning of the bout, yet it attracted a splendid gathering of thirteen thousand persons.

A parallel instance in point was the Tommy Loughran-Ray Impellitiere match held at the New York Coliseum. This was staged under the auspices of the New York *American* Christmas Fund and received reams of publicity for ten successive days, yet only attracted $7,000 at the box office. It only served to prove that the boxing fan is the best judge in the world of box-office attractions and knows just where to get the best bargains.

The Loughran affair furnished an unusual angle and created plenty of comment regarding the action of the Commission in overruling the referee in his decision when he stopped the fight in the sixth round because of a cut that Loughran suffered. Referee Pete Hartley was in a difficult predicament and acted as best he could under the circumstances, but the responsibility was lifted from his shoulders when Commissioners Phelan and Brown ordered the bout to continue.

Loughran gave a great display of boxing skill against the seventy pounds advantage enjoyed by the inexperienced Impellitiere. He won easily through ringcraft and skillful maneuvering, but Ray made a commendable showing considering his limited knowledge of boxing. It paved the way for a Loughran-Schmeling match, to take place some time in the near future.

Varias Milling outslugged Al Roth in the sixth round semi-final. Johnny Bonito scored over Johnny Morro after a thrilling six-round skirmish. Lew Poster scored over Eddie Houghton in another sixer. Louis Zipkin whipped Jimmy Lorenzo, and Frank Wotansky scored over Andy Gardner in other matches on the card.

Midget Wolgast, Eddie Walker, and Jimmy Coster returned from Europe after sojourning there for six weeks. They had nothing but high praise for the treatment accorded them by Jeff Dickson and intend to return shortly to engage in the titular match with Jackie Brown. Wolgast was anxious to spend the Christmas holidays in this country, otherwise he would have remained for his third contest abroad.

Walker saw little potential championship talent while there but was greatly impressed with Ben Foord and Eddie Maguire, heavyweight and middleweight respectively, from South Africa. Cleto Locatelli, European lightweight champion, arrived in this country, and expects to land a match with Canzoneri and eventually one with Barney Ross for the title.

Mack Gordon, of the song-writing team of Gordon and Revel, arrived in New York just in time to see his favorite, Bob Olin, come through with the best victory of his life when he scored over Charley Massare. Manny Robins, handler of amateur material from Cleveland, has settled in Ocean Park, Calif., and has taken along with him several of Cleveland's Simon-pure stars. Sidney Roth and Harold Scadron, respective managers of Charley Massare and Bob Olin, are anxious for the fourth match which will definitely decide just who is the better man. Their previous meetings resulted in a victory for each and one draw, and the fourth match is expected to be decided on a winner-take-all basis.

Freddy Miller had the Indian sign on Lew Feldman in their bout at the Ridgewood Grove, and it turned into another victory for Miller. Miller is a difficult southpaw to fight and Feldman's anxiety and over-eagerness to connect cost him the victory, which was disputed in some quarters. Wesley Ramey turned in a classy win over Billy Hogan in the semi-final. Johnny Bonito won over Patsy La Rocco. Johnny De Foe drew with Danny Rosen. Frankie Genovese trounced Augie Vaglica, while Charley Hodson kayoed Caspar La Rosa in four rounds.

Johnny Attell is putting on some corking bouts at the Ridgewood Grove and the attendance increases with each show. Tom McArdle acted as promoter for the Ross-Petrolle bout, which was held at the Coliseum under the auspices of the *American* Christmas Fund Show. Canzoneri engaged in a supposed-to-be workout fight prior to the Chocolate mill against Frankie Klick at the Ridgewood, but was forced to call upon every ounce of reserve to clinch the victory. Klick gave him plenty of trouble in the early rounds, but Canzoneri's class asserted itself at the finish. Lew Feldman was dropped twice by Patsy Rubinetti, but came through to win the decision by a splendid finish. Varias Milling outscored Frankie Covelli in a hot mix-up on the same card.

New York seems to be the only lucky spot for Lou Brouillard. He arrived here unknown and trounced Jimmy McLarnin as a welterweight and then returned in the middleweight division to dispose of Ben Jeby. Around his home section he was beaten by Vince Dundee and then by Tony Shucco in the light-heavyweight class. Walter Neusel, German heavyweight importation, seems to have registered highly with his two knockout victories, both scored at the Ridgewood. He disposed of Les Kennedy in six rounds and then finished Stanley Poreda in ten.

Wesley Ramey got a draw with Petey Gulotta, but was forced to take two knockdowns, one for a nine count and the other for six. This Gulotta is only a youngster but punches like a heavyweight. Bep Van Klaveren made his first appearance at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn and took on a tough assignment in Stanislaus Loayza. Van Klaveren won the verdict but it was nip and tuck all the way. Al Roth scored a close victory over Petey Hayes in the semi-final. Julie Katz won over Antol Kocsis in six rounds, while Spagett De Caro whipped Al Napolitano in the opening four.

Maxey Rosenbloom gave another one of his unorthodox displays when he defended his light-heavyweight title against Mickey Walker and received the decision of the two judges, though Referee Eddie Forbes decided against him. There was a great hullabaloo about the open-glove-slapping tactics of Maxey, and we have contended for years that this was against the rules of legalized boxing but it has always gone unnoticed. Boxing and slapping with an open glove is a direct violation of boxing ethics. It gives the offender an extra three to four inches in reach, and this advantage is often used to throw the adversary off balance.

The only time that Rosenbloom was forced to punch with a closed fist was in England some years ago, where boxing is taken very seriously, and it affected his style to such an extent that he was eventually knocked out by Tommy Milligan. We have nothing against Rosenbloom personally, but he has always had such an unfair advantage that it is time someone halted him. Charley Massare pounded out a victory over Yustin Sirutis in an eight-round semi-final. Joe Knight scored over George Nichols in another eight-round fray. Joe Gorman whipped Al Valdalfi, and Freddy Haverlak scored over Al Gillette in the opener.

Steve Hamas received the verdict over Lee Ramage in the final ten-rounder of an all-star show at the Garden. This was Ramage's first start in New York and he showed plenty of class but lacks aggressiveness and force in his movements. Hamas carried the fight to his opponent all the way and that was the influencing factor in his winning the verdict. Ben Jeby hammered out an easy victory over Joe La Grey, who subbed for Young Terry. Bob Olin stopped the winning streak of Charley Massare by putting up the best fight of his career. It was a nip and tuck affair all the way.

Jack Pettifer, English giant, made his American debut here by stopping Jack McCoy in three rounds. Frankie O'Brien whipped Mack Way. The show drew a poor house, but Ramage's showing entitles him to another chance in New York, and, if matched with the right opponent, he should redeem himself for the Hamas defeat. Sol Gold and Frankie Jacobs are enjoying a streak of unfortunate breaks with their gladiators, but it is hoped that the future will have something good in store for them. Lew Fink returned as Tony Canzoneri's trainer for the Chocolate fray, and he proved of great benefit. Joe Glick has returned to the scene of his former triumphs but hasn't performed up to par as yet.

The feud existing between the New York sports writers and Madison Square Garden has reached serious proportions, and it is hoped that the breach will be remedied before long. To reach success, there must be unity between the forces, and the present situation calls for some radical changes. There is a time-worn axiom that the Garden holds the boxing situation of the country in the palm of its hand and its failure or success always tends to influence conditions in other parts of the universe. For the sake of boxing, we hope that the trouble between the scribes and the Garden, and the managers and the Garden, will be eradicated and that all hands will bury the hatchet in the good interests of the sport.

Barney Ross received a tough break in his first New York start since winning the title here. He arrived a week before his scheduled bout with Billy Petrolle and in his second day of boxing sustained an injury to his chest which prevented him from training properly and regretfully he was forced to cancel the match.

Ross was expecting to spend this Christmas in California but due to the unexpected break will have to forego that pleasure and in all probability will return to New York sometime in January to fulfill the Petrolle engagement.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By "GREEK" A. VAUGES

BOXING in Australia will be aided by the importation of several high-class Americans.

Billy Townsend is on his way here with "Gorilla" Jones and George Manley. Tod Morgan, former junior lightweight champion, outclassed Bobby Blay after 15 rounds here. After the fight Blay announced his retirement, which aroused considerable excitement. He is only twenty-two years old.

Pat Craig, the man that walked over a thousand miles to get a chance for fame, succeeded in lifting the bantam crown of Ern Evans at the Leighchardt Stadium. The fight was fast throughout.

In a supporting bout Tommy Gibbs outpointed Robbie Burns.

Ray Hamond was outpointed by Jack McLeod at Ryde.

"King" Eliot, the American flying tackler, copped a points decision from "Bill" Beth after they had registered one fall each.

George Vassilis still keeps on winning. His latest victim was George Unholtz, who was unable to continue after the fourth round.

Pietro Spagnola copped a points decision from Jim Richardson at the Brisbane Stadium. Ern Roderick was outclassed by the most promising Cyril Pluto.

Billy Negus and Jack Garcia, both of Victoria, fought at the Fitzroy Stadium, a terrific fifteen-rounder. In the supporting bouts, George Blyth lost to Tommy Walsh, and Albert Kitchen was K. O.'d by Frank O'Grady.

Alby Roberts and Johnny Condon fought an uninteresting fifteen-rounder at the Bijou Theatre with Condon the winner on points. Tommy then took over the duties of third man in the Newcastle ring.

Roy Underwood outpointed Dave Finnie. Squib Lindsay and Bert Ryding fought a hectic six-rounder on the same bill, the former getting a points decision.

Tom Lurich retained his heavyweight championship belt by beating, in straight falls, Walter Browning.

In a most exciting bout of fifteen rounds at the Brisbane Stadium, Harry Lister outpointed Johnny Condon.

At the Fitzroy Stadium, Cecil "Kid" Como easily beat Red Maloney.

At the Sydney Stadium, the amateur championships were decided. A mild surprise was given by the defeat of Olympian Eddie Scarpe.

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In one of the best fights seen at the Stadium in many months, Jack Carroll won on points from Fred Henneberry, middleweight champion of Australia.

Jimmy Purcell added another scalp to his belt by outpointing Jack Fitzgerald.

Jackie O'Rien of West Australia, K.O.'d Jack Delaney of Sydney at the Brisbane Stadium.

Billy Martin climbed a step higher by defeating Jack Garcia at the Fitzroy Stadium.

Nel Tarleton was given a raw deal in losing a points decision to Lew Edwards of Australia. A wild demonstration was given by 6,000 fans and Bill Lang, the referee, was in a tight corner for a few minutes until the police cleared the crowd.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

BOXING in Havana is gradually picking up despite the unrest here.

Santiago Alvarez won handily in six rounds over Johnny Govantes, the Cuban featherweight flash, at the Crystal Stadium. Alvarez, who has just returned from Panama, is in great shape. His brother, Jesus Alvarez, won in four over Jesus Fernandez on the same card, while Higinio Ruiz, another stablemate, was technically knocked out by Young Charolito in the fourth episode.

Joaquin Jorge, the old trial horse, drew in six rounds with Kid Aldama, the classy lightweight from Cerro, and Young Velez scored a four-round decision over Young Castillo, the ebony heavyweight. William Baeza, amateur flyweight champion, scored over Pancho Suarez in the opening number.

Manuel Garcia, the big boy from the fish market, who holds the amateur heavyweight championship, has turned pro. He won his first by a knock-out in three. He is training for a bout with Young Velez, a worthy opponent.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

KID JAVELLENA, the flyweight king of Kauai, was T. K. O.'d by Young Dumaguilas, of Manila, in the sixth round. The Kid is a comer. The card was offered by George Y. Bennett, at the Volcano Arena.

Ben Kam of Honolulu, a Chinese scrapper, lost a hard-fought battle to Pablo Dano of Manila in eight rounds.

K. O. Pagan scored a knock-out in the sixth round over K. O. Pancho with a right to the button, on the same card. The bouts were held at Maui.

K. O. Kuratsu, leading flyweight of Hawaii, and Pablo Dano of Manila put up a poor fight. Referee Andy Biddle declared it "no contest."

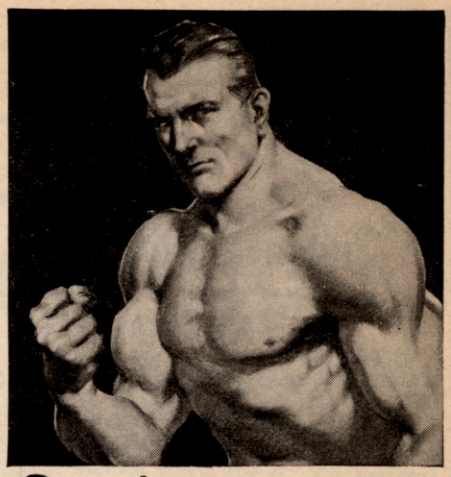
ON THE RASSLING FRONT — Professor (Rubberman) Higami, the Japanese grappler, took two out of three falls from Samuel Kohen, the Jewish grappler from New Jersey.

"Big" Ed Ratsch of the Civic Auditorium, is trying to spread the rassling game throughout the Territory.

Wailuku, Maui—Ignacio Fernandez, former contender for the featherweight title, now campaigning in the Islands, lost for the second time to Johnny Crismas. Henry Callejo of Kauai beat Freddy Buck of Honolulu.

FISTIC NEWS—Jiro Sato, one-time amateur featherweight champion, now a professional, is under the management of Katsu Kudo—Billy Boggs, with two other lads from Hawaii, are now campaigning in the Orient. Boggs was held to a draw by Kid Nelson, a Filipino lad, who is the welterweight champion of Japan—Tiny Tommy Muroda, a 105-pounder, won from Isama Ito of Japan, who incidentally held K. O. Kuratsu of Honolulu to a draw during his invasion of the Orient, and also drew with Jo Tieken, who is now fighting on the mainland—Anson Rego, a lightweight, won from a lad by the name of Suzuki in the six-rounder—These boys are all managed by K. Kudo, who is also in the Orient. Another youth from Hawaii, Walter Cho, won from Matsuoka, leading featherweight of Japan, on the same bill.

Boxing took the spotlight on Armistice Day. Henry Callejo, a popular two-fisted Filipino fighter from Kauai, took a six-round decision from Little Hufana, another Filipino, a southpaw from Hilo—Tony Lopez put the final touches on Kahuwila Ioane, former Big Island heavyweight champion, in the third round. On the same billing, Young Thomas and Frank de Carlo danced six rounds to a draw—Hisashi Nishi won from Flashy Joe—T. Miyake lost to J. Sabas in the four-rounder—



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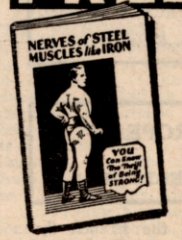

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GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

VALENTIN ANGELMANN, the French flyweight, gave Midget Wolgast a hard ten-round battle at the Paris Palais des Sports. The officials declared the contest a draw, but there is no getting away from the fact that the Frenchman had a bit the better of the encounter. My score card gave Angelmann five rounds, Wolgast four, and one even.

Lenglet, the new, young heavyweight champion of France, after winning the title three weeks previously from Griselle, took on a challenger by the name of Moret, one very tough battler. Inside of three rounds, the new French heavyweight hope had his man down for the full count, after a couple of short knock-down counts previously.

Gene Huat and his manager, M. Michaud, have a new heavyweight whom they intend to spin shortly. His name is Andre Devallond. He is two inches taller than Carnera, but he lacks about twenty in poundage of the Italian champion. Devallond is a fairly clever sparrer, with a very long reach, and he may turn out to be a very good prospect.

Featherweight Biesmans of Brussels defeated the Italian champion, Cavagnoli, on points in a contest which was held in Zurich.

Boxing in France is carried on in a masterly manner by the French Federation, which is headed by M. Paul Rousseau, a man above reproach.

There is a young boxer named Simon Chavez from Venezuela who has been showing up very well in the Central Sporting Club of Paris. He appears like a comer in the featherweight class. He will probably receive a trial in one of Dickson's promotions. He has met successfully in his own country fighters from France, Cuba, and Porto Rico.

Many boxing enthusiasts of France made the trip to Rome to witness the Carnera-Paulino fight. It was one poor contest.

Carnera is booked for an engagement in the Rex Theatre of Paris to give exhibitions of how he trains. There is a report that the big boy will not return to America to defend his title. "Challengers must come to me," said the big boy.

The boys are receiving very good money from the Dickson-promoted bouts nowadays, therefore it would be extremely foolish for a boxer like Marcel Thil to go to the States unless he could be guaranteed at least $35,000. Anyway, who is there for him to fight in the United States? He has beaten all in matches held in Europe, who now stand at the top in the States. He gave sound beatings to Vince Dundee and Gorilla Jones. Then he beat the English champion, Len Harvey. Len Johnson, the Manchester colored British middleweight, he knocked for a goal inside seven rounds. The Spanish champion, Ignacio, he also defeated quite easily.

At the form Thil displayed during the past two and a half years, there has been no battler of the world near his equal. He has taken on all comers and defeated them within such time. Thil is now in his thirtieth year, and, like the majority of athletes, he will probably soon start to slide away. Few hold form after crossing the age of thirty.

One of the best fights of the Paris present season was the lightweight competition between the French boxer, Humery, and the Italian crack, Orlandi. It was a slam-bang battle from the start to the end of the tenth session. Humery put up a stirring exhibition and he clearly won seven out of the ten rounds. The Frenchman, who is in the stable of General Descamps, never fought better, and he appears to be one of the best lightweights in Europe.

At the same entertainment, the final bout of a flyweight belt competition was held. The contestants were Dupuis and Monty. Both made excellent showings in their preliminary and semi-final competitions. The final bout was at the scheduled distance of ten rounds. The bout was fairly even for four sessions. In the fifth round, Dupuis sent in some stiff punches and Monty went to his corner appearing quite tired. He was stopped in the middle of the following session.

Promoter Jeff Dickson is playing to big houses at both his Salle Wagram and Palais des Sports. Ice hockey and wrestling are going big at the Palais des Sports, also public skating and bicycling. There is never an idle hour at the Palais des Sports.

The Palais des Sports is probably the only big sports arena that has been made into a paying proposition. Next year the shareholders will receive a six or seven per cent dividend on their holdings. The success has all come about by the energetic business management of Jeff Dickson.

John Andersson, Swedish holder of the European light-heavyweight championship, has decided to abandon his title because of difficulties in making the weight. He is trying to arrange a trip to America and hopes to meet Maxie Rosenbloom, world champion in the 175-pound category, at catchweights.

Young Perez, the former flyweight champion, defeated Young Borel in a ten-round contest held at the Salle Wagram Arena. Perez was entirely too experienced for the young fighter from Lyons, and he won about all of the way. Borel's gameness, however, made a good contest to witness.

Maurice Griselle, former champion of France in the heavyweight class, was defeated by Reggie Meen of England. It was an in-and-out match.

The friends of Walter Neusel in France were delighted to hear of his winning his first fight in the United States. Walter is a very well-liked chap in Europe, and, as I have written frequently for THE RING, he has shown that he is there with the goods.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL may have some winter bouts at the Forum, according to tentative plans being made by Matchmaker Alex. Moore and several attractive headliners are in prospect. There is a faint possibility that Johnny King, British Empire bantam king, will be secured to defend his Empire laurels against Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, here. King snared a close and unpopular award over Leitham in England last summer and a return bout is logical.

The winner of the Foreman-Bernard clash will meet Kid Chocolate here, according to present plans, and it should prove the biggest attraction of the year. Chocolate flashed his wares here in impressive fashion in the last show staged at the Forum. The Cuban stylist gave a colorful performance and easily outclassed Joe Ghnouly, rugged St. Louis Roumanian *protege* of Gus Wilson, in twelve rounds before a disappointing crowd of six thousand.

Local fans are pretty wise as they evidently figured Ghnouly would not provide much more than a workout for the "Kandy Keed."

Bernard soundly trounced Battling Gizzy in the ten-round semi-final and further proved that his slashing draw with Ghnouly in the previous card was no fluke.

Harold Stewart, rising young local Irish lightweight, gave his admirers something more to rave about with his smart display in whipping Frankie Marchese, New York, in the feature of the six-round prelims. Stewart raked Marchese with slashing right crosses and uppercuts after jabbing him silly with his rapierlike left. Frankie Martin, Sam Gibbs' sterling bantam flash, outspeeded and outpunched Johnny Ladoa, shifty Filipino stylist, in another six-rounder. Martin will soon be battling the topnotchers at his present rate. Tommy Rolling and Johnny Keller drew in a hard-fought opening sixer.

Johnny Nemis, colorful New Waterford, N.S., middleweight, successfully defended his Eastern Canada laurels at Richibucto, N.B., by flattening Bud Taylor, Newcastle, in the third of a scheduled ten-rounder. Nemis gave Taylor a hammering from the outset. He floored him twelve times before a terrific right hook smashed Taylor through the ropes to be counted out. Irvine Hannah, Richibucto, knocked out Johnny Barnett, Rexton, in the third round of the semi-final. Nemis' smashing display, however, enthused the fans so much that Promoter John Fraser is negotiating for a star performer to oppose him in another show there in the near future.

Winnipeg isn't so keen on King Levinsky, Chicago's hope in the heavyweight class. The Kingfish dropped in there to show his wares in a four-round exhibition, two each with Seal Harris and Ed Wills, a pair of colored clowns. The display was so poor that Levinsky is liable to be mobbed if he ever saunters into Winnipeg again.

Jack Gibbons, son of the famous St. Paul phantom, Mike Gibbons, and nephew of Tommy Gibbons, one of the cleverest heavyweights in history, showed signs of following in their footsteps. The scion of the Gibbons's, a 165-pounder of less than eighteen months' experience in the ring, gave a dazzling display to outclass Bill Bagley, Transcona, in a six-rounder. It should be interesting to see where he stands a year from now.

Jackie Stewart K.O.'d Cecil Lewsey, colored middleweight, in five rounds, and Kid Taunch, promising lightweight, kept his unbeaten record by beating Frankie Kamecki in a six-rounder. Mickey Donovan, known as Herbie Weatherhead when he starred in the amateur rings, returned from an invasion of English rings to flatten Kid Stroppa in three rounds. Donovan is a promising bantam prospect. Cliff Darling, Manitou, and Charlie Cornet, Brandon, slugged to a draw in the four-round opener.

STRAY SHOTS—Steve Trojack, Winnipeg heavy, back in harness and recovered from an arm injury . . . . is rarin' to go . . . . Bobby Leitham has signed up for five more years with his energetic pilot, Sam Gibbs, and the pair figure to make the partnership pay big dividends during that time . . . . Al Foreman in hard training and is sought after by promoters . . . . Sherbrooke interests are after him for a bout with Rene Loubier and Toronto would like to get Tommy Bland intested in meeting Foreman again . . . . amateur boxing going strong in Montreal . . . . sometimes there are three shows a week . . . . plenty of promising talent . . . . cheerio till next month.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

LEGALIZED boxing in Texas got away to a good start in the first three months of activity. All the larger cities and most of the smaller ones are running shows and drawing quite well. Houston, Dallas, and Fort Worth are leading the parade.

Dick Griffin's show between Tony Herrera and Lew Massey, was the prize. Massey won. Other fights at Fort Worth were: Maxie Rosenbloom slapped Joe Rice, local heavyweight hope, around for ten rounds; Tracey Cox, hard-punching Indianapolis welter kayoed Wildcat Monte in five; Paul Eviston, classy lightheavy from Cincinnati, beat Larkin Colley in six; James Bradley, Cowtown K.O. artist, drew with Hy Liter in six. Bradley has scored around twenty-five knockouts in some thirty starts. Tracey Cox stopped Joe Glick in seven.

Mike Stankovitch, Polish puncher from the West Coast, made quite a hit with a smashing 10-round victory over Spike Herrera; Joe Rice showing fine form won from Stanley Gard in ten; Tommy Herman of Chicago was hard pressed to win from Marlin Owens, local farm boy; James Bradley kayoed Bill Wolf (2).

Joe Rice decisioned Stanley Gard in a return match (10 rounds); Mike Stankovitch beat Frankie Graham in a close ten-round fight; Frankie Karr won from Junior Cone in six.

At Houston: Davey Abad won on a foul from Benny Bass in seven; Johnny Farr beat Lou Avery in ten; Phil Zwick stopped Roberto Gomez (3); Manuel Castro kayoed Jimmy Cunningham (7), and beat Jack Griffin in ten; Jack Doss, after losing twice to Bobby Garcia, won the third meeting after ten hectic rounds.

At Dallas: The boys from Indiana seem to have taken Dallas by storm. Willard Brown, Tracey Cox, and Pat Murphy have been winning consistently. Cox beat Brown for the junior welterweight championship of Texas and received a beautiful belt. Murphy, a *protege* of Bud Taylor, kayoed Emory Lance, beat Ray Calimara (10), and Jackie Cruz in ten, but was beaten by Richie Mack. Mack also licked Willard Brown in a third meeting.

Jack Von Noy, punching young heavyweight from Oklahoma University, stopped Joe King in four heats; Frankie Graham beat Joe Lucero in ten; Chief Paris beat Midget Mexico; Babe Colima kayoed Speedy Karr (2).

Johnny Risko, Cleveland rubber man, and Jack Von Noy put up a great fight in their ten-round brawl. Von Noy got the decision. Tuffy Dial beat Joe Dunn (10); Bill Miller won from Joe Lucero; Kid Barrellito beat Kid Granite in ten.

At San Antonio: K. O. Castillo returned from a sojourn in New England, where he won a newspaper decision from Sammy Fuller, to take a nice boxing lesson from Willard Brown. Maxie Rosenbloom outpointed Chuck Burns (10).

Duke Tramel, Fort Worth middleweight, stopped Spike Kelly in two at Amarillo, outpointed Joe Flores and Clyde Hull at San Angelo, and lost to Wilson Dunn at Lubbock.

Woody Windam, "Wolf of West Texas" who had been beating all the lightweights in the sticks, lost to Danny Griffin at Breckenridge in ten. Windam beat Nick Santos at Lubbock and Santo Delgado at Abilene. Griffin stopped Delgado in six at Breckenridge.

The veteran Tommy White is still going strong. He stopped Bedford Pitts in six rounds at Houston and Lancho Perez in five at Laredo.

Louis Beard, hard-punching Cowtown lightie, seems headed places. In his last seven starts he kayoed Pete Giardiana (4), Eliot Leak (3), Merrill Reems (3), Tuffy Wright (1), Danny Griffin (3), lost to Howard Scott in ten and drew with Danny Griffin (10).

Howard Scott stopped Johnny Freeman in four, beat Benny Herrera (10) and Louis Beard in ten; Joe Flores kayoed Earl Ritter (7) and halted Jerry Terry in three.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS—Dick Griffin, Ft. Worth promoter and the man mostly responsible for the new Texas boxing law, is one of the most popular promoters in the South . . . . Hank Rabun of the Fort Worth *Press* and Jack O'Brien of the San Antonio *Evening News* are about the most popular fight scribes in the state . . . . Henry Moreno, bantam flash from San Antonio is now fighting out of Evansville, Ind., with great success . . . . Jimmy "Humpy" Mason, veteran manager and trainer, is in Houston piloting several boys . . . . Otto Wallace, former lightweight star of Milwaukee, is running a gym in Fort Worth . . . . Wonder why Tracey Cox got homesick for Indiana so suddenly when asked to fight Tony Herrera?

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

ALTHOUGH winning two bouts in successive weeks, Babe Hunt, giant Oklahoman, and all heavyweights in general, proved "busts" as drawing cards in New Orleans. Martin Burke, Crescent City promoter and former heavyweight of prominence, has had a "yen" to make cards of heavyweight scrappers. Despite having a monopoly on boxing ventures in the city, Burke's behemoth shows drew as low as $362 gross gate receipts. The little fellows are still pulling, though.

Babe Hunt's first victory of his abbreviated series of bouts came at the expense of Les Kennedy, Pacific Coast product. Baby Kiser, Oklahoma, shaded Moon Couns, New Orleans middleweight, over the eight-round distance. Charley Barbat, 162, kayoed Jimmy Camarata, and Fred Root, southpaw welterweight, decisioned Francis Doyle on the supporting cards.

The following week Tommy Davenport came from Little Rock, Ark., to obtain nothing but a severe shellacking at the hands of Hunt. Baby Kiser stopped Charley Barbat in the sixth round of their semi-final go. Mike Cusimano kayoed Joe Trovato, former city amateur lightweight sensation, in two rounds.

Apparently far from being in physical trim and with a bloated paunch, Bucky Lawless, Auburn, N. Y., could do nothing else but lose to Eddie Flynn, New Orleans middleweight favorite, at the Coliseum arena in ten rounds. Joe Saille, 116, in the semi-final, defeated the sturdy Buck Vaughn. Santos Hugo, Filipino, easily beat Angelo Musso, flyweight.

To demonstrate that there was no fluke in the first victory, clever little Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, again defeated Kid Laredo, Mexico's heralded bantamweight champion, in ten rounds, at the Coliseum arena.

A lad with the odd-sounding name of Boomer Brooker has placed the young lightweights of New Orleans in awe of his prowess, with some spectacular action during the month. Brooker, who hails from South Dakota and the stable of Billy Petrolle, stopped Al Morales and decisioned Benny Picatici. He attends Loyola College and has the rah-rah following.

"Admiral" Dewey Cannon, hard-punching Mobile bantamweight, has hit a knock-out streak, his latest victim being Babe Colima, Dallas, Texas, Mexican flash, whom he kayoed in three heats at Mobile. Ben Vasques, 140, Tampa, Fla., decisioned Kid Harold, Mobile, while in the semi-final Frankie Schottgen, Mobile, after a long lay-off renewed his campaign by giving Joe Sauro, New Orleans lightweight, a terrific beating in eight rounds.

Curtis Mullen, clownish Mississippian, will take an enforced rest due to a fractured jaw. Gene Tillman, stiff Mobile puncher, was his opponent when he received the injury in a Mobile ring. Two Mobile lightweights, George Clausen and Frankie Schottgen, stole the show with an eight-round semi-final draw. Irving Schaffer, 135, outpointed Matt Brown in six.

OUTCROPPINGS—Sammy Kyzar, middleweight and former University of Alabama football star, was killed in an automobile accident. . . . Negro boxing shows, conducted weekly in New Orleans, are drawing excellently, but admission prices are low . . . . Matt Brock, formerly a star among the lightweights, is going to re-enter the fistic wars . . . . Davey Abad, popular Panamanian lightweight, was suspended in Texas for allegedly failing to go through with a scheduled bout . . . . Attendance at Mobile boxing shows has gone into the doldrums . . . . In general, admission collections at New Orleans shows are perking up quite a bit . . . . High taxes are keeping the lesser cities of Louisiana from staging regular shows.

Send your notes to the writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

ROUGH-HOUSE GLOVER, a negro middleweight from Jacksonville, Fla., is the latest importation to make a hit in Cincinnati rings. In his last start, Glover gave Stonewall Jackson a nice shellacking in eight rounds. Jackson, previous to the Glover fight, was unbeaten.

The fight drew one of the largest crowds of the season.

Cliff McWhirter is the champion "manager-jumper fighter" around here. Cliff came here a year or more ago, fought amateur and turned pro under G. C. Williams. Had a little mix-up with Williams and jumped to Mike Griffin. Left Cinci and went home to Canada, where he fought some dandy matches under a Canadian pilot. Back to Cincinnati with Jimmy Shevlin, then to Izzy Schneiderman, and the latest is that Cliff and Izzy are at the parting of the ways, with Bonner and Curley the next stop. McWhirter dropped a close one to Red Harding his last time out.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Ray Taylor, lightweight, is fighting with increasing steadiness. A change of scenery would do Ray lots of good . . . . Lee Cox is back from Florida, where he engaged in a couple of fights, one of which Willie Krieger ran out on him. . . . Eddie Gerhardt is staging wrestling at Rappold's Cafe on Vine Street . . . . also at the Walkashow in Elmwood . . . . Joe Anderson changed his Blue Grass fight arena in Covington into a night club, the Club Mayfair, doing profitable biz to date. . . . . Franky Sazone dropped a couple of decisions to Art Schultz, in which he lost his lightweight title of Cincinnati . . . . the match between Ted Graham and Harry Williams is being sought for the reopening of the Armory . . . . Joe Sarno is acting matchmaker at the Milford club . . . . Jess Calhoun is Freddie Miller's ace spar partner when the N. B. A. 126-pound champ is training in Cincinnati . . . . and fighters wishing a good connection in this territory should address the writer at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—A near-world's record quick-time knock-out was scored by Young Peter Jackson, sensational Los Angeles negro lightweight, when he stopped Johnny Datto, Chicago Filipino, with a vicious left to the stomach. Including the ten-second count the bout was over in exactly thirteen seconds. Jackson, due to the consideration of his manager, Wirt Ross, again kayoed Datto in one round to give the railbirds a trot for their money.

In the semi-final of Joe Waterman's program, Elmer "Buzz" Brown, formerly of St. Paul, 122, punched a six-round decision over Filipino Joe Calder of Seattle. Johnny Higgins, 136, wild Irisher of Salem, battled through four hectic rounds to a draw with Ray Cody, Butte slugger. Star Frisco, 114, Los Angeles, defeated Jackie Kileen, 116, Independence, in a clever four-rounder.

With a terrible, paralyzing left smash to the solar plexus in the fifth round, Wesley "K.O." Ketchell, 165½, Portland southpaw kayo artist, stopped Fred Lenhart, 177¼, Pacific Coast light-heavyweight champion from Spokane.

Last year in Los Angeles, Judy Zuniga, 117-pound Mexican, knocked out Speedy Dado, the great Filipino flash. On this card, however, another "brown doll" got revenge for his countryman and completely showed up Punch's partner, who was lucky enough to score almost two blows in six stanzas. Star Frisco won by the proverbial mile.

Maxie "Goofus" Maxwell, 171, Atlanta, Ga., was too fast and too playful for Dave Humes, of Port Townsend, Wash., and won in four.

Battling Nelson, an Italian, believe it or don't, of Walla Walla, drew in four with Johnny Higgins, 140, Salem, in a bout which, although listed as a boxing match, appeared to be more of a pentathlon.

Rollie Westerman, 131, Portland, slapped his way to decision in four from Johnny Topaz, Manila trial horse.

Roy Edwards, 124, Portland, displayed plenty of nerve to draw with Frankie Galucci, also of Portland, in the four-round curtain raiser. Edwards fought the last half of the bout with an injured left hand.

To quote Bill Gregory of the *Morning Oregonian*, "that amazingly clever little handful of bobbing, bouncing, sharp-shooting, two-fisted ring deviltry," 114-pound, 16-year-old Filipino, Star Frisco, finished strong in his bout with Jo Tei Ken, Korean bantamweight from Tokyo, to win the ten-round decision.

The semi-windup featured Johnny Higgins and Bat Nelson in another of their slam-bang comic draws. These boys have a good pair of dukes, Higgins the right one and Nelson the left. Whitey Neal, 127, Portland slugging Scot, and Ros Dumuguillez, local Filipino southpaw, drew in six. Maxie "Goofus" Maxwell and Bud O'Neil, 176, Portland, took Halloween seriously and played devilish pranks on each other until "Goofus" dropped Bud for the full count in round two. Both are products of Tex Salkeld's St. Johns prelim cards.

Results of the main events of the weekly St. Johns Bachelor club cards promoted by likable Tex Salkeld follow: Elmer "Buzz" Brown, 123¼, St. Paul giant-killer, added to his impressive record by stopping Stanley Strong, Toledo, Ore., Indian, in three; by defeating Ros Dumuguillez in four; and by beating Whitey Neal in four. Tiger Ray Cody gained a win over Roy Ockley, 135½, St. Johns, in four. Roy Ockley earned a four-rounder over Young Harry Wills, Longview, Wash., negro lightweight. Maxie "Goofus" Maxwell defeated Spud Murphy, 180, Oregon City, in four and drew with Pete Sumski, 182, St. Johns. Billy Wallace, Cleveland, world's lightweight champion-challenger, boxed a three-round exhibition with Ray Cody on the Maxwell-Murphy card.

JUMBLED GEMS—Radio station KXL of Portland is now broadcasting from the Whitehouse Gym on Thursday, Friday, and Sunday from 1:45 to 2:15 p.m. Tex Salkeld and Joe Waterman, Portland's first-class matchmakers, do the talking; a good publicity gag . . . . Boxing lessons for students and business men are also conducted at the gym by Captain Harry Hansen, experienced boxing critic and former promoter, at very nominal prices . . . . Star Frisco, whose real name is Francisco Yulba, is only 16 years old and has had over 300 battles in the squared circle. Just duplicate that. Hundreds proclaim him as the next bantam king and say that he outshines Pancho Villa.

At Klamath Falls—Elmer Brown kayoed Ernie Bailey, Aberdeen featherweight, in three after having kissed the canvas twice himself.

Joe Coffman, Buffalo lightweight, decisioned Ad Cadena, Los Angeles, in six.

At La Grande—Frankie Monroe, 138, Klamath Falls, lost a decision to Johnny O'Hara, 138, Los Angeles.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By JAMES VACCOLLA

THE boxing game has been picking up here during the past month. The New Haven Arena still holds the spotlight for the fans of the state with Lew Brown and Al Caroly doing a verg good job of matchmaking.

Jack Kelly, one of Connecticut's best-loved fighters, passed away recently. Kelly, who looked like a very good heavyweight prospect, died from arthritis.

Before the largest crowd ever to witness a fight this year at the New Haven Arena, Ben Jeby, ex-middleweight champion, defeated Al Rossi, New Haven Italian. Jeby was too strong for Rossi and had him in bad shape in the first and second rounds. Rossi boxed beautifully in spots and surprised every one, including Jeby, by dropping him with a left hook in the last round. Jeby took six rounds out of ten. The fifth and tenth rounds went to Rossi, and two were even.

Steve Carr of Meriden and Rudy Marshall, the colored dancing master of Stamford, fought in the eight-round semi-final. Marshall proved to be too smart for Carr and received the duke. This was the second fight Carr has lost out of forty-five fights. Rossi defeated him for the first time last month.

Irish Jimmie Dolan of Waterbury looked very good by stopping Sal Carter in the last round of their six-round bout.

Phil Baker of Norwalk and Jackie Rose of New York fought a fast six-round bout with the honors breaking even.

Jackie La Salle of Hartford stopped Jimmie Quin of Norwich in four rounds. La Salle, who looks like a very good prospect, is being handled by Denny McMahon.

The amateurs were kept very busy during the past month. Shows are being staged weekly at New Haven, Meriden and Norwich. Some of Connecticut's leading amateurs are Nathan Mann, Vin Belpedio, Jimmie Steward, Jimmie Hicks, Larry Qeam, Al Vassola, Joe Harvey, Kent Perry, Spiro Morris, Len Roger, and Jimmie English.

Big Dave Fitzgerald refereed the Jeby and Rossi fight, and the way he handled that bout was a pleasure to the fans. Big Dave received a great ovation from the fans when introduced. We wish we could see more of Honest Dave as a third man.

At the New Haven Arena Al Gainer, the Black Panther, defeated Joe Sekyra of Dayton, Ohio. Referee Bill Conway gave nine rounds to Gainer and one round even, which happened to be the sixth round, Sekyra's best.

Eddie Moore, the Bridgeport Bomber, made short work of Prince Alexander of Paterson, N. J. Moore stopped Alexander in one minute and thirty-two seconds of the first round with a right hand to the stomach.

Hookey Jackson stopped Ed Marcantone of Danielson in the first round. The referee stopped this bout due to a bad cut Marcantone received in the mouth.

Eddie Conley won the duke over Pedro Neves of New York in a fast five-round bout.

Johnnie Bellus of New Haven surprised the fans by winning the nod over Jackie La Salle of Hartford in a hard-fought fight.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—Bobby Mele, Al Gainer's manager, also books acts for all kinds of entertainment . . . . Bill Blacley broadcasts the wrestling matches from the New Haven Arena . . . . Al Gainer thinks he can stop Ben Jeby . . . . Charley Brown is helping Al Cawley with the amateurs in the New Haven Arena. . . . Mickey Travers, old-time featherweight of New Haven, fought Kid Kaplan seven times, winning four times, two draws, and lost one . . . . and that George Mulligan, Waterbury promoter, tried to match Unknown Winston and Al Gainer but Commissioner Joe Lawlor would not sanction the match—too much weight difference.

STATE OF WASHINGTON
By JACK NEVILLE

AT Seattle, Billy Townsend, Vancouver blond welterweight, went to an eight-round draw with Tiger Al Lewis, Seattle Negro. Joey Ponce, California Mexican, won the nod over Bobby Gray, San Jose feather, in eight rounds.

Tacoma fighters under the management of Dave Miller are pretty well shot with illness and injuries. Freddy Steele, king-pin northwest welterweight, is in the hospital with a kidney ailment. Freddy Lenhart, the heavyweight, has two bad ribs. Billy Gray, hard socking welter, has a bad hand—all of which gives Dave plenty to think about.

Bellingham, under the promotion of the Bellingham Athletic Club, opened the winter boxing season with Benny Gallup, San Francisco Jewish feather, going eight sparkling rounds to a draw with Bud Welling, Fargo, N. D., youngster.

The White Center Club, Ely Caston matchmaker, held public favor with a good show. Gordon Wallace, Canadian welter, won a ten-round decision over Justo Pasco, Sacramento Filipino, in a wild melee. On the same card Lowell Curtis, after winning the whole way, suffered a knock-out in the last round at the hands of Johnny Lorraine.

At Wenatchee, Red Tingley, huge Bellingham heavy, defeated Nick Wagner, Lonnie Austin's heavyweight, in six rounds.

At Yakima, Henry Woods won a ten-round decision over Albie Davies, Vancouver welter.

At White Center, Corp. Ben Shaves won over Bearcat Baker, ten rounds. Del Wolfe beat Al Gainer in six rounds.

At Seattle, Harry Thomas won the decision over K. O. Christner in eight rounds.

My ratings for the state of Washington at this date follow:

Flyweight, Chris Angel; bantamweight, Augie Curtis; featherweight, Abie Israel; lightweight, Joe Ponce; welterweight, Gordon Wallace; middleweight, Freddie Steele; light-heavy, Fred Lenhart, and heavy, Harry Thomas and Ford Smith.

Henry Woods, colored lightweight of Yakima, fighting sixty-five fights over a period of three years, is left off the list because he hasn't been tackling topnotchers. That's why I have placed Joe Ponce as the leading lightweight.

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE Chicago Stadium Operating Company was forced to give professional boxing a vacation after the junior welterweight championship bout between Champion Barney Ross and Sammy Fuller, November 17. Although this match, which was won by Ross, was a financial success, it was a failure artistically. And it apparently was no fault of the principals in the cast.

Ross won seven rounds, two were even, and one was given to Fuller on our score card, which gave Ross 55 points and Fuller 45. The official score was: Joe McNamara, referee, 51-49 for Ross; Judge Livingston Osborne, 50-50, draw; and the other judge, William A. Battye, 53-47 for Ross.

After the fight Ross declared he looked bad "because Fuller refused to lead."

Do you remember Dick Mastro, that promising featherweight brother of Earl Mastro? He retired last year after compiling a nifty record. He informs me that he has a printing business of his own. He is kept busy after he puts in his hours at the Chicago Board of Trade, printing business and social cards and letterheads and invitations. His office is at 1510 Edgemont Avenue.

Sammy Kaplan, bantamweight, has returned to Chicago after an absence of three years. He is seeking a job . . . . The Eddie Shea-Baby Arizmendi bout at Los Angeles drew $5,600 net. Referee Jack Dempsey told the fighters the match was even going into the tenth round, which Shea lost, the decision going to Arizmendi . . . .

The right name of Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill., middleweight, is Hayden Stuhlsatz . . . . George Nichols has placed himself under the management of Paul Carr of Buffalo, N. Y. . . . . Pal Moore, former bantamweight star residing in Chicago, and his wife recently celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary. Charlie Cutler, former heavyweight wrestling champion, is employed at a night club named "After The Show" at Halsted Street and Garfield Boulevard.

Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, has announced that his mail order boxing course is the most popular of its kind. The course embraces nine lessons, one every two weeks. They are fully illustrated. The course includes shirt and trunks for the prospective student and a pal, who can pay for half of the course. Jack Dempsey, Tony Canzoneri, and Tommy Loughran have collaborated with Nat in making the course incomparable. I've seen it and I know. You can't go wrong, boys.

Bob Stone, Chicago heavyweight, whose right name is Robert Schuster, married his manager's daughter, Helen Barbara Marx . . . . The second fifteen-round bout in Illinois since boxing became legalized was between Tony Cancela and Buck Everett at the Arcadia Garden, 4444 Broadway. Mique Malloy was the promoter . . . . Chuck Duval, Chuck McGuire, and Bob Curley did publicity for the opening professional show at the Lake Shore Athletic club. Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill., knocked out Bill O'Connell in the wind-up.

Before leaving for Minneapolis, Minn., to take over the development of Johnny Stanton, lightweight, Jack Blackburn, trainer, was asked whether he spelled his name B-L-A-C-K-B-U-R-N-E or without the "E." "Leave the "E" off," he said. "Only spell my name with the "E" when I've got money."

Geno Salvatore, Streator, Ill., lightweight, is back in action after a lay-off due to an ulcerated tooth . . . . Thomas J. Shaughnessy, manager of the former Chicago Shamrocks hockey team, is president of the Uptown Amusement Corporation, which operates the Arcadia Garden . . . . Hugh Shannon is representing Sammy Mandell and Billy Celebron . . . . Billy Freas, Grand Rapids, Mich., manager of Martin Levandowski, has announced that Levandowski has retired.

Chuck Logan has opened a gymnasium at 2025 North Avenue . . . . Mrs. Sarah Rosofsky, mother of Barney Ross, watched Ross train for his junior welterweight title defense against Sammy Fuller.

Tuffy Griffith, who announced his retirement after a losing match with Tony Shucco at Boston last September 6, has started a boxing school at the Steuben Club, Randolph and Wells streets. Classes are held every Saturday.

Frank Minerva is from Boston, not New York . . . . George Kamberson and Mose Schuman have reopened the Lawndale Gymnasium, at 3950 26th Street, for amateur boxing shows . . . . Sammy Fuller has a three-year-old son named Sammy Ferullo, Jr. . . . .

Young Joe Walker, former Washington, Pa., welterweight, now under the co-management of Sam Pian and Art Winch, was born William Miller in Chicago . . . . Davey Day, stablemate of Champion Barney Ross, has been knocked down only once. During his third professional contest with Frank Barrese, Cleveland, Ohio, featherweight, he was floored for a nine count. Even at this early stage of his career Day showed promise of becoming a topnotcher. The first count he heard was five, but he stayed down until nine and then he went on to defeat Barrese.

The Coliseum Athletic Club, which is presenting shows at the Coliseum Annex every Monday, will continue to bring in the best talent available. The personnel of the club—Curtis Sanford, Charles Hall, and Al Sweeney—is confident that this policy will eventually draw crowds large enough to make the cards a paying proposition. Pee Wee Jarrell, Dario Moreno, and Ray Hendrickson were new boxers who appeared on the club's opening card. Jarrell is from Fort Wayne and the others from Kalamazoo.

Opening the mail bag we find the following:

Up to about four weeks ago your radio programs came good, but now we are unable to get them. My friends and I miss your popular programs and we will be pleased to hear you again soon. —John Hagen.

Ans.—Thanks. I'm back on the air and I'll stay there as long as we hear from you who enjoy the programs.

What was the result of the Packey McFarland-Roy Bronson bout at Indianapolis, Ind.?—Charles Peoples.

Ans.—The Bronson-McFarland bout was a draw. It was fought at New Orleans, La., in 1909.

Will you tell me the age of Tommy Ryan, former welterweight and middleweight champion?—M. M. Croft, Virginia, Ill.

Ans.—Ryan is 63 years old. He was born on March 31, 1870, at Redwood, N. Y.

Is Tommy Ryan living? If so where does he reside?—Gil Johnson, Galesburg, Ill.

Ans.—Ryan is alive. He has a gasoline station at Los Angeles, Cal.

I have been at Los Angeles now for ten weeks and I love it. Not only is the weather fine, but all the boys are clicking. Have seen your brother Earl several times. He looks like a million dollars and he has a good position at the studios. I advised him it was foolish to attempt a comeback at the present time.—Joe Glaser, Los Angeles, Cal.

I've read your column in THE RING so often you seem one of my pals. I have a good fighter in Tiger Joe Randall. Saw him knock out Pee Wee Jarrell. He wishes to box in Chicago. There will be no transportation expense as I'll take him into Chicago by automobile.—Gene Fennigan, Elyria, Ohio.

I am from Nebraska and I would like to enter the *Chicago Tribune's* Golden Gloves tournament in the bantamweight division.—M. S. Bower.

Ans.—When entry blanks appear in the *Tribune* just fill one out and mail it to the *Tribune*.

Professional boxing is again being presented at Peoria, Ill., after a lapse of four years. Gus Stonebeck of Peoria is the promoter. Jack Beatty is matchmaker. In the first show Allen Whitlow beat Edgar Terry in eight rounds due to continuous use of a hard, overhand right, which landed on the jaw consistently.—One of your constant readers.

During a vagrancy drive in San Francisco, Cal., several years ago, Jock Malone, former St. Paul, Minn., middleweight, was arrested as a vagrant. When he appeared before the judge for trial Jock was asked what he did for a livelihood. Shocked at the apparent effrontery of the judge, Jock dangled his cauliflower ears and exclaimed scornfully, "I didn't get these playing pool!"

Do you know that—Chuck Wiggins, former Indianapolis, Ind., heavyweight, liked to fight colored opponents because one can't tell when they're fouled? . . . . Maurice Rivkin, Marigold Garden promoter, is practicing law at 188 Randolph Street? . . . . Jack Kane, ex-lightweight, is working at the State-Harrison theater? . . . . Jimmy Kelly, bantamweight ten years ago, has moved to Ogden Avenue and California? He is in business at Wabash Avenue and Randolph Street.

Eddie Shea, south-side fighter, won the Pacific Coast junior lightweight championship by knocking out Chalky Wright in twenty-two seconds of the first round in a bout at Los Angeles, Cal. . . . . Paul Berlenbach, one-time light heavyweight champion, has been refused a license to box in New York.

PUEBLO, COLO. GOSSIP
By ED ORAZENS

BOBBY McCRACKEN, Pueblo lightweight, who abandoned the prize ring for a clerical position with the Nuckolls Packing Co., has returned in a new role.

He applied to the state boxing commission for a referee's license, and made his debut in this capacity November 22, when he was third man in the ring as George Rohrick, Nebraska, and Dick O'Brien, Denver, met here.

Lou Coffee, manager of a local shoe store, has entered the promotion game in Pueblo. Lou, brother of Awful Coffee, who was campaigning among the lightweights ten or twelve years ago, has announced plans under which local talent will be featured in one or two bouts on all his cards.

Bill Yalotz, Pueblo southpaw who was in the training camp of Young Corbett, III, as he prepared for his title match with Jackie Fields, and later was a sparring partner of Jimmy McLarnin as the Vancouver boy made ready for his bout with Corbett, is a local favorite.

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TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY, Trenton middleweight, who has twice fought for the title, is again in line for another shot at the crown. Upsetting all pre-battle dope, Terry won Referee Phelan's decision over Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh flash, in a ten-round bout at the Newark Armory.

In the bout that went on after the wind-up, Ralph Fulton, welter of Trenton, scored a knockout over Jimmy Shelvin of Newark in less than two minutes of the first round.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, veteran welter of Trenton, boxed an eight-round draw with Marty Gornick, stablemate of Yarosz.

Young Andy, flashy lightweight of Trenton, started his fall campaign by outpointing Danny Tommen of Newark in an eight-rounder at Laurel Garden. Bushy Brooks, Andy's pilot, plans big things for Andy this season.

In a return bout, George Levy again outpointed Kid Bon Bon, this time in eight rounds. In another bout, Ted Ivins, heavy of Roebling, knocked out Tom McGarry of Harrison with a wicked left hook to the chin in the second round. Both of these bouts were held at Asbury Park.

Ralph Fulton of Trenton scored an eight-round decision over Johnny Lucas of Camden at the Cambria in Philadelphia. Fulton rallied after being floored in the fourth round. He cut Lucas' right eye in the fifth, floored him in the seventh, and slashed his nose in the eighth. This boy Fulton is going places.

Carman Preston is making a comeback after laying off for three years. Preston is the only Trenton fighter who goes to college.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By SKIPPY JOYCE

THE bell has rung for a new round. After several furious sessions, the fight business has rallied, is now a favorite to turn in a win over depressing times. What a fight it has been! But the tide has turned. A steady right pumped from the wallet to the ticket window is turning the trick out in California. Dough on the line—A tune understood by all.

The game is looking up. The "take" in most clubs has been increasing gradually lately. Still nothing resembling a gold strike, but most clubs are showing a profit. The Los Angeles Olympic's $5600 house was high for the month. There were several contributing factors—the popular Jack Dempsey as referee and Baby Arizmendi, back in form and pulling in his Mexican following, pitted against the tough Eddie Shea.

Dempsey was also responsible for drawing in $1100 at the Pico Arena, a small club.

Hollywood has been particularly successful from the box-office standpoint.

A harmonizing note is struck all along the coast line. Without a doubt, the jousting business in California is on the mend. And what is a better reflection of the trend of the times than the turnstiles at sports events?

Interest in amateur boxing is growing throughout California. Fighting for the sport of it has always flourished in San Francisco. It's big junior and senior A.A.U. tournaments and the Golden Gloves affair supplying the goal that keeps the Simon Pures active in the Bay district.

The Olympic Club has long fostered the sport, with many other organizations contributing. Intercity and interstate competition sponsored by the Holy Name Society has added impetus.

Oakland and Sacramento have long gone in for the fight club type of amateur boxing.

In Los Angeles, Jim Jeffries' Burbank Club has been running steadily. Culver City has added a club and is interchanging talent with Jeffries.

The A.A.U. in Southern California is asking to have the whole say in who shall operate. The State Commission is agreeable.

Culver City is running under the sanction of the southern body. Despite the fact that this branch of the A.A.U. has jurisdiction only in Southern California and Arizona there is much to-do over the fact that Culver City is the sole club in the entire state operating under its sanction. The inference seems to be that the northern Simons aren't quite as pure as their brethren in the South. They seem to lose sight of the fact that 300 boys take part in each of the larger events in San Francisco.

In matters of sport, the Los Angeles district seems to have singled out a New York idea of the past decade—to wit, beyond our borders nothing of consequence exists.

A veterans' organization in Long Beach has challenged the right of the A.A.U. to grant or deny boxing permits. The post sought a license from the state commission and were told to obtain A.A.U. sanction. The veterans filed suit in court forcing the commission to show legal reason for delegating its powers to an outside body when the state boxing law places these powers only in the hands of the commission.

Unquestionably there is a need for supervision over amateur sport to prevent the exploitation of youngsters. But on the other hand nothing should be permitted to stand in the way of amateur sport for as many as wish to participate.

MAX BAER is having a new kind of trouble. His present, joyful difficulty is to decide what sort of hero to be. Seal Stadium wants him for a fight. He has an offer for a world tour together with Jack Dempsey. The Hollywood Stadium wants him for an outdoor shot. The movies want him. And Justice of the Peace Edward Farrell of South San Francisco wants him for speeding.

There's dough in the tour and in the fights but the heavy sugar, for the present, at least, is in pictures. I hear that the studio will give him $6000 a week. This offer might be a press agent's dream, but, on the other hand, that price is paid for an attraction that can bring it back through the exhibitors.

A movie star that could step out and fight. Or would it be a fighter that could step out and movie-star!

It's a tougher spot than it looks—if anything connected with big money can be considered tough. Should he choose the movie lot, a fight would be worth more for publicity than the actual purse. But suppose he spoiled an ear or grew humps under his eyes? And how would it all affect his chances for a championship?

"What's the matter with boxing? Well I'll tell you." That's a standard introductory speech whenever those interested gather. Very often that first mouthful is as far as a person gets. In case you have answered the question for yourself—and you have if you have asked it—we set down a few representative opinions. Again, if you are one who has answered the question, you did not listen to the others.

Promoter: "It's the managers. There are more managers than fighters."

Manager: "It's the promoters. Don't want to pay anything. He offered us ten bucks for six rounds."

Fighter: "If they would just give me the breaks I'd drag 'em in at the gate."

Press Agent: "The newspapers don't give boxing enough play."

Old-Timer: "These fighters nowadays are too soft. Why when I was fighting . . . ."

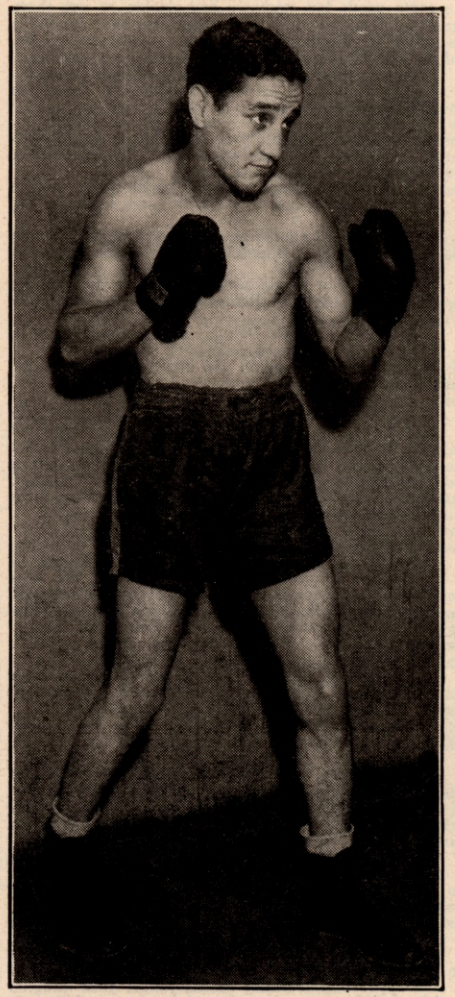
Young Fighter: "It's these belittling old-timers. Always filling the public full of 'way back when.' We pack as much action into ten or twelve rounds as they did in their seventy-five-round bouts. Why any modern referee would throw us out for stalling if we spent half the night in sizing up and feeling out an opponent."

Fan No. 1. "Give us new faces."

Fan No. 2. "You don't build up any local talent. We want to see the boys we know."

Fan No. 3. "Too much commission."

Fan No. 4. "Old stuff! The seat of the trouble is with the newspapers. Your fight-club press agent will walk up to the sports desk. Lay down his copy.



Joey Ponce, outstanding lightweight from the Northwest.

Display several pieces of art. Maybe give the sports editor a cigar. Opine that it looks like Princeton for the Rose Bowl and leave. After deleting such adjectives as best, wonderful, colossal, and outstanding, the copy is run.

"Your sport staff has gotten into the habit of using hand-me-down pre-fight stories.

"How do you think the public reacts after seeing the mug in action?

"At one time, the sportswriters made a study of the game and the men in it. If a match was made, writers reported the training progress of the principals. Compared their abilities. And when a one-sided bout was signed, told about it.

"Get back to this system in boxing. It would prevent a great many mismatches. It would curb the practice of many clubs engaging ONE name each week. The public would find a new or rather renewed interest in boxing."

IN THE RING—Dado and Tommy again featured the month's competition here. Their Los Angeles fight, the rubber meeting between the pair, was as nice a fight as ever you'd want to see.

There was no stalling, no clutching, no breathing spells. The boys threw 'em steadily for thirty minutes. Stood toe to toe and slugged it out.

Dado won the decision clearly but had to fight for it all the way. Both mixed heavy punches with Houdini-like jabs, hooks, and crosses.

The entire card was a thriller. Harold Anderson knocked out Billy Papke, Jr., in the third after having been knocked out himself at the end of the second. Anderson was saved by the bell at six, and, when his seconds carried him to his corner, the dazed Papke was occupying that spot. Both recovered and stood swinging in the third when Anderson landed a haymaker that ended Papke's evening.

Babe Triscara was all but out in the first round of the special but came back to hammer the decision out of Ernie Hood's mid-section. Triscara garnished the bout with a dash of showmanship. Tom Jeffries was knocked down twice but managed to earn a draw with Mike Ketchell.

Baby Arizmendi, flashing his sensational spurts and sharpshooting throughout, took a majority of the rounds to win over Eddie Shea. The Mexican's spurts came more frequently than in the past. Shea's steady, plodding type of milling is more suited to Arizmendi's tactics than that of a boxer. However, it was Shea's body attack that kept him in the running. Shea weakened in the later rounds. It may be that 127 pounds is cutting it a little fine.

Arizmendi may be on the road once more. He's as strong as a young steer and, if he keeps clear of the law and disorder, will be hard to beat.

GEORGIE HANSFORD fought the best fight of his career against Tommy Paul. Paul was down twice. Once for a nine count. It was a case of experience and moxie saving the day for the former champion. After Paul was hurt he went out to make Hansford look bad, and succeeded. The youngster was missing plenty, but those he landed were effective. Paul's best punch, a looping right, cut Hansford's eye. It was a tough fight, but Paul just outsmarted him.

Earlier in the month, Hansford decisioned Johnny Pena. It was in this fight that Hansford discovered he had a left hand. Strictly a right-hand puncher, George entered the bout with a sore duke. He unleashed a left hook that put Pena on the floor for nine counts in the first and second rounds. Pena gave Hansford considerable trouble at infighting.

In San Francisco, Pena was held to a draw by Little Dempsey. The Filipino's effective punching at long range offset Pena's mid-section attack.

In the semi-wind-up between Charlie Hernandez and Babe Anderson, the bout was stopped in the second round and called a draw. Anderson's cut eye prevented his continuing. The draw decision was in accordance with a commission ruling that bouts stopped under such circumstances should not cause a penalty to be inflicted against the injured fighter.

Frankie Battaglia stopped Jimmy Evans in three rounds in San Francisco. Both were attempting comebacks. Babe Manuel won from Claude Varner in the second scheduled ten.

Short left jabs to the mid-section won for Chick Devlin over Vearl Whitehead at Hollywood. Chick was down in the first round but finished strong to win with plenty to spare.

Benny Miller boxed nicely at times but was forced to give way to Wesley Ketchell's heavy bombardment. Miller would be out in front only to be caught with that devastating left that would leave him weak and at times almost out. The bout was packed with action and was fought at Hollywood before a sell-out house.

A FAST finish that caught the referee's eye gave Tom Patrick a draw with Art Lasky. Superior boxing and hard hitting rated Lasky the edge. Both boys are tough and fought at a fast clip. Johnny Hines and Red Stevens drew in the semi. Hines had the best of the going.

Gene Espinoza knocked out Dave Luna in a round at Los Angeles' Main Street . . . . Andy Mitchell won over K. O. Christner in ten, and Fred Schell drew with Ralph Norwood in six at Wilmington . . . . Joe Cordoza knocked out Louie Bartola in two at Pico . . . . Red Wolfe beat Willie Jubera twice in two weeks at Pasadena.

At San Jose, Claude Capley outclassed Tony Curo . . . . Fred Feary and Dynamite Jackson drew 5,000 fans to the San Jose arena. Jackson had too much experience and won in ten rounds . . . . Baby Casanova knocked out Baby Palmore in three rounds in a Mexico City bout.

Sammy O'Dell, who came to the coast with Gorilla Jones, has built up a following in San Diego. His latest victories near the border were a two-round knock-out of the tough Tommy Huffman and a ten-round decision from Mike Payan . . . . Swede Berglund knocked out Eddie Ran in three rounds of a San Diego bout.

IN THE BROADWAY-HOLLYWOOD MANNER—Tom Gallery and Madge Evans are furniture-window shopping! . . . . Tom Patrick traded his single-seater for a tandem job . . . . Speedy Dado and John Henry Lewis are pricing R.R. tickets to Points East . . . . Peter Arno is in training for a comeback. He would like to meet Drexel Biddle-Steele . . . . Ace Hudkins dropped a round 'n round decision to George Kerkhoff. The Ace took sides in a family spat and bit the sawdust! . . . . Jo Tei Ken's stay in the country has been extended another six months . . . . Dan McNally, evangelist, is billed as a "converted prize fighter" . . . . Star Frisco is about ready to make a bid for the Filipino following . . . . That uniformed chauffeur (the viper) who stalls Mae West's car in *I'm No Angel* is Morrie Cohn, promoter-matchmaker at the Pasadena Arena . . . . Deane Jones, who competed in many western amateur tournaments, is now writing about it for a northwest daily . . . .

Joyeux Noel (A Merry Christmas to you) . . . . and you.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

PROFESSIONAL boxing seems to be coming back in Michigan! Scotty Monteith, veteran promoter, has been having good success with his shows at the Arena Gardens in Detroit, and Louie Newman, making matches for the War Veterans at Saginaw, made money on his initial endeavor, the Scozza-Vorce joust.

Monteith's first show this fall was a beef trust tourney which was won with comparative ease by Seal Harris, a big colored fellow from Chicago. Chief interest lay in the showings of Paul Ambers and Johnny Whiters, negroes. Ambers won the 1933 *Free Press* Golden Glove heavy championship and represented Michigan at Boston. Whiters is a Pontiac youngster who shows promise. Both were defeated by Willie Davis of Chicago who in turn lost to Harris. Johnny Morris, who was to have boxed Harris in the final, defaulted, so a three-round match between Whiters and Ambers was put on with the Detroit lad getting the nod.

Ernie Maurer, Jimmy Brady's stellar bantam, seems to be the outstanding drawing card. Maurer fought twice during the month, against Orville Drouillard and Frankie Wolfram.

Lew Raymond, promoting at the Naval Armory with such stars as Eddie Cool, Harry Dublinsky, Sammy "Kid" Slaughter, and Fritz Heinz, has decided to quit and go back to Pittsburgh.

Maurer and Drouillard thrilled the fans with as vicious a slugging bee as any one would want to see. In the eight-round semi-final Reuben Edmans of Muskegon and Teddy DeFrancis, Detroit, welterweights, provided the fans with plenty of entertainment. DeFrancis was floored for a five count in the fifth, but the fight ended in a draw.

Henry Gowatch, short and thick, outpointed Mike Kolnick in one six-round bout and Joe Rivers, weighing 145, outscored Pete Petroskey, Muskegon, who outweighed him five pounds. Manuel Cantera, 1933 Novice Golden Glove champ in the featherweight class, beat Sammy McAuley, East Detroit, in his professional debut over the four-round route. Young Pare, Windsor welter, drew with Johnny Reiggie, Detroit, at the same distance.

Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg, Canada, handled by Joe Basco, came close to winning from Maurer in another hard fought ten-rounder.

Andy Esposito of Toledo, formerly known as K. O. Morgan, gave the fans a treat with his clowning in beating Ken Offet of Detroit. Esposito is a pretty good fighter and has fought the best. The bout went eight rounds.

Harry Fine beat John Kelly in six rounds, Manuel Cantera beat Henry Gowatch, and Joe Stalnes outpunched Johnny Reggie in four-rounders.

Orville Drouillard surprised plenty of the wise ones in his fight with Frankie Wolfram. Wolfram, who had had Maurer on the floor, was picked to defeat Drouillard handily, but, at the finish, Referee Sam Hennesey had to split hairs in giving the fight to Wolfram.

Teddy DeFrancis outpointed Kid Conlon, Boston, in the semi-final. Johnny Stroppa, Detroit, kayoed Babe Albrecht, Utica, in the fourth round, and Alex Borshuck, Detroit, stiffened Frank Jones, Howell, in the third session. Manual Cantera continued his winning ways in beating Tommy Pontento, Windsor, in another bout.

Archie Sillman has closed up his gym again. Most of the boxers train at the Arena Gardens gym now. The Arena gym is a nice place, well equipped, and it is run by competent men.

Ken Offet, colored Detroit featherweight, was given the decision, after six hard rounds, over Wilbur Chevaliar, Bay City swinger at Hazel Park.

Milton Albrecht outboxed Billy Moore of Flint in a six-rounder, but Referee Sam Hennessey called it a draw. George Scrozza, Detroit middleweight, outboxed Bob Albrecht, Utica, in six, and Cliff Chick, Detroit lightweight, scored a technical kayo over George House, Detroit, in the second heat.

Iowa Joe Rivers, who has been in this part of the country about three months, had little trouble beating Billy Gerbe in a six-round go at Hazel Park. Rivers dropped Gerbe for a count of three in the final round. Since coming here Rivers has won decisions over Sammy Mandell, Pete Petroskey, Jack December, Mickey Misko, and Gerbe. Chuck Woods is the only Detroit boy to beat him.

Speedy Johnson, Pontiac, was too fast for Sam McCauley in the six-round semi-final. Coca Cola Kid, Detroit, had Tommy Meeking, Windsor veteran, on the verge of a knock-out in the first round, but Meeking managed to go the route of six rounds. Jimmy Crosby, Detroit negro, was soundly thumped by Kid Burns in six, and Mark Mathewson took Jimmy Crawford in the four-round curtain raiser.

Manual Cantera, young ex-amateur, shows about as much promise as any of the boys who are fighting their first year. Manual has had three fights, winning all. The outstanding boy that he beat is Henry Gowatch, who has boxed the best in the state. Gowatch has a draw with Ernie Maurer to his credit and has also fought Johnny Mitchell, Tony Tassi, Bobby Thomas, Billy Cooper, Andy Esposito, and Mike Kolnick.

Ace Martin, who had been state light-heavyweight champion and had beaten or knocked out Harold Anderson, Flash Rizer, Chet Rayner, Jack Scarton, Johnny Misko, Stanley Wellise, Len Darcy, Eddie Dorian, Lyle Blain, Emmett Curtice, Bob Albrecht, Leon Jasinski, and Leon Nichols, made a miserable showing in the main bout at Hazel Park. He fought Jack Horton, colored slugger from Detroit. Horton bounced him on the canvas six times before stopping him in the last round.

U. S. Chocolate, colored Detroit featherweight, lost to Foster Young in the six-round semi-final. Chocolate looks promising. He is managed by Andy Kid Brown. Other bouts: Clif Chick beat Cecil King, Lansing (6); Ralph Barnett, Pontiac, stopped game Georgie Bond, Detroit, in three; and Young Ketchell, Pontiac, finished John Thomas, Lansing, in the first. Foster Young and Ace Martin are both managed by Jack Rosenbaum.

In the last show at Windsor, Alex Borshuck, promising heavyweight of Detroit, took the measure of Len Darcy.

In the final show of the month at Jim Dowling's Arena in Mt. Clemens, Eddie Dorian, 185, Jackson, drew with Harry Nelson, 200, Inkster, in the eight-round feature match. Milton Albrecht beat Billy Moore in the six-round semi-final. Billy Bulley, Bath City welter, returned to the wars, and got a draw with K. O. Morgan. Joe Mulkey, Jackson, flattened Kid Stroup, Mt. Clemens, in the second round, and St. Louis Kid beat Wallace Lemmons, Mt. Clemens, in the opener.

At the Dearborn Arena, Frank Kapanowski, sensational middleweight, held the seasoned Eddie Wells to a draw in the main go. Frankie Pallo, Detroit lightweight, beat Tommy Meeking in the six-round semi-final. Joe Sitkin beat Chuck Wallace, and Nick Torres beat Joe Lazoza in other bouts.

Alex Borshuck beat Flash Rizer in a six-rounder at Hazel Park. In the semi-final Johnny Whiters floored Harry Nelson, Inkster, seven times before stopping him in the third round. Leon Jackson, Detroit middleweight, beat Charley Long, Detroit, in another six-round match. In four-rounders U. S. Chocolate, Detroit, looked impressive in stopping Toppy Guire; Tommy Meeking, ancient Windsor lightweight, beat Al Honas, Detroit; and Jewboy Turniack, Detroit, defeated Pinky Winfrey, Detroit.

Tiger McClendon was given a boxing lesson by Len Darcy, veteran Jackson artist, in the Hazel Park Arena. Frankie Dailey gave Thurston McKinney, former amateur ace, a technical kayo over Socko Cossell, Jackson, who showed no inclination to fight. Otto Worth won easily from Eddie Plant, Windsor, in the six-round main preliminary. Kid Burns, Windsor, beat Chuck Murchison, Detroit, and Mark Mathewson, Windsor, beat Red Russell, Detroit, in four-rounders.

In the Veterans of Foreign Wars show at Saginaw, Lou Scozza, was given a hard battle by Johnny Vorce, Detroit colored star. It was the first time Vorce had been beaten since turning pro over a year ago.

Joe "Little" Dempsey of Buffalo, stablemate of Scozza, was beaten rather easily by Holmon Williams, talented colored boy from Detroit, in the ten-round semi-final. Both weighed in at 127 pounds.

With the coming of winter, the amateur boys are beginning to think about the Golden Gloves. The outstanding tournament will be that sponsored by the Detroit *Free Press*, but the Grand Rapids *Press* plans a large tourney also. Other Booth papers sponsoring tournaments in connection with the Grand Rapids tourney are the Bay City *Times*, Saginaw *Daily News*, Flint *Daily Journal*, Muskegon *Chronicle*, Kalamazoo *Gazette*, Jackson *Citizen-Patriot*, and Ann Arbor *News*. A few of the boys who were in the Detroit *Free Press* tourney last winter who turned pro are Paul Ambers, Jack Starwas, Frank Kapanowski, Thurston McKinney, Bud Getz, Ivan Harburn, Alex Stewart, Manual Cantera, Nick Torres, and Sam Seifman.

Johnny Miler, Detroit, successfully defended his state heavyweight championship in beating Eddie Anderson at Mt. Clemens. In the semi-final of six rounds, Paul Ambers scored a technical knock-out over Albert North of Pontiac in the third. Ambers was outweighed 33 pounds. Charlie Wallace, Dearborn, outpointed Leo Kramer, Detroit, in six; Oscar Cook kayoed Vincent Mann, Hazel Park, in one; and Jack Reed, Mt. Clemens, whipped his fellow townsman Kayo Morgan in four rounds.

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"How to Manage a Fighter"

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Revised "How to Second"

Jack December, Mt. Clemens, was beaten in his home town for the first time in three years by Joe Rivers, now living in Detroit.

Ray Johnson, Flint, drew with Jimmy Crawford, Detroit, in the six-round semi-final at 127 pounds; Jackie Swartz, Detroit, beat Charley Long in six; Oscar Cook K.O.'ed Nelson Noris, Chicago, in three; O. Worth, Detroit, won over Frank Powers, Detroit, four.

Joe Rivers added Mickey Misko to his imposing list of victims in the eight-round feature bout at Mt. Clemens. Billy Gerbe stopped K. O. Morgan in the sixth of a scheduled eight. Milton Babe Albrecht drew with Mel Shirkey, Saginaw, in the six-round main preliminary. Tommy Meeking beat Joe Misko and Mark Mathewson beat Otto Worth in four rounders.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

BEN FOORD, the young South African boxer, has come into the limelight during the past few weeks. He won three fights in three weeks in fairly convincing style. The first was at the Crystal Palace against the veteran Tommy Tucker and he won by a knock-out in two rounds. A week later, he was given a last-minute job against Hans Schonrath at the Albert Hall on the Brown-Wolgast card.

He performed very well against the tough German heavyweight to score a points victory over ten rounds.

Then he was matched at the Crystal Palace against a fairly unknown North of England heavyweight, Jack London of West Hartlepool, and won on points.

Foord has now had five fights in England and is undefeated. He beat Charlie Smith and Vincent Parrille, otherwise known as Frankenstein, in his other bouts. A few months ago, after meeting the last two named, Foord could not get a fight, but now he is the most sought-after fighter in Britain.

On the same card as the Foord-London fight, the eighteen-year-old Dave Finn, one of England's future champions, was very unlucky not to receive the verdict when Tommy Hyams, London's leading featherweight, was given the decision over him. Finn is the youth with the style of Berg, and the latter's manager, Frank Jacobs, will handle the affairs of Finn when he goes to the States.

The two East End rivals, Harry Mason, the former lightweight champion, and Moe Moss of Stepney, filled the Ring to capacity. To the surprise of everybody, Moss went on top from the start and dropped Mason for the full count.

Archie Sexton, the London middleweight, after forcing Jock McAvoy to give him a chance at the middleweight title, fought one of his worst bouts at Belle Vue, Manchester, before a capacity house, and proved an easy prey for the champion, who scored a K. O. in the tenth round.

The South African, Louis Botes, caused a sensation when he outpointed, outpaced, and outpunched the Liverpool featherweight, Dick Burke.

Jimmy Walsh was the rather lucky winner over Dave Crowley, the London 126-pounder, who was disqualified in the sixth, after sending the Liverpool lad down for two counts, with perfectly placed body punches.

At St. James Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mickey McGuire, the lad who K. O.'d Young Perez when he was world's champion, scored an easy K. O. victory over Teddy Rollins of Whitley Bay.

Harry Mizler, the undefeated ex-amateur lightweight champion, goes on from victory to victory. After stopping Harry Sankey of Liverpool in the ninth, he stopped the tough Aine Gyde, the Belgian, in five at Stadium Club, London, and then stopped Alec Law of Birmingham in three rounds.

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Moe Moss of Mile End scored a meritorious K. O. over Haydn Williams of Wales in the ninth.

George Daly, the young Bermondsey lightweight, showed class when he stepped in as a substitute for Ginger Jones, the Welshman, against his stable companion, Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross, at the Crystal Palace, and won. Daly followed this win with another at the expense of Jim Wheeler of Bermondsey at the Crystal Palace.

Bert Kirby, the Birmingham flyweight, scored a good win over Fred Bebbington of Manchester, at West Bromwich Palais de Dance.

Jack Casey, the Sunderland "Rock," showed a return to form when he K. O.'d Johnny Summers in the last round at Miners Hall, Sunderland.

Dick Corbett, the Bethnal Green bantam, stopped Tony Butcher of Liverpool in the latter's home town.

Another promising lad is Ginger Sadd of Norwich. Make no mistake about him. In another year this young lad will be knocking at the door of the reigning champion. His latest win was at the expense of Pat Butler of Leicester, at the Corn Hall, Norwich.

Tommy Farr, cruiser weight champion of Wales, stopped Jack Marshall of Accrington in the seventh at the Stadium Club, Merthyr.

Len Beynon of Swansea outpointed the veteran, Kid Socks of Bethnal Green, at Swansea.

Charlie Baxter of Birmingham won the welterweight championship of the southern area, when he stopped Stoker Reynolds of Portsmouth (the holder) in the fourteenth round.

Phineas John, the Welsh featherweight, scored a good victory over Louis Botes of South Africa, at Belle Vue, Manchester. On the same card, Tommy John, a brother of Phineas, lost to Ted McGuire of Manchester.

The Ring management, London, brought off a good bout, when they matched Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green to meet Popular Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell. The hall was sold out before the first bout took place. Corbett won but in a tough mill.

At the Drill Hall, Lower Kennington Lane, Arthur Crane from Battersea gave a sparkling display when he met Johnny Rigby of Camberwell in a twelve-round bout. The referee's decision of a draw was flattering to Rigby, who was receiver most part of the bout.

At a charity show promoted at the Stadium Club for St. Bart's Hospital, Johnny Quill of Stepney beat Fred Webster of Kentish Town. On the same card Teddy Lewis of Billingsgate and Joey Carr of Old Ford fought a hard draw.

Len (Tiger) Smith of Birmingham scored a points win over Tommy Marren of Burnley, at Woodcock St. Baths, Birmingham.

Jack Forster of Norwich narrowly defeated Phil Greer of Bath, at Norwich Corn Hall.

Jackie Moody of Pontypridd, brother of the better known Frank Moody, boxed in convincing style to gain a points win over Harry Gregory of Walsall.

George Williams of Treherbert defeated Dan Dando of Merthyr, at Trealaw, Wales. And, two weeks later, he was presented with the Welsh bantamweight championship when the referee awarded him the decision against Len Beynon of Swansea, the holder, at Swansea.

Bristol fans were extremely dissatisfied with the verdict against George Rose in his bout with Danny Evans, the Welsh welterweight champion.

Johnny King, the Empire bantamweight champion, scored an eight-round K. O. over John Barrett of Keighley at the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds. A right to Barrett's chin pulled down the curtain.

Bill Hood of Plymouth seems to have gone back since he came back from U. S. A. He has been on the losing end quite a lot lately.

Jackie Quinn of Belfast fought the best bout of his career when he outpointed Mickey Summers of Dundee, the Scottish bantamweight champion, at the Belfast ring.

Jim Maharg of Glasgow scored a two-round K. O. over Battling Siki of Liverpool at the Bridgeton Premierland.

Jeff Dickson started his Royal Albert Hall season with a flyweight bout between Midget Wolgast, part claimant to the world's championship, and Jackie Brown, the champion of the world, so far as England is concerned. The bout was fought over the limit so that no title was at stake, and Wolgast won.

Alfonse Heintz, the French lightweight who recently defeated Cleto Locatelli, has been ordered to retire from boxing on account of defective eyesight.

Jimmy Wilde, The Tylorstown Terror, branched out as a promoter at the Drill Hall, Flodden Road, Camberwell, London, and the boxing was of high standard. Ted Phillips of Canada did well to outpoint Leo Evans of Wales in a twelve-round bout, and the surprise of the evening was when David Wilde, son of Jimmy Wilde, was defeated by Johnny Rigby of Camberwell.

Johnny King, the Empire bantamweight champion, scored a T. K. O. over Teddy Higgins of Manchester at the Royton N. S. B. when the referee called a halt to save the game lad unnecessary punishment.

Jimmy Walsh of Chester is a lad who will soon be fighting for a championship if he keeps up his run of successes. His latest was to outpoint the fast South African, Louis Botes, in a twelve-round bout at Brunswick Club, Leeds, and the young Liverpool lad ran out a good winner on points.

When Del Fontaine of Canada and Lauri Rateiri of Stratford started their twelve-round contest at the Stadium Club, London, the fans knew that they were going to see a hard-punching bout, and they were right, as Fontaine received the decision on a K. O. in the second.

Moe Moss of Mile End and Leo Phillips of Birmingham, fought a hard fifteen-round draw.

Packy McFarland of Dublin and Bill Barnham of Fulham had a hard twelve-round draw at the Labour Hall, Hammersmith.

Boy Edge of Birmingham won the southern area championship from Bill Lewis of Bethnal Green over the fifteen-round course.

Eddie Maguire, the South African, scored a good win over Red Pullen of Wales in ten rounds.

Tommy Moore of Royston won his bout with George Newton of Thorneby by a five-round K. O. at Barnsley. This was the first bout of a series to find an opponent to fight Jack Casey of Sunderland for the northern area middleweight championship.

Jimmy Walsh of Liverpool keeps on winning, and his latest victim was Benny Sharkey of Newcastle over fifteen rounds at Liverpool Stadium.

Charlie Baxter, the southern area welterweight champion, had an easy journey, when he compelled Billy Viner of Wales to retire in the tenth, at Woodcock St. Baths, Birmingham.

Honest John Mortimer staged a successful show at Connaught Drill Hall, Portsmouth, when he matched Len Saunders, the welterweight champion of Holland, and Jim Hunter of Scotland, for ten rounds.

Jack Garland of Belfast took a bad beating from Peter Clarke of Liverpool and retired in the sixth.

Jim Maharg of Glasgow scored a twelve-round points victory over Jim O'Neil of Cambuslang, for the third time, in the city of Glasgow.

Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green had an easy journey when he stopped Terrence Morgan of Wales in ten rounds.

Com Lewis of Bethnal Green outpointed Bob Hickey of Kilburn in a very spirited encounter of ten rounds, and showed some of his old form.

Douglas Parker of Sunderland won the northern area lightweight championship when he scored a T. K. O. in fourteen rounds over Jim Learoyd of Leeds.

Johnny McMillan of Glasgow secured a sensational victory over Dick Burke of Liverpool in the first round of the British featherweight elimination contest at Liverpool Stadium. Burke was floored no less than ten times before the referee, Jack Bloomfield, stopped the contest.

At the Camberwell Drill Hall, Peter Price of Worcester stopped Teddy Higgins of Newcastle in the third. Ted Shaw of Camberwell outpointed Red Pullen of Wales in twelve.

Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green kept his winning record in order when he easily beat Arly Hollingsworth of Sheffield in four rounds. In the supporting card, Harry Corbett, brother of Dick, and the ex-featherweight champion of England, scored a K. O. over Billy Mack of Old Ford in eleven rounds.

Don't forget, boys, if you want books advertised by The Ring Book Shop, get them from me here.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

HERE'S one for the book. Out in Muncie, Ind., Jimmy Taylor and Ace Akers fought a thrilling ten-round contest in which there was plenty of action and plenty of blood. When the combat was over, Taylor received the decision, and when he went to the box office to receive his pay for having fought as the headliner, imagine his surprise when he received $4.23.

As Jimmy had to pay $5.00 for the state boxing license, it cost him 77c for being permitted to expose himself to the wallops of Akers. That's one time when a boxer had to pay the stakes for the privilege of fighting.

Ed Bang was back with a bang with a fine Christmas Fund card.

Lakewood, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, went to bat with a boxing show, the first pro fight staged out there, and financially it was a dead flop. The new promoter, Sol Akers, who operates all the large dance halls at Lakewood, took it on the chin for several hundred dollars. His matchmaker, Mickey Gilcher, gave the fans a corking good show and will continue to build the game up out there.

Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland, defeated Pete Battalino of Cincinnati in the headliner six rounds. Jimmy Taylor punched out an easy victory over Tony DeMarco. George Schultz, ex-amateur champion, scored a one-round kayo over Jack Barrett of Geneva, and Paul Tanner defeated Don Barnard in one of the best fights of the night.

Mannie Robins, who is in California with four of his boxers, is doing very well out there.

Jack Pallat is after a fight with Jim Maloney. They might be matched at Atlanta by Pa Stribling.

Buck Everett's latest victim was Charley Belanger. They fought at Asheville, N. C.

Everett is anxious to box any of the good heavyweights.

Al Getchell, Jimmy Dunn's heavyweight, defeated Frankie Wine at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, Al is anxious to box Eddie Simms.

Babe Triscaro is home on a Christmas holiday. He is anxious to box Ernie Maurer, also Frankie Wolfram.

Porter Root has left the Papke gym and is now working out at the Argonne A. C. with Jimmy Dunn.

Micky Dugan is anxious to box any of the good middleweights. Wire or write the writer at 406 United Bank Bldg. Jimmy Taylor is anxious to box any of the light-heavyweights.

Marty McHale is down to hard work and expects to have a busy season. He started off winning at Muncie Monday night. He is anxious to box anybody up to 150 pounds.

Any good heavyweight, who is not under contract, who wishes some work should get in touch with the writer.

Lee Sheppard, colored lightweight, a great little fighter, can't get work around here.

Babe Denning, who went for over a year pounding out victories, ran into a snag and got hit on the kisser. Babe began to believe he was unbeatable but learned otherwise.

Ernie Wright is another one of the Darkies around here who is idle, but willing to box anybody. He is a good showman.

Walter Taylor is packing 'em in at the Equestrium with the wrestlers.

Bert McPherson of Boston, Kansas, and points West has brought wrestling back in great shape. He is assisted by James Doyle. He has had three straight sell-outs at the Public Auditorium.

Ed Bang is being mentioned as Director of the Public Auditorium and Cleveland Stadium. Bang will accept, the papers say.

Johnny Papke, Joe Tuma, and Jimmy Avon are lining up amateurs for the Golden Gloves and so are the Downs boys.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE biggest piece of cauliflower news in many a day has finally blossomed. Lew Raymond and Jules Beck have decided to cast their vegetables in the same basket. They have decided to double up and promote shows at the Arena on the North Side.

Jack London, director of Mose Butch, pans the writer for ignoring the Oakland boxer in this column's selections of the leading local leather manipulators.

The ten best boxers in Pittsburgh are:
1—Teddy Yarosz, middleweight.
2—Jackie Wilson, featherweight.
3—Mose Butch, featherweight.
4—Franky Goosby, middleweight.
5—Billy Holt, middleweight.
6—Bruno Sala, light-heavyweight.
7—Tiger Joe Randall, welterweight.
8—Jimmy Thomas, bantamweight.
9—Joey Spiegal, welterweight.
10—Eddie Zivic, lightweight.

Moose Temple auditorium: Buck McTiernan stopped Joe Feldman, Cleveland middleweight, second round; Sunny Jim McVey chilled Jimmy Rice, Texas heavyweight, 27 seconds.

Joe Bazzone, McKeesport 147-pounder, T.K.O.'d Jimmy Belmont, main event, ninth round. (Belmont sustained gashed eye.) In a hummer, Mike Barto defeated Johnny Durso.

Reds Barry, Washington, D. C., flash, stretched out Sunny Jim McVey, fourth round, main go.

Mose Butch scored over Nat Litfin.

The mammoth amateur fistic tournament sponsored by the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* is commanding a lot of attention. More than a thousand entries were filed. The vast venture began in mid-November. The finals are to be presented in January.

There goes the gong. See you next month!

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

JOE MORAN, Jimmy Bronson's promising ex-college middleweight, easily defeated Bucky Lawless and then handed Hans Mueller a terrific lacing two weeks later. Moran found Lawless hard to hit with a right hand, but had no trouble in landing on Mueller's chin. The German hit the deck five times in six rounds.

Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantamweight champion, outpointed Pedro Lorenzo, Philadelphia, in ten rounds. Norm Cordaro knocked out Frankie Fiore, Canadian slugger, in one round. On the same card, Frankie Martin, stablemate of Leitham, stopped Matty Matheson, Buffalo, in five.

Joey Brown, local featherweight idol, journeyed to Scranton and battered out a nice win over Jackie Britton.

At Auburn, Bucky Lawless won from Werner Wilsch in a sizzling six. Ray Kahl, the Prison City promoter, has had hard luck with Steve Halaiko. Twice the clever Ukrainian has been matched to show in his home town, and on both occasions injuries received in battles a few days earlier forced him to withdraw. Steve was slated to box Jimmy Slavin and was hurt in a bout with Jimmy Leto at Holyoke. Then he was matched with Frankie Hayes and received a cut eye in a bout with Any Di Vodi at Buffalo.

Mickey Serrian won from Baby Joe Thompson, the California Negro biffer, at the Arena. It was a hard fight all the way, with Serrian finishing the stronger in the last two heats to romp home with the verdict.

Charlie (Trader) Horn was awarded an unpopular decision over Johnny Nelson, local Negro light-heavyweight here. Both were so cautious the bout developed into a listless affair and neither made any real effort to cut loose.

On a New York vs. Syracuse card, Joe Moran took Hans Mueller into camp; Connie Josenio beat Alfy Williams; Julius Vigh knocked out Kid Dyke; Pedro Nieves won from Babe Amos; Eugene Emanuel defeated Joe Doradio and Richard Cabello outpointed Connie Morris.

SHORTS—The Arena club issues a most interesting weekly program that contains pictures and boxing news of all the scrappers . . . . Paulie Sykes, New York Negro middleweight, Frank Goosby of Pittsburgh, and Max Elling of the Smoky City are in town . . . . There is a big demand for hard-hitting welterweights at the Central New York clubs . . . . Benny Odell, Joe McDermott's sensational heavyweight, knocked out Tiger Perry, husky Binghamton warrior, in four stanzas . . . . The Curley-Mondt wrestlers have invaded Syracuse and are expected to go big . . . . The grappling cards are staged on Monday nights . . . . Am in receipt of a letter from Maurice Cain, stating that Jack Dempsey will gladly officiate as referee for the Disabled Veterans just as soon as he comes East again. . . . . Al Wertheimer, national intercollegiate featherweight champion, has been named A. A. U. commissioner here . . . . R. J. B. writes and asks if colored fighters can make money here. My answer is "no." There are more than fifty colored boxers in Syracuse now, and many of them fight less than twice a year . . . . *Adios.*

MORE PHOTOGRAPHS

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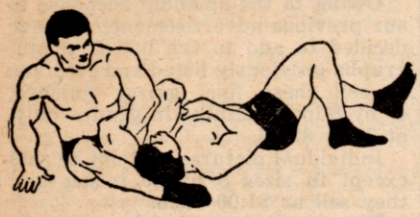

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, NEBRASKA, SOUTH DAKOTA, AND NORTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

YOUNG RIGHTMEIER, Sioux City's bantamweight flash, is still on the warpath. During the past month he took the scalp of Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge, Iowa, bad man.

Sammy Mandell, former lightweight king, jumped off in Sioux City, on the way down the fistic ladder, long enough to hand Bat Nelson a boxing lesson in eight. Noble Jennings, of Portland, Ore., lasted two rounds with Larry Udell. Speedy Clayton, local lightweight comer, won a hairline decision over Whitey Dale in six. Billy Celebron of the Mandell Stable knocked out Russ Bealls, Fort Dodge youngster, in the first round. Over 1500 fans turned out for the show.

Al Pahl, a lad who has come up from the fours in jumps and bounds, knocked out "Irish" Tommy O'Toole of Philadelphia, Pa., in one of the high lights of the month. O'Toole lasted three rounds. The "Ace of Spades," hailing from Omaha, Nebr., lost a sixer to Bat Nelson. Speedy Clayton and Floyd Morey drew in six. Kid Roy Newman won by a T. K. O. over Ernie North in two. Mickey Slater, who has moved up to the featherweight class, knocked out Tiger Kid Williams in three. Lloyd Rawson showing improvement, beat Batling Slater in four.

Mason City, Ia. — Earl Mason, Albert Lea, Minn., outpointed Mel Coleman of St. Paul in eight fast rounds. Kid Ripley beat Jack Mitzle. Reddy Martin knocked out Kid Paul in two. Earl Anderson beat Kenny Bowers in four.

In one of the best fights of the month, Whitey Dale, local lightweight, defeated Kid Batterman of Lincoln, Nebr., in six. Don Rhymer achieved the speediest K. O. on record in Sioux City when he crossed a right to Kid Sullivan's jaw in the first twenty seconds of the first round. Babe Barnes knocked out Fuzzy Ferguson in two. Lloyd Rawson and Kid Stokes fought to a draw in four.

Omaha, Nebr.—Jimmy Wooten, Omaha welter, defeated Young Terry of Davenport, Iowa, in ten. The "Ace of Spades" knocked out Young Schmelling of New York City in four. Jay Conlon won an unpopular decision over Bobby O'Dowd of Sioux City. Billy Love won by a knock-out over Henry Agerri in three. Tommy Zaballos and Hymie Speigel drew in four. Jimmy Salvatore and Young Kid Chocolate drew in four.

Burlington, Iowa—Hack Colbert, Oquawka, Ill., lightweight, shaded Phil Pernice of Chicago in eight. Luther Rogan beat Jack Robinson in eight. Chuck Skelly of Chicago put Speedy Beduhn out in two. Chuck Wilhelmy knocked out Eddie Callahan in four. Glenn Farris and Roy Kimmell drew in four. Cy "Birdseed" Berry knocked out Flash Clinton in the first round.

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—Johnny Stanton, Sioux Falls, outpointed Jimmy Murray in eight. Sherald Kennard of Fargo, N. Dak., beat Ray Cossette in eight. Al Pahl of Sioux City beat Kay Hoffer in six. Bud Glover and Harry Larson drew in six.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Tommy Tolman, for several years connected with the boxing game in St. Cloud, has been named chairman of the American Legion boxing committee. The post is one of the franchise holders in the state that has made boxing pay. A lengthy winter program is being mapped out.

Omaha, Nebr.—Tuffy Dial and Tiger Jack Payne fought ten good rounds to a draw. Jimmy Wooten scored a T. K. O. over Bobby Bryant in five. George Kennard and Young Schmelling drew in six. Billy Love beat Henry Agerro in four. Glenn Lee beat "Kid" Batterman in four.

Eagle Grove, Iowa—Young Kid Voight scored a decision over Hank Johnson. Reddy Conway and Young Kid Levinsky fought a slashing draw.

Fargo, N. Dak.—Sherald Kennard of Fargo shaded Al Pahl of Sioux City in a slashing sixer. Clayton Ness beat Harry Larson in six. Ray Cossette beat Everett Roe of Altamont, S. Dak., in six. Billy Bourbon knocked out Don Atchison in six. Tag Jensen knocked out Rud Larson in six.

Burlington, Ia.—Bobby O'Dowd, Sioux City bantam, knocked out Al De Rose of Chicago in eight. Phil Pernice knocked out Jackie Dugan in seven.

INSIDE DOPE—Eagle Grove, Iowa, staged a fistic card that was a success—Des Moines, Ia., is holding some very good shows. . . . Benny Floyd of Clarinda, Ia., claims the featherweight title of the state. . . . Floyd Mettlin is matchmaker for the Elks club at Oelwein, Ia. . . . John Eliades, Sioux City business man and well-known sportsman, has been appointed general matchmaker and manager of the Sioux City Sports Club. . . . Sonny Sofio, Omaha welterweight, won the welterweight title of Nebraska when he defeated Jimmy Wooten. . . . He also defeated Johnny Owens, Missouri champion. . . . Tony Stecher and Billy Hoke are promoting wrestling shows at Minneapolis, Minn.

Eagle Grove, Ia.—Henry Kollen is still making the middleweight "rasslers" club take to the woods. Kollen is finding it tough to get matches.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Earl Wampler and Bearcat Wright of Kansas City pushed and pulled to a draw. Henry Graber and Mike Nazarian of Boston, Mass., went forty-five minutes to a draw. Speedy Lawrence pinned Frank Topas in twenty-eight minutes in a one-fall match.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS — "Tuffy" Dial, former Sioux City light-heavyweight, is making Phoenix, Ariz., his headquarters . . . . Dial lasted just three rounds with John Henry Lewis. . . . . Bill Tate, massive Negro, and former heavyweight boxer, was in Sioux City looking things over . . . . North Dakota has a very good prospect in Bud Welling of Fargo . . . . Welling, a bantam, looks good . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin is matchmaker for the American Legion at Minneapolis . . . . The states listed in my new list of fight promoters and managers are North Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, and Nebraska. Write for a copy . . . . Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa . . . . Reddy Adair says he is through with boxing . . . . Ernie North has also hung up the gloves . . . . Whitey Dale is making Sioux City his headquarters . . . . Sherald Kennard of Fargo, N. Dak., is another good prospect . . . . Al Pahl is making plans for a trip East and will place himself under the management of George Sheppard of Brooklyn, N. Y. Pahl is a very good boy . . . . The best looking prospect of the month is Sonny Sofio of Omaha, Nebr.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, Kans.—Harold Murphy knocked out Jack Rivers in the third round of a ten-round main event. Kenny Hill beat Frank Kelly in ten rounds.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Al Fay knocked out Dick O'Brien in the fifth of a scheduled ten-round main event. Kenny Hill beat Tex Takla in eight.

Manhattan, Kans.—Brooks Robison beat Roy Jacks in eight rounds. Steve Ketchell knocked out Eddie Boughen in two. Kenny Austin beat Pete Blanchard in six. Bus Breese knocked out Kid Batterman in three rounds.

Enid, Okla.—Jimmy Owens won an unpopular decision over Kenny Hill in ten rounds. Kid Gindleberg and Kid Pancho drew in six. Bobby Hull beat Machine Gun Kelly in four. Taylor Roberts beat Babe McCrea in four rounds.

Manhattan, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Kid Freeman knocked out Paul Menard in three. Warren Hill knocked out Virgil Gaul in one. Al Zimmer knocked out Kid Lappaile in two. Ralph McAnnich beat Reddy Lee. Commie Comstock beat Bus Mill. Max Conday beat Joe Gerlescz. Ted Simmonds beat Bud Farrar. Kid Ebough beat Cecil Hersh.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena, amateur boxing results. Bud Schildknecht beat Irvin Lance. Chester Ruddy knocked out Johnny Allen in two. Johnny Uzeal knocked out Spike O'Connor in three. Lee Brooks knocked out Bob Haggard in one. Bud Swanson knocked out Virgil Matthews in one. Calvin Garrett knocked out Buff Kennedy in one. Jimmy Messick beat Charles Berry.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bus Breeze beat Floyd Morey in eight rounds. Pete Blanchard beat Roy Stevens in eight. Jack Charvez beat Tuffy Dial in six. Sammy Musco knocked out Jerry Jenkins in five rounds.

Lexington, Mo.—Amateur boxing results. Royal Coffman beat Bus Ward. Amos Brown beat Pete Piatt. Tom Yerby beat Vogle Kranichfield. Al Sanell beat Charley Evans. Leonard Rowland beat Alfonso Contreras.

Kansas City, Mo.—Al Fay knocked out Big Bob Williams in four rounds. Kid Granite beat Rex Reese in six. Roy Stevens knocked out Dick Moore in two. Jerry Jenkins knocked out Speedy Walker in two. Frankie Graham knocked out Harold Taylor in one round.

Joplin, Mo.—Amateur boxing results. Bud James stopped Johnny Showers in four. Obie Brown beat Gene Stevenson. Erschel Ramsey beat Herb Carpenter. Harry Salors beat Buck Martin. It is rumored Karl Applegate and Billy Newton will start promoting amateur boxing in Joplin soon.

Kansas City, Mo.—Roy Stevens defeated Pete Blanchard in an eight-round main event. Steve Ketchell knocked out Ed Boughen in five. Roy Jacks beat Chick Jarboe in six. Lloyd Weems knocked out Herbie Schultz in five rounds.

Alva, Okla.—Everett Bales beat Mickey Mack in a ten-round main event. Earl Bartholomew and Bat Clark drew in six. Johnny Annett knocked out Glen Kennedy in two. Mitchell Denny beat Kid Gindlesberger in six rounds.

Les Showers, the globe-trotting amateur boxing promoter, who is staging amateur boxing tournaments every month, just completed a tourney at Lewiston, Idaho. He is now at LaGrande, Ore., and reports a sell-out for all three nights at this spot. He is expected to come to Kansas or Texas immediately after this show, as he has many offers in this section.

Kansas City, Mo. — Amateur boxing results: Harry Knecht beat Frankie Lee. Elmer Selby stopped Gilbert Hotchkiss in two. Jimmy Messick beat Ray Meyer. Gene Driskell stopped Johnny Aldridge in two. Harry Tressler stopped Bob Livengood in two. Bud Schildknecht stopped Harold Pitts in two. Chester Ruddy stopped Gib Ferris in two.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

TO the astonishment, we might say consternation, of more than 9,000 cash customers, Lou Brouillard of Worcester, temporary world's middle champion, lost the decision and title to Vince Dundee of Baltimore, in the Boston Garden ring. The bout went the full championship route of fifteen rounds and was busy enough all the way. Though Brouillard went into the ring a 10-7 favorite, at no time was he particularly dangerous, while the best we could give him was four stanzas with a couple about even. Dundee outboxed and outguessed the champion practically all the way.

While it has been proved, and that more than once that Brouillard can be whipped by a heady, clever boxer, it was not so much Dundee's superior glove work that cost the champion his title, but the fact that Lou had left his fight in the gymnasium. Overconfidence, or dumb work somewhere, caused Brouillard to agree to make 160 pounds at three o'clock for Dundee, also to post a forfeit of unknown figure, but said to have been $2,500, for weight and appearance. For some reason he waived all the rights, ordinarily the prerogative of a world's champion, that the match might be made. Whether the champion at any time tested his weight on the scales, we do not know, but, on fight day, he was found to be about 3½ pounds too heavy. This he was forced to take off, which, atop of the avoirdupois he already had left in the gym, finished him. The night of the contest Lou looked all right but he was weak as a kitten, and, as Dundee stabbed and jabbed with his left to face, became wild as a hawk. Only once—the sixth stanza, when Lou made a fine rally—did he look the chap inside the ropes to whom Bostonians have become accustomed.

Whatever hold the New York Garden may have on the services of Maxie Rosenbloom, holder of the world's light-heavy title, will be exercised in behalf of the Boston Garden. Col. John R. Kilpatrick, head of the Gotham organization, has promised the Hub directors that Rosie will meet the winner of the Brouillard-Tony Shucco contest in defense of his title some time in December.

Incidental to the Dundee-Brouillard mill, Frank Wilson, Everett, 175-pound runner-up in the last national amateur championships, made his pro debut, winning over Jan Cawsky of Lynn in four rounds. In another of the early bouts, Jack McCarthy of Roxbury, a heavy in the Johnny Buckley stable, made his first start in months, and won a decision over Johnny Dixon of Norwood, long in the local public eye. In the semi-final, a torrid affair, Werther Arcelli, Italy, defeated Tommy Romano, Watertown, the second encounter between these rivals.

Andy Callahan of Lawrence, continuous holder of three New England titles, is back home from a recent trip to the Far West, where he was beaten by Baby Joe Gans but won the decision over Ceferino Garcia, the Mexican welter, in Dreamland, San Francisco. In view of the fact that Lou Brouillard will make no attempt to regain his middle title from Vince Dundee, Callahan is being rushed to the front as the man to take on the Italian. The Lawrence Irish boy fills the bill exactly—a Dundee-Callahan fight would draw real money in Boston.

"Father Bill" Cuddy, for years the promoter of international and inter-city amateur tourneys in the interests of the St. Joseph's T. A. S., is back in the game for the winter season, which may be taken as a good sign. "Father Bill" is warming up the followers of the "pures" with a tourney every Saturday night in the Mechanics Building and, later on, if conditions seem to warrant it, may spring another big league show.

Wee Willie Wood, the Scotch bantam, who a number of years back was frequently in the limelight due to his willingness to fight all comers—many of whom he defeated—is developing a very good middleweight prospect in Joe Glasgow of Quincy, Mass., in which city Wood now hangs his bonnet. Wood first brought out Glasgow in the "New Talent" shows at the Boston Garden, since which date Joseph has been coming very fast. In fairly recent encounters he has stopped Nap Proulx of Taunton and Rudy Sanataree, one-time New Hampshire welter champion, also defeated Hunter Welch of Lowell.

A New England heavyweight possibility, the first of Irish blood to come to the front since the palmy days of Jim Maloney, has appeared on the horizon in Dick Madden of Roxbury, now being piloted by Barney Fox, a well-known Boston trainer. Recently at Holyoke, Madden came through the winner over Lou Poster of New York in such an impressive manner as to attract the attention of the Burke Sporting Club of Boston. After considerable negotiating, the club signed Madden to meet Edward "Unknown" Winston of Hartford in a Boston ring at an early date.

Up in Biddeford, Me., they have a chap known as "Rocky Stone," who for months has proved a real stumbling block for those who have faced him. Not so long ago a prospective principal in a Fall River, Mass., bout took him on in a "Way Down East" arena and was beaten. As this left the Fall River organization without a main bout performer, a "rush" wire was sent to Stone. He accepted and two nights later whipped the other principal to the original Fall River bout. October 26 saw Stone defeat Chris DeRosa of East Boston, a good club fighter, in a Portsmouth, N. H., ring, while a few nights later he held Buster Price to a draw in Biddeford.

Up in Portsmouth, N. H., Jimmy Knight, a Portland, Me., ringster, had the unusual experience of participating in two main bouts in the same ring, the same night, and winning them both. His first opponent was Billy Brown of Boston, who dislocated his shoulder in the third round and was unable to continue, the award going to Knight. Tommy Sherman, who was with Brown, volunteered to take on Knight that the spectators might not be disappointed. Knight then defeated Sherman.

Homer Rainault, who for several years has been making a big success with boxing up in Springfield and Holyoke, during which period he has rarely missed a weekly tourney in one city or the other, has probably turned back to the state in the form of taxes and fees more money than any other promoter in New England, Boston not excepted. He has the knack of getting together good fights, also jamming in the cash customers. One of his recent offerings at his Valley Arena was Don "Red" Barry of Washington and Joe Sekyra, the pair going to a draw in ten rounds.

Promoter Charley Gordon, who confines his efforts to the light-heavy and middleweight classes, and therefore has not conflicted very much with the other impresarios *de* mat, they using the heavies almost exclusively, has been packing 'em in every Tuesday night at the Mechanics Building, Boston. He has a clientele which sticks by him, as he uses new men and his tourneys are usually full of hot action.

Signs are pointing that before another November, in fact, early in 1934, the mat game will be placed under a commission in this state. With the falling off of receipts, due to the slipping of boxing, state moguls have been giving wrestling more than the once-over. At present there is no state levy on the mat sport, or any attempt by the state to hire employees for the promoters in the form of various officials. It is generally thought that state supervision will not enhance mat gate receipts but, whether so or not, the idea is likely to be tried out.

Right atop of the now-due Brouillard-Shucco battle, a 175-pound affair to be battled in the Boston Garden over the ten rounds distance, that organization clinched a world's middleweight championship fray between Vince Dundee of Baltimore, present holder of the title, and Andy Callahan of Lawrence, New England middle champion. Dundee is to receive 37½ per cent with a guarantee of $7,500, and Callahan took the challenger's end of 12½ per cent.

Negotiations for a bout between Jack Sharkey and Dom McCorkindale, also several other possible opponents, having flattened out, the former world's heavy champion will not again appear in the active ring during the remainder of the present year. Though Sharkey has yet to receive more than the whisper of an offer to meet Champion Carnera at Miami, Fla., next February, the subject is one that interests him. He is very agreeable to going through. Inasmuch as he has a win over the Italian, and the score between them stands 50-50, the Squire feels that he is entitled to be a principal in the first serious bout in which Carnera engages in this country in 1934. And, in the meanwhile, Sharkey will continue his hunting and fishing with other sports thrown in.

Gus Sonnenberg, the former world's champion, and a stranger in Boston for months, started a comeback campaign when he met and defeated "Casey" Kanzanjian, the former Stanford all-around athlete, two falls out of the three scored in the Boston Garden, November 17. Sonny took the first fall in 22:15 with an upright crotch and body press, and the third and deciding toss with a flying tackle and top body scissors follow-up in 14:35. In attempting a tackle in the second round, Gus was caught coming in and dropped for the fall with what is locally known as a "hammer-throw." The latter tactics consist in catching a matman coming in under the armpits, whirling him round and dropping him hard. Kazanjian registered the toss in 13:20. In the semi-final, Leo "Black Secret" Numa defeated Mike Romano of New York in 26:05 with a toehold but his work was not particularly impressive.

Al McCoy of Waterville, Me., who has embarked on a ring campaign which is carrying him to the front in the middleweight division, chalked up another victory on November 17, when he stopped Eddie Carney of Providence in two rounds at Augusta, Me. Buster Price of Lynn, his teammate, fighting the same night in Portland, Me., did not have such good luck, he losing by a small margin to Ad Zachow of Dover, N. H., in ten heats.

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FLORIDA AND SOUTH GEORGIA

By HAL DAVIS

THE fistic game is distinctly on the upgrade down this way. With Miami and West Palm Beach leading the way and with Jacksonville and St. Petersburg close behind, the profession is slowly but surely pulling out of the doldrums. Many new clubs have sprung into existence and most of these appear to be well on the way to successful seasons.

Bob Moore has opened the Dixie Highway Arena at West Palm Beach with a seating capacity of 5,500. He came very near to filling it on the first two shows. Moore has an open-air bowl which is ideal in the balmy atmosphere of the famous resort city.

The National Guard has opened their Benjamin Field Arena in Tampa. At one time this was one of the best drawing spots in the entire South, but it has been dark for the past two years. The depression in the cigar business is blamed largely, for Tampa depends mostly on its cigar industry, and that trade was greatly affected during the past years.

Wilbur Stokes, who claims the middleweight championship of the South, has turned promoter. While laying off with a bad hand, the fleet Leesburg boxer has taken over the club in his home town. As yet Wilbur has not drawn any large houses but here's wishing the popular star as much success at the box office as he has had heretofore inside the ropes.

Bobby Wilson, the Orlando welter, has changed from a southpaw to an orthodox boxer. Since which, Bobby has run up a string of K. O. victories. It has been the old left hook that has been laying them among the sweet peas, however.

Harry Allen, the former Brockton Bearcat, is a big card down this way. Although Allen's winning percentage has not been the best, he is a great favorite with the fans and never fails to be asked to return to any town he has shown in. Harry has been working every week since he came South several months ago. He is handled in the South by Pinkie Lou Masters, Savannah.

Henry Firpo, the Bald Eagle of Louisville, is going great down here. Firpo beat Clyde Chastain at West Palm Beach during November and continued his winning way against Eric Lawson at St. Pete.

Pa Stribling has taken over the job of piloting the fistic fortunes of Jimmy Maloney, the Boston heavy. The dean of Southern managers already has extensive bookings for his new *protege*.

Despite competition, Polly Huau and Jeff Clark, the genial partners, are still the promotional big shots of Jacksonville. The vast expanses of the Duval Armory are nearly always filled when Clark and Huau stage their shows.

At Fort Benning, Bobby Godwin stopped Corn Griffin after a bitter battle. The largest crowd of the season gave the soldier champ a great ovation for his gameness.

Turner Scott is drawing good houses at Orlando, and not without reason for Scott always gives the fans a good run for their money.

The erstwhile Hard Rock from Down Under, Tom Heeney, is at West Palm Beach. Heeney looks good. Bob Moore has been using Heeney as his referee at the new Dixie Highway Arena there. The heavyweight is a capable arbiter.

Two Florida negroes are cleaning up everything before them. Roughhouse Glover, a middleweight, has beaten every available opponent in the state and is continuing his winning streak in Cincinnati. The other, Jimmie Caldwell, a welter, looks like a classy mitt artist. Caldwell also has beaten all available opponents and is looking for new worlds to conquer. He is some fighter!

SOME RESULTS—Jimmy Wade won decisions over Ray Sneider, Johnny Alba, and Snooks Campbell. Bobby Wilson scored over Willie Kreuger and stopped Albert Leon. Billy Hood beat Young Embry and drew with Cliff Greenwood. Tony Sciolino no contest with Jose Estrada and lost to Tootsie Bashara. Charlie Battle K.O.'d Roy Caldrum (5), Mike Lavodo (2), Will Barry (1), and lost to Russell Gonzales (10). Joe Knight stopped Eddie McCarthy (1). Clever Moro won, drew, and lost to Young Simpson. Willie Kreuger beat Joe Rodriguez. Richard Hernandez decisioned Red Turner. Sammy Lucas won from Dave Brown. Mickey McDaniels knocked out K.O. Roberts and beat Mike Gonzales. Roy Bailey stopped Red Scrogham in three and beat Spike Webb. Ray Sneider outpointed Half Pint Tony Lopez. Charlie Webber decisioned Lope Tenorio. Cliff Greenwood drew with Gus Campbell and Lope Tenorio. Harry Allen beat Knockout Kelly and lost to LeRoy Brown. Vernon Cormier won from Johnny Alba. Goven Rhodes T.K.O.'d Dixie Kid (5). Tarzan Leggett drew with Sanders Raby. Harry Devine beat Chino Alvarez.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

FOLLOWING up my contentions of last month that the pugilistic game is on the upgrade in the South, I have ample reason to back my statement on the grounds that new clubs are springing up here, there, and everywhere, and, like the new clubs, so are new faces of luster coming forth in all their splendor.

Many letters have been received asking for the naming of the three best boxers in each division in the South, hence here goes:

Heavyweights, 1—Reds Barry, Washington, 2—Corn Griffin, Fort Benning, Ga., 3—Tony Cancela, Tampa, Fla.

Light-heavyweights, 1—Joe Knight, Cairo, Ga., 2—Bob Godwin, Adel, Ga., 3—Gordon Fortenberry, Cocoa, Fla.

Middleweights, 1—Vince Dundee, Baltimore, Md., 2—Henry Firpo, Louisville, Ky., 3—Jack Kilbourne, Charleston, S. C.

Welterweights, 1—Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn., 2—Jimmy Leto, Tampa, Fla., 3—Tony Herrera, El Paso, Tex.

Lightweights, 1—Tony Canzoneri, New Orleans, La., 2—Pete Nebo, Tampa, Fla., 3—Battling Shaw, New Orleans, La.

Featherweights, 1—Petey Sarron, Birmingham, Ala., 2—Bucky Burton, Miami, Fla., 3—Eddie Burl, Jacksonville, Fla.

Bantamweights, 1—Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, La., 2—Carl Guggino, Tampa, Fla., 3—Charlie Battle, Jacksonville, Fla.

Flyweights, 1—Baby Joe, Tampa, Fla., 2—Eddie Wilson, Jacksonville, Fla., 3—Jimmie Harrell, Orlando, Fla.

Fort Benning, Ga., continues right along drawing the largest gates. The post, which, incidentally, is the largest arms school in the world, is stationed eight miles from Columbus, Ga., and ten miles from the Georgia-Alabama line. Much credit is due to Captain Philip T. Fry and his staff of athletic directors and also to Corn Griffin and Cyclone Smith, the post's two most outstanding boxers. However there are many other good boys who deserve credit, some of them being Ching Johnson, Frank Mackery, Chick Lydell, Ghastly Ghost, Cotton Batton, Ralph Earle, and numerous others.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH—At Charleston, Jack Kilbourne, 159, K. O.'d Eric Lawson in the first . . . . Russ Rowsey and Joe Lipps drew at Rome . . . . At Savannah, Clyde Chastain, Dallas, Texas, trimmed Carl Knowles, Rome, Ga. . . . . At New Orleans, Babe Hunt whipped Les Kennedy in the main bout while in the semi-final, Babe Kiser decisioned Moon Coons . . . . Willie Kreuger won from Joe Rodriques at St. Petersburg, Fla. . . . . Tony Sciolino and Jose Estrada were thrown out of the ring in the sixth round by Referee Dick Gore for inactiveness . . . . This bout took place at Jacksonville . . . . Pa Stribling took Jimmy Maloney under his wing and for two years he will act as the Boston's manager . . . . However, in his first bout at Asheville, N. C., Jimmy lost a close decision to Reds Barry of Washington, D. C. . . . . At Sylvania, Ga., Jim Griffin, 145, called it quits in the third round with Billy O'Brien of Port Wentworth . . . . Bob Godwin won over Corn Griffin in the fifth round when the soldier champion was unable to continue and Referee Hal Davis had to halt the match . . . . Tootsie Bashara trimmed the daylights out of Tony Sciolino at Savannah . . . . At New Orleans, Babe Hunt shellacked Tommy Davenport . . . . At Orlando, Fla., Joe Knight stopped Eddie McCarthy in the second . . . . Billy Hood drew with Cliff Greenwood in the semi-final, while Roy Bailey knocked out Young Strodham . . . . Ray Swanson decisioned Walter Kirkwood at Asheville, N. C. . . . . At Dallas, Texas, Jack Van Noy outpointed Johnny Risko . . . . Vernon Cormier won over Johnny Alba at Tampa . . . . At Atlanta, Ga., Sailor Born lost to Honey Boy Snipes but knocked out Johnny Mason and Bobby Adams . . . . Govan Rhodes, 127, Augusta, Ga., T.K.O.'d Dixie Kid at Miami . . . . At Jacksonville, Chino Alvarez of Savannah has again been checked and this time at the hands of old man Harry Devine . . . . At West Palm Beach, Fla., Henry Firpo of Louisville, Ky., decisioned Clyde Chastain . . . . At Leesburg, Rufus Myles knocked out Dan Buckley in the fifth round . . . . At West Palm Beach, Gus Campbell and Cliff Greenwood drew, Ray Scheider whipped Tony Lopez, Jimmy Wade bested Snooks Campbell, and Charlie Weber won from Lope Tenorio. All were ten-rounders. This being Bob Moore's first show this season at West Palm Beach.

The writer is still interested in good talent and any one that has no strings tied to him will do well to get in touch with me. Send clear photos and news clippings to 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga. Until next month . . . . *Au Revoir.*